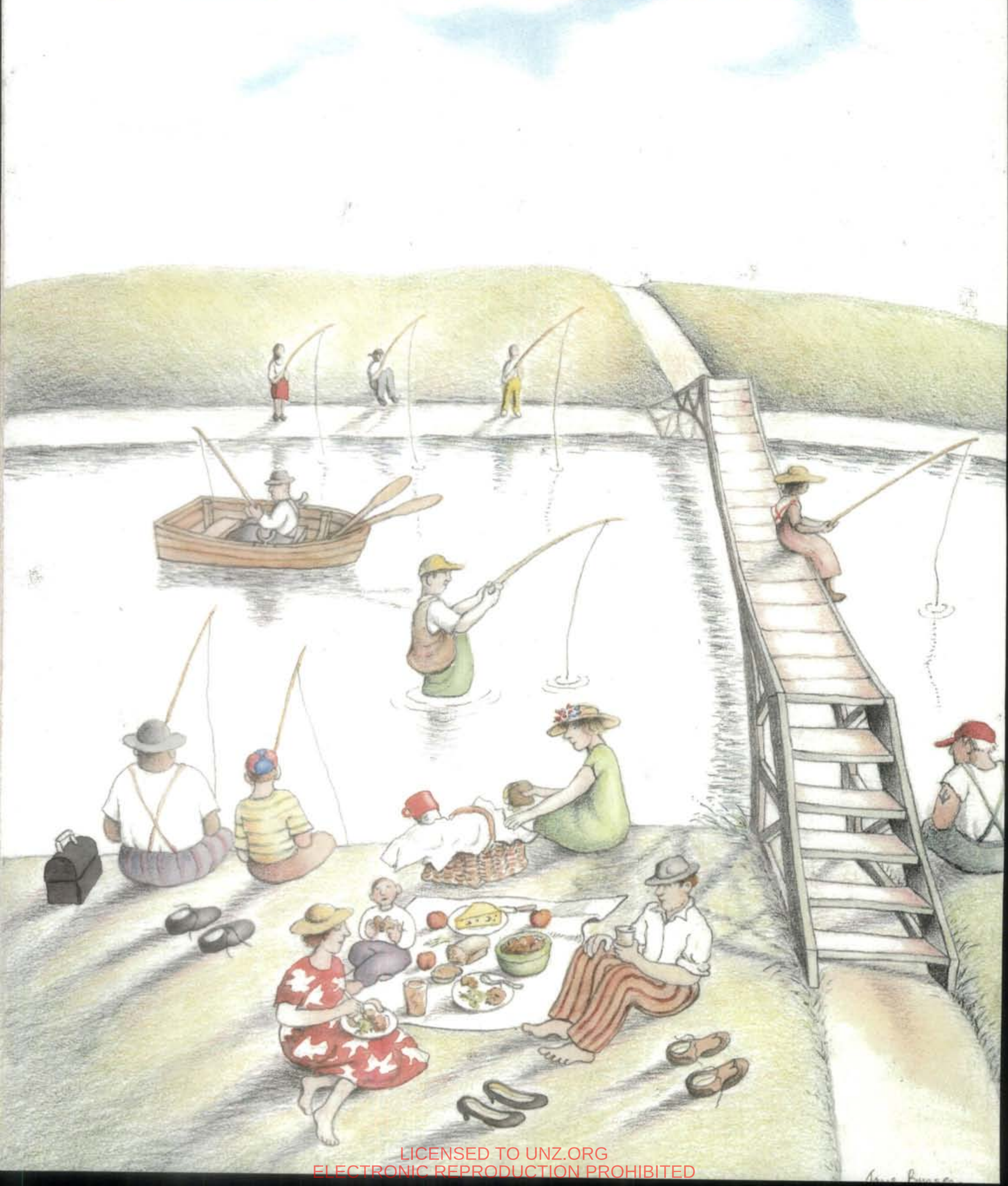
Aug. 2, 1982

THE NEW YORKER

Price $1.25



Lenox Crystal.

A world apart. Let it express your world.

Lenox China and Crystal
Send for our free color brochure. Lenox, Lawrenceville, N.J. 08648.
© Lenox '82

Ellen Tracy Warming Up to Fall with Textured Earthtones

Looking just like Autumn, hand-knit color blocks of olive and black weave fire-sparks of orange, red, gold and blue.
Just to top the softly pleated flare of rich English riding cloth.
• The bulky wool sweater. 4 to 12, 98.00 • The mid-calf worsted wool skirt. Olive, S-M-L, 98.00
On 3, New York. And in all our fashion stores.

POSITIVELY Y.E.S. AT
bloomingdale's

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texa

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Agnes of God—A distinctly flaky young nun has given birth to a baby, whose body is subsequently found in a wastepaper basket in her convent room. The nun maintains that God is the father of the child, and the Mother Superior of the convent is inclined to agree with her, but a court-appointed psychiatrist (herself a lapsed Catholic) has other notions. More of a debate than a play, but brilliantly enacted by Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Amanda Plummer. The author is John Pielmeier. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/82.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Broken Toys!—A musical conceived by, and starring, Keith Berger. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Browning Version and **The Twelve Pound Look**—A satisfactory revival of Sir Terence Rattigan's play, with Lee Richardson as the unpopular, beleaguered English schoolmaster who is undone by a single act of kindness—the gift of a book—on the day of his resignation. In Sir James Barrie's sharp and frothy "The Twelve Pound Look," which serves as a curtain-raiser, Mr. Richardson is a pompous Englishman who learns that his ex-wife left him fourteen years before not for another man but for a typewriter. (5/3/82) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Death of Von Richthofen as Witnessed from Earth—A musical with a book, music, and lyrics by Des McAnuff. The cast includes John Vickery, Bob Gunton, Mark Linn-Baker, and Marek Norman. Preview Wednesday, July 28. Opens officially on Thursday, July 29. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Dining Room—The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters over the past fifty years or so. All the characters are portrayed by six nimble, accomplished actors—John Getz, Patricia Wettig, Lois de Banzie, Ann McDonough, W. H. Macy, and Charles Kimbrough. David Trainer was the good director. (3/1/82) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dreamgirls—Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (1/4/82) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Geniuses—Jonathan Reynolds, a gifted playwright, has written an annoying, campy comedy about some movie people on location near Manila during a typhoon. (5/24/82) (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Herringbone—David Rounds impersonates ten characters in this murky, grotesque (talented), and intensely disagreeable musical. Book by Tom Cone; score by Skip Kennon, who doubles as pianist. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jazz Set—A play by Ron Milner, with music by Max Roach. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 1.)

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat—Allen Fawcett heads the cast of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. Tony Tanner is the director. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Learned Ladies—Philip Bosco, Rosemary Murphy, and Richard Kavanaugh star in a new translation, by Richard Wilbur, of the Molière play. (Haft, 227 W. 27th St. 563-1555. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 1.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Aug. 8: Gilbert and Sullivan's **RUDDIGORE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Little Shop of Horrors—A musical spoof of the 1960 Roger Corman film of the same title. The book and lyrics are by Howard Ashman, and the music is by Alan Menken. Originally presented at the WPA Theatre earlier this year. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Livingstone and Sechele—David Pownall's intermittently interesting play, which is based on an actual episode, tells of the efforts of Dr. David Livingstone, the nineteenth-century Scottish missionary, to convert to Christianity a proud and crafty African chief. Afemo is impressive in the impressive role of Sechele, and Esther Ryvlin is good, too, as one of his several wives. (6/21/82) (Quaigh, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W. 43rd St. 221-9088. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Master Harold . . . and the Boys—The theme of this short, elegantly written melodrama is the desolation of failed relations, whether in the family or out in the world. The scene is South Africa. The author, Athol Fugard, has directed his superb cast with appropriate energy. (5/17/82) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Music Keeper—A play by Elliot Tiber and André Ernotte, starring Jan Miner. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Charles Fuller's gripping drama **A SOLDIER'S PLAY** is about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 25
"THE SPOONS IN THE BASEMENT" . . . . *Ursula K. Le Guin* 30
"THIRD MONDAY" . . . . *Bobbie Ann Mason* 32
"TRANSMIGRATION" (POEM) . . . . *Brendan Galvin* 34
PROFILES (HELEN WOLFF) . . . . *Herbert Mitgang* 41
LETTER FROM EUROPE . . . . *Jane Kramer* 74
"LIDDY'S ORANGE" (POEM) . . . . *Sharon Olds* 79
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 80
  FURTHER EVENTS . . . . *Nicholas Kenyon* 82
BOOKS . . . . *John Updike* 84
  BRIEFLY NOTED 86

RECEIVED
JUL 30 1982
Ambassador College
Library

COVER: *Anne Burgess*

DRAWINGS: *Henry Martin, Mike Twohy, Lee Lorenz, Mick Stevens, William Steig, Stan Hunt, Jack Ziegler, Charles Addams, James Stevenson, Peter Steiner, George Price, Burt Silverman, Arnie Levin, Edward Frascino, John Norment, Boris Drucker, George Booth, Joseph Mirachi*

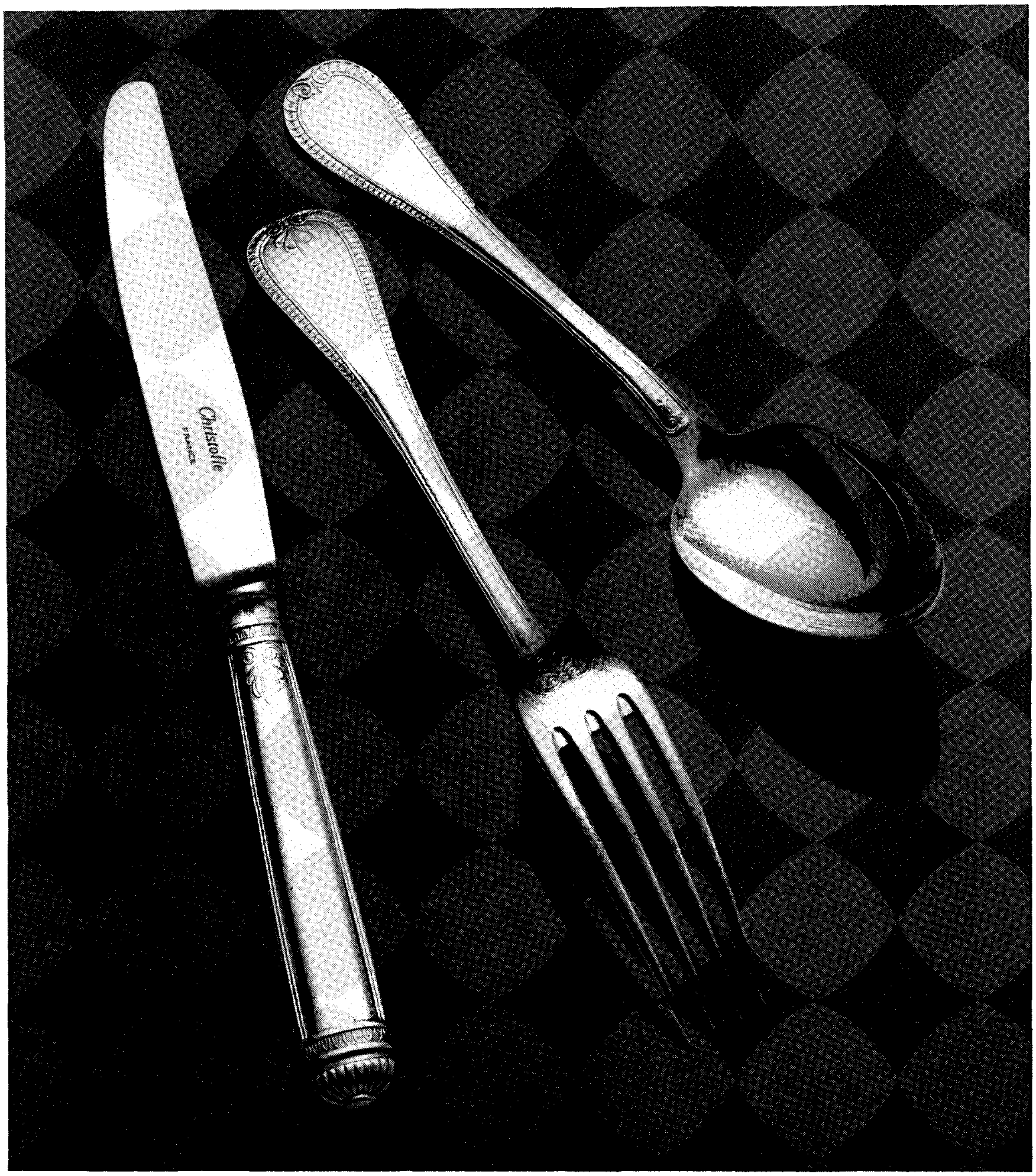
THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
(212) 840-3800

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

The New Yorker (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; J. Kennard Bosee, vice-president & treasurer; Milton Greenstein, Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary; Robert F. Young, advertising director. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; Suite 2360, 5900 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles,Calif. 90036; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 67½ Chestnut St., Boston, Mass. 02108; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X 0ED. Vol. LVIII, No. 24,August 2, 1982. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1982 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $28.00; two years, $46.00. *In Canada, one year, $34.00. Other foreign, $40.00. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, 25 W. 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.*

The Elegant Alternative



There is a choice now. Christofle silverplate. Probably the only kind that approximates the weight, balance and design of the best solid sterling. Classic styles, distinguished by the refinement and imagination that have made Christofle the premier silversmiths in France since 1830.

Christofle
Orfèvre à Paris

PATTERN SHOWN: MALMAISON. NEIMAN MARCUS, ALL STORES • BULLOCKS WILSHIRE, LOS ANGELES • FROST BROS., SAN ANTONIO • SHREVE, CRUMP & LOW, BOSTON • GEORGE WATTS & SON, MILWAUKEE • BLOOMINGDALE'S, ALL STORES • GARFINCKEL'S, WASHINGTON, AND OTHER SELECTED STORES.

at an Army camp in Louisiana in 1944. In a series of flashbacks, the investigator (a black Army captain) and the audience move closer and closer to the truth about the murder and about a number of other matters as well. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. Arthur French is the sergeant, Charles Brown is the captain, and David Alan Grier is a private whose easygoing manner is especially irksome to the sergeant. (12/7/81) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Nine—A musical version of the autobiographical movie "8½" that Fellini directed almost twenty years ago. Raul Julia plays the hard-pressed hero, here depicted as an overgrown crybaby, surrounded by twenty-odd women, most of them abjectly servile sexual objects. A gorgeous production. (5/24/82) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Present Laughter—A better play than it has the reputation for being, this autobiographical work by Noël Coward—a case of Coward mocking Coward with the witty malice he was famous for—has been turned into a slapstick farce by George C. Scott, its director and star. The rest of the cast is more cowed than Cowardly. (7/26/82) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Pump Boys and Dinettes—A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann (lead singer, guitarist, and pump boy) or by his wife, Cass Morgan (singer, percussionist, and counter girl). The six singer/instrumentalists are delightful; Mark Hardwick, at the piano, is especially so. A Dodger Theatre Company production. (11/16/81) (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)

The Regard of Flight—Bill Irwin, the beguiling clown, acrobat, pantomimist, and dancer, has added words—funny words—to his repertoire in an on-and-off parody of avant-garde theatre. He is ably assisted by his partners, Doug Skinner (composer and pianist) and Michael McCormick. (5/31/82) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Torch Song Trilogy—Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. The four-and-a-half-hour running time goes by quickly. Richard DeFabees substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée performances. (2/1/82) (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**AMADEUS:** We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with Frank Langella, Dennis Boutsikaris, and Suzanne Lederer heading the large cast. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays and Sundays at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **CRIMES OF THE HEART:** In a small town in Mississippi, a number of terrible things happen, but the author, Beth Henley, makes nearly all of them appear very funny indeed. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Loni Ackerman, Anthony Crivello, and David Cryer. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss Ackerman at the matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,256 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** Gilbert and Sullivan Americanized, which, in this case, is to say good-humoredly vulgarized. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well; Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun, and Jeff Brooks is fine as the actor-in-spite-of-himself. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** A stunning potpourri of Duke Ellington numbers, affording us again and again a welcome shock of recognition. The cast, headed by Maurice Hines, sings and dances with extraordinary energy; few musicals have ever moved so swiftly from a confident start to a no less confident finish. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller having a high old time in a musical show that only pretends to be based on the great days of burlesque, if burlesque ever had great days. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** Raquel Welch heads the cast of this musical-comedy version of the old Hepburn-Tracy movie. The clever songs are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—Presenting "Encore," a great big show celebrating the Music Hall's fiftieth birthday. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 9 and midnight; and Sundays at 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant that's been a Chelsea fixture for years. Friday and Saturday, July 30-31, **JAKI BYARD,** the simultaneous free and stride pianist, will lead a trio; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 6-7, drummer **ZAHIR BATIN'S NOTORIOUS ENSEMBLE,** which includes pianist **RON BURTON** and bassist **JOHN ORE,** will occupy the four-foot-high bandstand. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. Tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON** and cornettist **WARREN VACHÉ,** two young swing-music revivalists, perform with pianist **NORMAN SIMMONS** through Sunday, Aug. 1; on Monday, Aug. 2, Cindy Devereaux will sing with her backing quartet; and beginning Tuesday, Aug. 3, jazz-piano patriarch **EARL HINES** will take charge. There are usually three sets, beginning at nine-thirty.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The roster: Wednesday, July 28, the **SIR DOUGLAS QUINTET, DOUG SAHM'S** Tex-Mex-acid-country-blues-rock band, and blues singer-guitarist **JOHNNY COPELAND;** Friday and Saturday, July 30-31, two evenings of doo-wop, with the Clovers, the Angels, Fourteen Karat Soul, and Johnnie & Joe; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 6-7, intense, vertiginous pianist **MC COY TYNER** and his band. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (although no musician's name is ever posted anywhere on the premises) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. Pianist **LARRY WILLIS** works with bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** through Saturday, July 31; on Monday, Aug. 2, pianist **HANK JONES** will begin a week's visit. On Sundays, **LARRY WILLIS** and a bassist are on hand. Music from nine-forty-five.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Keyboard sorceress **MARIAN MC PARTLAND** works with bassist **STEVE LA SPINA** on a summer schedule, Sundays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dining.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ,** a Tatum-inspired pianist if there ever was one, performs through Friday, July 30; starting Monday, Aug. 2, pianist Hal Schaefer will fill in for a couple of weeks. Music Mondays through Fridays from nine to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. The schedule: Wednesday, July 28, the Berries, the Ripp, the Abstracts, and Proper Id; Thursday, July 29, the Brightons, Positron, the Swing, and Bop Apocalypse; Friday, July 30, the **UPTOWN HORNS** and the Cooties; and Saturday, July 31, the Sic F*cks, the Trademarks, and the Roustabouts. Monday is showcase night. Music long after nine-thirty.

City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—A country-and-Western hangout for New Yorkers who secretly wish they had names like Delbert McClinton and Lacy J. Dalton. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**SYLVIA SYMS'** self-conscious between-songs patter about herself, about Frank Sinatra, or about anything else at all can be forgiven, because when she sings, her voice virtually floats. She's here through Saturday, July 31, at nine-thirty and eleven. On Wednesday, Aug. 4, singer and songwriter **ALBERTA HUNTER** will return with her trio to demonstrate the art of the blues innuendo for the uninitiated. Shows Wednesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-fifteen. Sundays through Tuesdays have been given over to singer-bassist **ARVELL SHAW** and his trio, who perform glossy, pleasant-enough versions of such swingers and ballads as "Cottontail," "Love," and "Since I Fell for You." Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, July 28, Charlie O'Hegarty; Saturday, July 31, Diamonds in the Rough; and Saturday, Aug. 7, the Country Ramblers, a bluegrass band from Holland. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays and from eight-fifteen on Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternative hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works nightly, except Sundays, from eight-thirty to two. On Sunday, Aug. 1, pianist **JOHN BUNCH** will lead a quintet from nine-thirty. On Wednesdays, other small combos work from six to eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs room, which is patronized by tourists, people on dates, and music lovers, and which is frequently very crowded. Two wonderful tenor saxophonists, **CLIFFORD JORDAN** and **CHARLIE ROUSE,** front a wonderful rhythm section—pianist **JOHN HICKS,** bassist **WALTER BOOKER,** and drummer **JIMMY COBB**—through Sunday, Aug. 1. On Tuesday, Aug. 3, Esther Satterfield will begin singing here. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

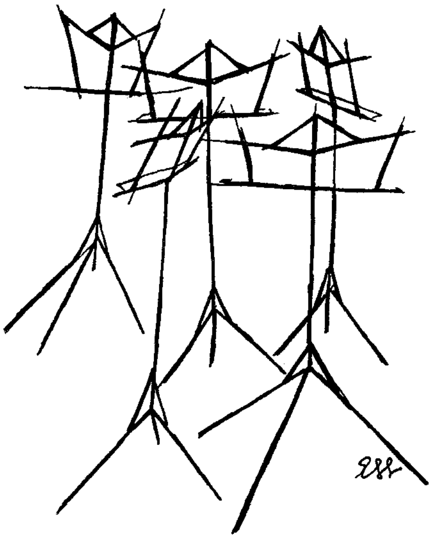
Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday, July 28, the Joan Carol band; Thursday, July 29, Priscilla Herdman and Bill Staines; Friday, July 30, Susan Osborn & Friends; Saturday, July 31, guitarist **DANNY KALB;** Tuesday, Aug. 3, the Will; Wednesday, Aug. 4, Galen Brandt; Thursday, Aug. 5, Eric Bogle; Friday, Aug. 6, the Tannihill Weavers; and Saturday, Aug. 7, folksinger **ODETTA** and guitarist Frank Christian. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Monday, when a hootenanny begins around eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile drummerless music. The mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. The live music: Wednesday and Thursday, July 28-29, singer Evelyn Thomas; Friday and Saturday, July 30-31, soul singer **MAXINE BROWN;** and starting Tuesday, Aug. 3, **DAKOTA STATON,** who sings satisfying up-tempo blues-tinged numbers. Sundays are given over to singer and pianist **ANDY BEY,** and on Mondays, pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** and bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** perform the music of Charlie Parker, with guest musicians. Music Sundays through Thursdays at ten and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine, eleven, and one.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **WAYNE WRIGHT,** pianist **LOU FORESTIERI,** and bassist **JAY LEONHART** will be present through Sunday, Aug. 1; on Wednesday, Aug 4, singer **DAVID ALLYN** will move in with guitarist Scott Hardy's trio. On Mondays and Tuesdays, a trio led by speedy, bebop guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** has the floor. All these groups begin about ten. Pianist Don Golson works nightly from five to ten, except on Sundays, when Graham Forbes is at the piano.

Griff's Plaza Café, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A pleasant, spiffy, laid-back restaurant that hangs over Third Avenue—it's one level up—and hires small bands and piano soloists. Bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY,** who hums along as he bows his bass solos, performs with **HILTON RUIZ,** a fiery young pianist, through Saturday, July 31; on Tuesday, Aug. 3, bassist **STEPHEN ROANE** will move in with his pianist. Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays, and from nine to one on Saturdays. Mondays from seven to eleven are given over to **NINA SHELDON,** a lively singer and pianist.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished bar and restaurant in a neighborhood that is itself in the process of being refurbished. **DICK WELLSTOOD,** who plays just about anything that crosses his mind in full-blown stride style (his specialty), is at the dining-room grand Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven.



Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A very big, airy room with ceiling fans and jazz fans. On Fridays and Saturdays, Brazilian trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI** leads his quintet, **BRAZILIAN EXPRESS,** from about nine.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet led by trumpeter Spanky Davis occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons: the piano-bass teams that work here. **BILLY TAYLOR,** pianist, jazz professor, and National Public Radio star, winds up a week here with his bassist, **VICTOR GASKIN,** on Saturday, July 31; on Tuesday, Aug. 3, pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** will arrive with bassist **CECIL MC BEE.** The Sunday and Monday team is, as always, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA.** Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness except in the wide-open-spaces department. Wednesday, July 28, soul singer **WILSON PICKETT;** Thursday, July 29, swamp-rocker **DR. JOHN;** Sunday, Aug. 1, **FINN & THE SHARKS,** an adept rockabilly band from Nyack; Monday, Aug. 2, Chicago bluesman **JAMES COTTON;** and Thursday, Aug. 5, blues guitarist Roy Buchanan. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

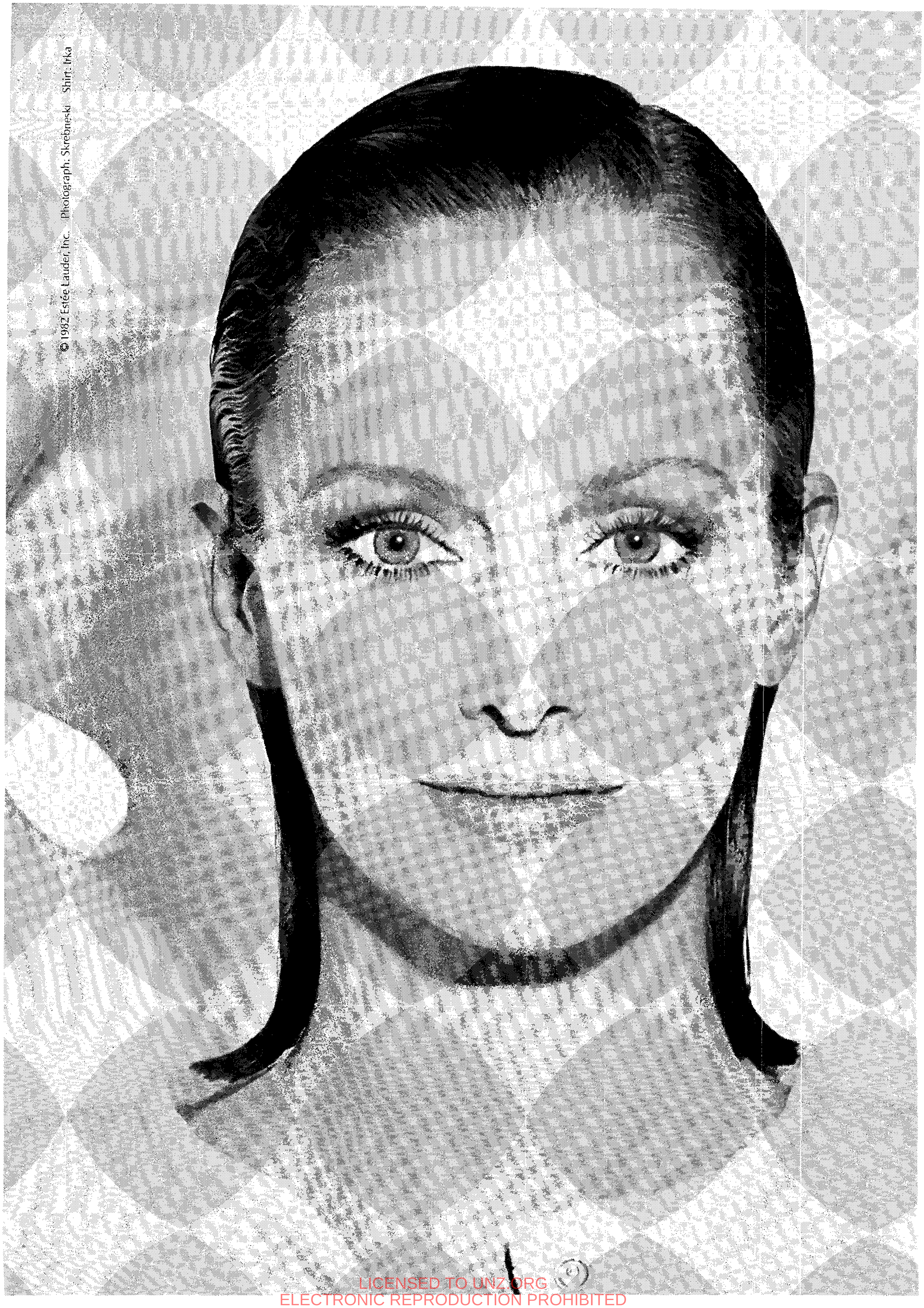
Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious, fledgling jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it. Singer **JON HENDRICKS** is here through Sunday, Aug. 1; Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 2-3, will be claimed by drummer **BOB MOSES** and his quartet; and on Wednesday, Aug. 4, bassist **RICHARD DAVIS** will move in with his band for a four-night visit. Sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A singer's room with a view of a garden and a view of baritone crooner **ARTHUR PRYSOCK** through Saturday, July 31. On Tuesday, Aug. 3, **VIC DAMONE** will come in. Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist **MAX MORATH,** a one-man ragtime festival, performs Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band, a septet, plays Dixieland jazz. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. The lineup: Wednesday, July 28, singer Carmen Lundy; Thursday, July 29, singer Ruth Waters; Friday and Saturday, July 30-31, **ERIC GALE,** the honey-toned R. & B. guitarist, and his reggae-flavored band; and Monday, Aug. 2, Thom Rotella. Music from about ten until two.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. The schedule: Wednesday, July 28, the Treble Boys Band and Swollen Monkeys; Thursday, July 29, Roomful of Blues; Friday and Saturday, July 30-31, the Long Island All-Stars; Tuesday, Aug. 3, Lost in the Shuffle and Insight; Wednesday, Aug. 4, the Jersey Bounce and Nonnie & the Onnies; Thursday, Aug. 5, singer-guitarist **ELLIOTT MURPHY** and the Starters; Friday, Aug. 6, Kris Kruse and Ernie Mannix; and Saturday, Aug. 7, blues singer Peggie Blue & Blue Pearl. Shows Tues-



© 1982 Estée Lauder, Inc. Photograph: Skrebneski Shirt: Inka

Now: Estée Lauder
and today's technology
bring you super-rich nourishment:

estee
lauder
swiss
performing
extract
a super-rich
nourishing lotion

Swiss Performing Extract

Its amazing capabilities can help your skin look better instantly.

Fact: Swiss Performing Extract is more than a moisturizer. It is a super nourishing lotion blended in the U.S.A. with natural ingredients including soluble protein: a substance plentiful in young skin.

Fact: Science tells us this natural substance has outstanding capabilities. It penetrates right down to the base layer of cells to help promote resilience, good tone and to maintain optimum moisture balance.

Fact: Swiss Performing Extract performs 24-hours a day. Use it under makeup all day, or before bedtime. Specifically, dryness lines will become less noticeable instantly and you will be on your way to better looking skin. Estée Lauder skin.

Swiss Performing Extract.
Because makeup and moisturizers can't do it all.

ESTĒE LAUDER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

days at nine and eleven-thirty, and Wednesdays through Sundays at ten and midnight. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Peppermint Lounge, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll, dancing, video-watching, and general hanging-out in a three-level club that boasts some pretty good live bands, ennui-ridden patrons' faces, a Paul Schrader-grim décor, and very few, if any, pastel colors. Wednesday and Thursday, July 28-29, Richard Strange & David Winthrop, Pulse!, Liz Finch, and the Passage; Friday and Saturday, July 30-31, 999; Wednesday, Aug. 4 (a late show at two in the morning), Billy Idol; Thursday and Friday, Aug. 5-6, the Undertones; and Saturday, Aug. 7, **POLYROCK.** Live music from about eleven-forty-eightish.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! Trombonist, arranger, and Basie-ite **GROVER MITCHELL** (he played lead trombone for Basie on and off for years) leads a lively twelve-piece abbreviation of the Basie band through Sunday, Aug. 1. Starting Tuesday, Aug. 3, **PANAMA FRANCIS,** the fifties rock-and-roll drummer—he's also gigged with Lucky Millinder, Cab Calloway, and Dinah Shore—and his **SAVOY SULTANS** will make it virtually impossible not to want to lindy. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Wednesday, July 28, the Kit McClure Big Band; Thursday through Saturday, July 29-31, **DAVID JOHANSEN;** Monday, Aug. 2, Certain Generals; Tuesday, Aug. 3, the Alley Cats; Wednesday, Aug. 4, Billy Idol (at ten-thirty); Thursday, Aug. 5, Gregory Isaacs; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 6-7, the **ENGLISH BEAT,** a ska-dance-political sextet and one of the best bands of the late seventies. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. Wednesday and Thursday, July 28-29, drummer **RONNIE BURRAGE** and his group; Friday through Sunday, July 30-Aug. 1, guitarist **STEVE KHAN,** bassist **ANTHONY JACKSON,** percussionist **MANOLO BADRENA,** and drummer **STEVE JORDAN;** Monday, Aug. 2, Ed Palermo's big band; Tuesday, Aug. 3, Chin Suzuki; Wednesday, Aug. 4, Connie James; and Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 5-7, pianist **CEDAR WALTON,** trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER,** drummer **AL FOSTER,** tenor saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK,** and bassist **GEORGE MRAZ.** Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A new club—in a renovated luncheonette—that offers, in the words of its proprietor, Larry Gold, "the Brazilian experience." The schedule of very lively samba and Brazilian-jazz bands: Thursday, July 29, and Sunday, Aug. 1, Kenia & Pau Brasil; Tuesday, Aug. 3, Guanabara; Thursday, Aug. 5, Loremil Machado; and Fridays and Saturdays, Pé-De-Boi, a ten-piece samba band with dancers. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-sit-in padded bentwood chairs, and live jazz. Friday and Saturday, July 30-31, the Jonathan Kalb band will perform; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 6-7, bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** will be present. Music from ten. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Flame-throwing tenor saxophonist and bassoonist **ILLINOIS JACQUET** fronts a quartet that features bassist **SLAM STEWART** through Saturday, July 31; Sunday and Monday, Aug. 1-2, **THIAGO DE MELLO** will sing and lead his Brazilian band, **AMAZON;** and starting Tuesday, Aug. 3, trumpeter **HANNIBAL MARVIN PETERSON** will perform with his sextet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—The Chicago-blues festival continues on Wednesday and Thursday, July 28-29, *with Lefty Dizz & Shock Treatment, and on* Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 4-5, with the **JIMMY DAWKINS BLUES BAND.** On Fridays and Saturdays, **BIG JOE TURNER,** a real live history of Kansas City blues and jazz and a festival all by himself, is singing here. On Sundays, Willie Byrne heads his Chicago-blues Irish Ceili Band. Music from nine-thirty on Wednesdays and Thursdays; at nine and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays; and from five to midnight on Sundays.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A nonthreatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club. Wednesday, July 28, Amaranth and Shady; Thursday, July 29, El Camino and Pe-dantiks; Friday, July 30, John Galt and Point; Saturday, July 31, Sound and the Hand; Tuesday, Aug. 3, the Corps and Diamond Dupree; Wednesday, Aug. 4, Race and Luke Fredricks; Thursday, Aug. 5, Park Rowe and Tom Dickey & the Desires; Friday, Aug. 6, Triangle and the Vanishing Breed; and Saturday, Aug. 7, Swing and Matches. Music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays are nights of salsa music in the big, barnlike downstairs room; on Aug. 2, there will be two bands, the **RAY BARRETTO** band and **BOBBY RODRIGUEZ Y LA COMPANIA,** and one guest soloist, saxophonist **HAMIET BLUIETT.** On Friday, Aug. 6, at ten-thirty, a folk-music program will be presented here: the Harp Band and Retumba Con Pie, an all-percussion *bomba y plena* group. Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio on Tuesdays from nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. **GEORGE RUSSELL,** the highly admired composer, arranger, and jazz theorist, winds up a cheerfully raucous week leading his youthful, awe-filled band. Some of his arrangements, drawn from a thirty-five year span, sound like big-band Monk. Through Sunday, Aug. 1. On Tuesday, Aug. 3, athletic drummer **ELVIN JONES** will bring in a quartet that will feature saxophonist **CHARLES DAVIS.** Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** *big-band blast-off nights.* Music from ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A pleasant, informal, tile-floored bar and restaurant on Abingdon Square, with live jazz. Pianist and composer ("Canadian Sunset") **EDDIE HEYWOOD,** who has said that his idea of relaxation is playing piano in night clubs, relaxes here with his bassist through Sunday, Aug. 1; on Tuesday, Aug. 3, **ANNE MARIE MOSS** will begin singing with her backing crew. Sets begin at nine Tuesdays through Thursdays and Sundays, and at nine-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

ART SHOW
PARKING

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Esther Blue is at the piano Mondays through Wednesdays; Tim Regusis has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight-thirty until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. Tenor saxophonist **GEORGE KELLY'S JAZZ SULTANS** perform through Saturday, July 31; on Sunday, Aug. 1, guitarist Mike Peters will guide a hot-jazz band; Monday through Thursday, Aug. 2-5, will belong to trumpeter **DOC CHEATHAM;** and on Friday, Aug. 6, tenor saxophonist **WILLIS (GATOR TAIL) JACKSON** will begin a three-night stint. Music nightly from about nine.

Zinno, 128 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A sleekly designed ground-floor town-house bar and restaurant with chamber jazz. Pianist **RAY BRYANT** and bassist **JIMMY ROWSER** can be heard Mondays through Thursdays from nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty. On Sundays, from six-thirty to eleven, guitarist **JOE PUMA** provides the music. Dining.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Queen—With Billy Squier. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday, July 28, at 8.)

Black Uhuru—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, July 30, at 9. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Doobie Brothers—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, Aug. 5, at 8.

Elton John—With Quarter Flash, Davey Johnstone, Dee Murray, and Nigel Olsson. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 5-7, at 8.)

Summer Doo-Wop Spectacular—Four concerts, featuring such groups as the Harptones, the Teenagers, Jive Five, and the Jesters. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 6-7, at 7:30 and 11. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Golden Palominos—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday, Aug. 6, at 10.

Teo Macero and **the Teddy Charles Tentet**—Public Theatre. Saturday, Aug. 7, at 10.

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Saturday, July 28-31, at 8: Gail Conrad Tap Dance Theatre. . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, July 29-31, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Philly Joe Jones quartet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 1, at 10 and midnight: James Spaulding quartet. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Myrna Baez—Figurative paintings and graphics from the seventies by a Puerto Rican artist. Through Aug. 15. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.)

Robert Donley—Recent paintings and drawings. Through Friday, July 30. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Alice Trumbull Mason (1904-71) **and Emily Mason**—Abstract paintings by a mother and by her daughter. Through Friday, July 30. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Ed Mayer—A large circular structure with a tunnel that leads to another, smaller one; the whole piece is constructed solely of stacked wood laths. Through Saturday, July 31. (Gallery Annex, formerly the Central Park Zoo Birdhouse, Fifth Ave. at 64th St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Sundays.)

Diane Mayo / Susan Eder—Oil paintings and colored-pencil drawings of still-life and narrative subjects. / Works using commercially printed color photographs. Through Friday, July 30. (Siegel, 29 E. 73rd St.) . . . ¶ The Goodman Gallery, 25 W. 56th St., is also showing works by Eder. Through Friday, July 30.

David Milne (1882-1953)—A show of paintings and drawings by a Canadian artist who lived in New York from 1903-16 and absorbed numerous modern influences here, notably from the work of Cézanne, Prendergast, and Matisse. Through Aug. 15. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Elie Nadelman (1882-1946)—Drawings and sculptures of women can be seen in this show marking the hundredth anniversary of the sculptor's birth. Through Friday, July 30. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Edward Ruscha—Two shows that coincide with his larger exhibit at the Whitney Museum. New drawings at Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. (through Friday, July 30), and prints at Jacobson-Hochman, 24 W. 57th St. (through Aug. 27).

Anne Ryan (1889-1954)—Color woodcuts by the collagist. Through Friday, July 30. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Old Master Prints—Including the complete set of Dürer's woodcuts entitled "Apocalypse;" the complete set of Callot's etchings entitled "Varie Figure;" and a Rembrandt etching, "Landscape with a Cottage and a Large Tree." Through Friday, Aug. 6. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.)

Art on the Beach—Twelve sculptural installations (including two from last summer) populate the Battery Park City Landfill in Creative Time's fourth annual outdoor show. Some of the installers are Bill and Mary Buchen, Grace Williams, and Steve Wood. Through Sept. 12. (Battery Park City, Gate 19, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30.)

Sculpture—A bronze model for a large outdoor piece, "Seated Woman," by Willem de Kooning; and another bronze, this one of two figures (one in the round, one in relief), by William Crozier. Other works by Raoul Hague, Michael Heizer, H. C. Westermann, Tony Berlant, and Tony Smith. Through Sept. 17. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At **pam adler,** 37 W. 57th St.: Cynthia Carlson, Ira Joel Haber, Jeff Way, and others on the gallery roster showing new material. Through Friday, July 30. . . . **alexander,** 20 W. 57th St.: Drawings by a dozen artists, including Yvonne Jacquette, Richard Haas, and Martha Diamond. Through Aug. 27. . . . **aaron berman,** 50 W. 57th St.: An invitational show of contemporary paintings, drawings, and sculptures by almost two dozen artists. Through Friday, July 30. . . . **blum helman,** 20 W. 57th St.: Drawings by a number of artists, including Elizabeth Murray, Hap Tivey, and Grover Mouton. Through Friday, July 30. . . . **cds gallery,** 13 E. 75th St.: Paintings by Central and South American artists, among them Amelia Pelaez, Armando Morales, and Joaquín Torres-García. Through Aug. 14. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **the dairy,** in Central Park between the zoo and the carrousel: Twenty-two original watercolors, pastels, and acrylics of the Park which have appeared on the cover of this magazine. The artists are Ilonka Karasz and Julian de Miskey (work from the twenties); and Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin (C.E.M.), Charles Saxon, and James Stevenson (work from the sixties and seventies). Through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4:30.) . . . **davis & langdale,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Paintings and drawings by Lennart Anderson and Robert M. Kulicke are among the works by contemporary artists. Through Aug. 20. (Closes at 4.) . . . **del re,** 41 E. 57th St.: A triptych in oil by Richard Pousette-Dart and a single painting or drawing each by Frankenthaler, Tooker, Tworkov, and others. Through Friday, July 30. . . . **the drawing center,** 137 Greene St.: A wide variety of styles and techniques appears in the works of a dozen emerging artists selected for the current show—the center's eighteenth. Among the artists are Aura Rosenberg, who makes small paper cutouts representing animal pelts (buffalo, jaguar); Hilda O'Connell, who does large colored-pencil drawings, often of Irishmen in groups; and Joseph Schactman, who makes three-dimensional dog heads of painted cardboard. Through Aug. 11. (Open Saturdays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **esman,** 29 W. 57th St.: Abstract paintings in a medium of pigment and plaster by David James; elongated, painted-wood wall pieces by Otis Jones; and large drawings of highways and landscapes by Ursula Schneider. Through Friday, July 30. . . . **kennedy,** 40 W. 57th St.: "An American Summer" has, among others, paintings of Central Park by Millard Sheets and Frank Wright. Through Aug. 20. . . . **lerner-heller,** 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures that the gallery terms "interpretations of life and death." Contributors are Alfredo Bustinza, Chris Deboschnek, Thomas Lawson, Margaret Wharton, and Daisy Youngblood. Through Saturday, July 31. . . . **miller,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Landscape paintings, some reduced to abstraction, by fifteen artists, Louise Bourgeois, Willem de Kooning, Dana Garrett, and Anselm Kiefer among them. Through Friday, July 30. . . . **salander-o'reilly,** 22 E. 80th St.: A selection of drawings by the sculptor Gaston Lachaise and a small painting each by a dozen or more artists (Motherwell, Olitski, Hughto). Through Friday, July 30. . . . **thorp,** 419 West Broadway: Paintings and large drawings by Rochelle Feinstein, John Lees, David True, and others. Through Friday, July 30. . . . **zarre,** 41 E. 57th St.: Charmion von Wiegand, Nassos Daphnis, Robert Swain, and Susan Crile are among the ten artists showing abstract paintings. Through Saturday, July 31.

¶ Many galleries are closed in the summer. A number mount group shows by gallery artists or others, sometimes varying the contents from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **acquavella,** 18 E. 79th St. . . . **castelli,** 420 West Broadway. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **cooper,** 155 Wooster St. . . . **fischbach,** 29 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **frumkin,** 50 W. 57th St. . . . **galerie st. etienne,** 25 W. 56th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **hoffman,** 429 West Broadway. . . . **jack,** 138 Prince St. (Open daily; opens Sundays at noon.) . . . **pace,** 32 E. 57th St. . . . **weintraub,** 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. . . . **witkin,** 41 E. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Early candid prints of statesmen and politicians by Dr. Erich Salomon, a photojournalist who caught his subjects unawares by concealing his camera—in a flowerpot at a 1932 banquet attended by Herbert Hoover, and in a bowler hat at a 1928 courtroom trial. Through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ Seventy-five new color prints made from early Autochrome glass plates, a commercial color process developed by the Lumière brothers. Also, eight original Autochromes. Through Sunday, Aug. 1. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **delahunty,** 291 Church St., two blocks below Canal St.: Forty prints by nineteen photographers who have set up such improbable tableaux as a man lying under a suspended mattress (by Boyd Webb) and an upright dog leaning on crutches and wearing a negligee (by William Wegman). Through Saturday, July 31. . . . **floating foundation of photography,** Pier 40 South, Hudson River at W. Houston St.: Experimental color photography—in a houseboat resting on a purple barge—by more than thirty artists, including Joseph Zingler, Les Krims, Bea Nettles, John Pfahl, and Via Wynroth. Through Aug. 29. (Thursdays through Sundays, 12:30 to 6.) . . . **ledel,** 168 Mercer St.: Photographs of Ireland by eight artists, including Paul Caponigro and Alen MacWeeney. Through Aug. 14. (Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays.) . . . **neikrug,** 224 E. 68th St.: Intentionally—or otherwise—X-rated photographs by George Platt Lynes, Wolfgang von Wamgemheim, Alfred Gescheidt,

BEYOND THE BOUNDS OF EARTH, THE 23RD MUSIC FESTIVAL AT SEA.

Sailing Jan. 3-14, '83 from San Juan to the Caribbean. (And you fly free!)

The M/S Mermoz will take you on a voyage offering the unique experience of a world given over to glorious music. While the music transports you beyond this earth, you will sail from charming San Juan to historic Cartagena, and then on to one enchanted isle after another: Curacao, Barbados, St. Lucia, Guadeloupe, St. Croix.

Mix music & paradise by attending concerts in many of your ports of call. Your companions will include over 30 artists, such as trumpeter Maurice Andre, flutist James Galway, violinist Henryk Szeryng & cellist Yo Yo Ma. Evenings will be the occasion for gala dinners prepared by our French chefs; our selection of vintage wines at lunch & dinner, bar service & shore excursions are included in the price of the cruise. And you fly free from over 65 cities!

To reserve your place, see your Travel Agent or write for our free brochure. Paquet Cruises, Inc., 1370 Ave. of the Americas, NY, NY 10019. (212) 757-9050.

Ship's registry: France.

M/S MERMOZ

PAQUET FRENCH CRUISES

Robert Mapplethorpe, and others. Through Friday, July 30. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . **PFEIFER,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Fifty photographs of plants and flowers. Through Friday, July 30.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Seventeenth-century French art in two different shows: paintings, primarily on loan but offering the museum's "The Fortune Teller," by Georges de la Tour, and including as well ten landscapes by Claude and "The Death of Germanicus," by Poussin; and a complementary display of drawings and prints (all from the museum's collections) by Callot, Le Brun, Claude, and others. Through Aug. 22. . . . ¶ A joint exhibit of Rhode Island architectural drawings, 1825-1945, which is divided chronologically between the Metropolitan and the National Academy of Design (see below). The Metropolitan has the earlier samples (up to 1875) in the survey, a cross-section of American styles in general and in particular of houses and buildings in Newport (Richard Upjohn's formidable 1839 Gothic cottage, Kingscote) and Providence (William Strickland's Atheneum). Through Sept. 15. . . . ¶ About sixty Chinese antiquities: ritual vessels in bronze, terra-cotta tomb figurines, and Buddhist sculptures. Through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's tenth annual fashion show, focussing primarily on the eighteenth-century French woman but also encompassing her European and American counterparts. Through Sept. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 18 W. 54th St.—Richard Neutra's contributions to American residential architecture are documented in an exhibit of photographs, drawings, and two large-scale models (one representing the Lovell house, a 1927 example of the International Style; the other the 1937 Landfair Apartments in Los Angeles). Through Oct. 12. . . . ¶ "New Work on Paper 2," the second in a series of exhibits of drawings by contemporary artists, contains examples (some of which are executed directly on the wall) by Jonathan Borofsky, Francesco Clemente, Mario Merz, A. R. Penck, and Giuseppe Penone. Starts Thursday, July 29. . . . ¶ A small show of prints (by Larry Rivers, Jasper Johns, Robert Rauschenberg, and others) made at Universal Limited Art Editions, the workshop founded by Tatyana Grosman, who died last week. Through Sept. 7. A complementary exhibit of U.L.A.E. prints is at Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St. (The museum is open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"The New York School: Four Decades," an exhibition of the museum's paintings and sculptures (supplemented with some loans) by representatives of most of the major developments in art in this country from the forties on. Included are Rothko, Rauschenberg, Martin, Oldenburg, Warhol, and Noguchi. Through Aug. 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show of paintings, works on paper, and handmade books by California artist Edward Ruscha, who often confines his works to the representation of a single word ("Vaseline") or phrase ("Listen, I'd Like to Help Out, But,"). Through Sept. 5. Complementary shows are at Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. (ending Friday, July 30), and at the Jacobson-Hochman Gallery, 24 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ A survey of present-day museum architecture in the United States contains elevations, renderings, photographs, and models for seven projects currently in the works, including the Museum of Modern Art. Through Oct. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—"Black Folk Art in America: 1930-1980," a show of more than three hundred paintings, carvings, ceramics, and other objects. One of the works is Ulysses Davis's series of carved-and-painted mahogany busts of the forty Presidents. Through Sept. 12. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Three six-foot stone standard-bearers are in attendance at an exhibit of Aztec artifacts that were, like them, discovered four years ago in a subterranean temple in Mexico City. Among the other hundred objects are skulls, knives, seashells, jewelry, ceramics, and carvings. Through Oct. 6. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 9.)

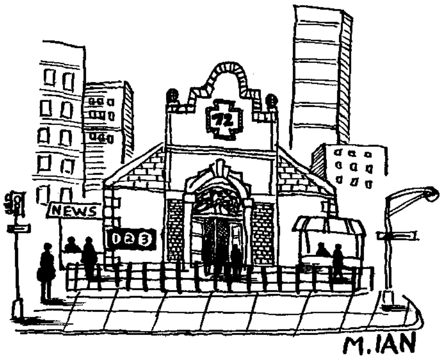
AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM I, 44 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the handmade papers of Douglass Morse Howell includes sheets of linen and of flax; books; and, as a bonus, works by Joan Miró, Anne Ryan, and other artists who have used paper made by Howell. Through Oct. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A show of forty-one nineteenth-century Japanese prints depicting foreigners—the work of printmakers whose keyhole impressions of the world outside Japan came from foreign traders and from copies of European prints found in the port cities of Nagasaki and Yokohama. Through Aug. 29. (Open daily except Fridays. Hours: Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 5; Thursdays, 10 to 8:30; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

THE CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—More than a hundred and twenty examples of medieval stained glass and architectural sculptures from France, Spain, Italy, and Britain, selected from the Raymond Pitcairn collection. Through Sept. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, noon to 4:45.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Columns (for example, Nelson's in Trafalgar Square) as architectural devices—seen in drawings, prints, and a few photographs—and as ornamental elements on wallpaper, textiles, and furniture. . . . ¶ A button exposition—about a thousand functional, decorative buttons in every conceivable (and even *inconceivable) material and form, from shell* to plastic and from painted scenes to sculptured figures. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Both shows through Aug. 22.

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show of works in various mediums by eighteen artists who have, in the past decade, turned to their Jewish heritage as a source of subject matter. Included are a video tribute to her grandparents by Maxi Cohen; a twenty-five-foot triptych, "Death as an Usher: Germany, 1933," by Jerome Witkin; and a conceptual piece by Komar and Melamid representing their departure from the Soviet Union. Through Sept. 12. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)



MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A survey of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century French illustrated books has, among more than a hundred examples, a copy of Molière's "Oeuvres" with original drawings by Moreau and of Verlaine's "Parallèlement" with all of its Bonnard drawings and its trial proofs. . . . ¶ Fifty theatre drawings from the Donald M. Oenslager collection. . . . ¶ A show of Carolingian and Romanesque illuminated manuscripts affording, in particular, a view of the jewel-bound front cover of the ninth-century "Lindau Gospels." (Open daily except Sundays and Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.) All three shows through Saturday, July 31.

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A display of the thirty-three additions to the museum's permanent collection which were once owned by Howard and Jean Lipman, among them an eighteenth-century Queen Anne secretary, a trade sign painted of and for the Oswego Starch Factory, a decorative carving entitled "Man in a Top Hat with a Cane," and miniature mourning pins. Through Sept. 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—About seventy-five years (1870-1945) of architecture in Rhode Island are seen in a show of architects' sketches, drawings, and renderings. Included are Richard Morris Hunt's drawings for Marble House and the Breakers in the Beaux-Arts classical style and, in the International Style, Richard Neutra's design for Windshield. A joint exhibit with the Metropolitan Museum. Through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection is noting the centennial of the Irish writer James Stephens with a show of manuscripts, letters, and first editions that represent his work as a poet, adapter of Irish folktales, and BBC broadcaster. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—A show of paintings and drawings by Charles White (1918-79). Through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ A group of sculptures, collages, paintings, and assemblages by nineteenth- and twentieth-century black artists whose works reflect religious and cultural myths and rituals. Through Oct. 31. . . . ¶ An exhibit of James Van DerZee's photographs of Harlem in the twenties and thirties. Through Sept. 1. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

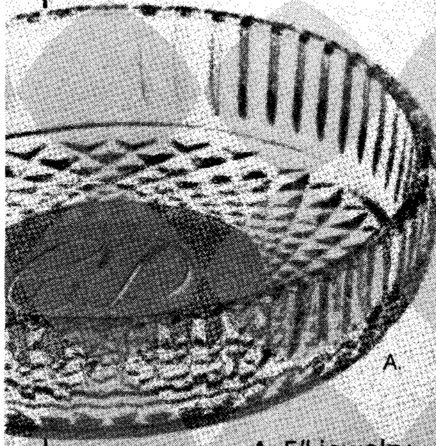
MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL—A seven-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, July 28: Jean-Pierre Rampal conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra and acting as flute soloist, with John Cheek, bass, and James VanDemark, double bass. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 29: Pinchas Zukerman, violin/viola, and Marc Neikrug, piano. (No pre-concert recital.) . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 30-31: Philippe Entremont conducting the orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Mr. Entremont, piano, and Shlomo Mintz, violin. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 2, and Wednesday, Aug. 4: Alexander Schneider conducting the orchestra, with André-Michel Schub, piano, and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 3: The Tokyo String Quartet, with Jeffrey Kahane, piano, and Walter Trampler, viola. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 5: A chamber-music program, with Alexander Schneider and Lucy Stoltzman, violin; the Messrs. Trampler and Stoltzman; Laurence Lesser, cello; and Artur Balsam, piano. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday,

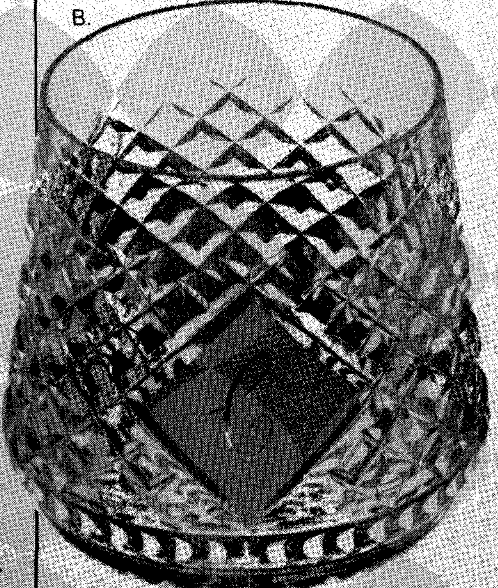
Robinson's
CALIFORNIA

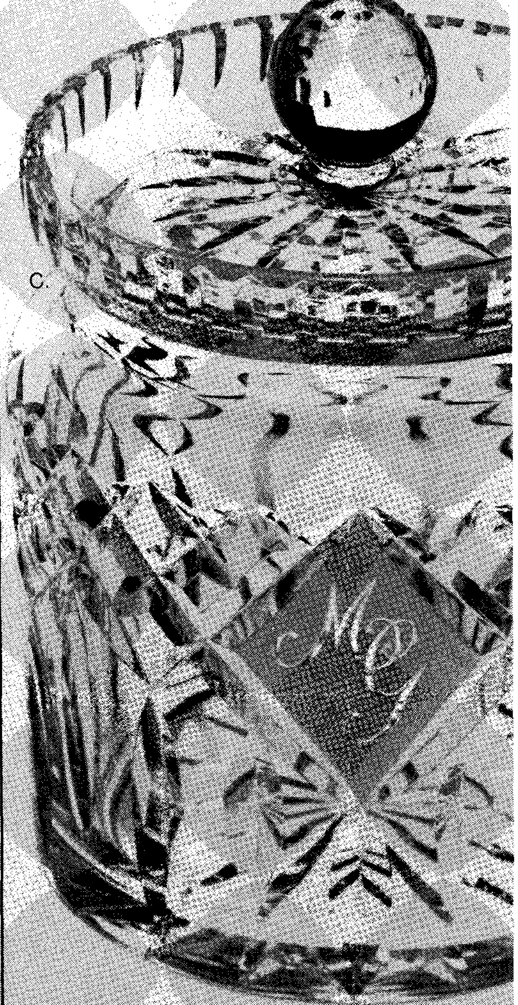
WATERFORD ONLY FOR YOU: OUR EXCLUSIVE PERSONALIZED COLLECTION

You can search the world over for exquisite treasures, or you can collect the most special ones of all, from Robinson's. Through an exclusive partnership with Waterford of Ireland, we're pleased to announce an unparalleled opportunity. Eight of our most treasured collectibles, monogrammed especially for you by Waterford's own engravers in Ireland, using the same copper wheel cutting method used to create all magnificent Waterford.

Here are just a few brilliant pieces from this outstanding collection. Each piece, of course, is mouth-blown, hand-cut, full-lead crystal. All orders will be delivered approximately four months from date of order. Each piece will be monogrammed with the number of letters listed only.


A.


B.


C.

A. 5" jewelry tray, with two fancy letters, $115. With one fancy letter, $80.
B. Old-fashioned glass, with one fancy letter, $70.
C. Biscuit barrel, with two fancy letters, $200. With three fancy letters, $235.

WE WELCOME YOUR AMERICAN EXPRESS® CARD, YOUR PERSONAL CHECK, OR YOUR ROBINSON'S CHARGE. No C.O.D.'s on monogrammed items. Robinson's Waterford Crystal, 142. Ask us about our Waterford Club Plan.

Name
Address
City
State Zip
Phone ( )

☐ Robinson's Account Number
☐ American Express Account Number
Valid dates / thru /
☐ Payment enclosed (Please do not send cash)

Quantity	Item Description	Fancy Initials 1st	2nd	Last	Price of each item	Total Price	Please give name and address for each item to be shipped to an address other than your own.
							Name Address City/State Zip
							Name Address City/State Zip

☐ Please enclose card signed as below.

Mail coupon to Robinson's Metro Box 6080, Los Angeles, CA 90055.
Please add 6½% sales tax if delivered in Los Angeles County. Handling charges will be added outside our delivery area.

Tax
Total

TO ORDER, CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-345-8501

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

Aug. 6-7: Robert Shaw directing the orchestra, with Benita Valente, soprano; Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano; Jon Garrison, tenor; Julien Robbins, bass; and the Westminster Choir. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Through Saturday, Aug. 28.)

IN THE COUNTRY

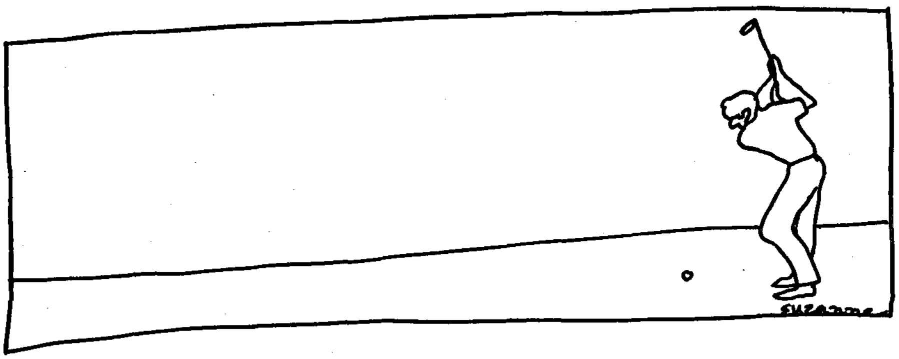
Tanglewood Festival—Thursday, July 29, at 8:30: A violin recital by Joseph Silverstein. . . . ¶ Friday, July 30, at 7: A duo-piano recital by Ursula Oppens and Gilbert Kalish. . . . ¶ Friday, July 30, at 9: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony in a Schubert-Liszt-Stravinsky program, with Emanuel Ax, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 31, at 8:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting another Stravinsky-Liszt-Schubert program, also with Mr. Ax. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 1, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting a Fine-Berio-Tchaikovsky program, with Miss Oppens and Mr. Kalish. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 6, at 7: André Previn, piano, and members of the Boston Symphony in an all-Mozart program. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 6, at 9: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony in an all-Stravinsky program, with Jessye Norman, soprano; Kenneth Riegel and John Gilmore, tenors; John Cheek and Joseph McKee, bass-baritones; Aage Haugland, bass; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 7, at 8:30: André Previn directing a Weber-Shostakovich program, with Harold Wright, clarinet; Mr. Haugland; and the men of the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 8, at 2:30: André Previn conducting and acting as piano soloist in a Stravinsky-Haydn-Mozart program. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 29. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—Thursday, July 29, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble in a Schütz-Stravinsky-Schubert program, with the Princeton Royal School of Church Music Men's and Boys' Choir, and Stephanie Brown, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 31, at 8:30: Alexander Schneider conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in a Mozart-Vivaldi-Haydn program, with Kun Woo Paik, piano; Alan Cox, flute; Dennis Godburn, bassoon; and Marcy Rosen, cello. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 1, at 5:30: The Tokyo String Quartet. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 5, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble in a Stravinsky-Mozart-Spohr program. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 7, at 8:30: A piano recital by Youri Egorov. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 8, at 5:30: The Emerson Quartet. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 22. On Saturday, July 31, buses will leave at six from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 1-914 232-4206.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Opening performances by the **PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA** of a three-week season that ends Saturday, Aug. 14. Wednesday, July 28, at 8:15: Eugene Ormandy conducting a Rossini-Dvořák-Saint-Saëns program, with André Watts, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 29, at 8:15: Eugene Ormandy conducting a Brahms-Prokofieff-Stravinsky program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Friday, July 30, at 8:15: William Smith directing a Verdi-Rachmaninoff-Walton program, with Thomas Paul, bass-baritone; Panayis Lyras, piano; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 31, at 8:15: Franz Allers conducting a program entitled "The Strausses in Vienna," with Elizabeth Hynes and Eleanor Bergquist, sopranos, and Shinja Kim, mezzo-soprano. . . . [**NOTE:** Special concerts will be given by Air Supply and Livingston Taylor on Sunday, Aug. 1, at 7, and by the Preservation Hall Jazz Band on Monday, Aug. 2, at 8:15.] . . . ¶ Erich Leinsdorf conducting a "Beethoven Festival" of four programs: Wednesday, Aug. 4, at 8:15, with Elmar Oliveira, violin. . . . Thursday, Aug. 5, at 8:15, with Emanuel Ax, piano; Young Uck Kim, violin; and Yo-Yo Ma, cello. . . . Friday, Aug. 6, at 8:15, with Mr. Ax. . . . Saturday, Aug. 7, at 8:15, with Mr. Ax; Ellen Shade, soprano; Jennifer Jones, mezzo-soprano; Frank Little, tenor; Paul Plishka, bass-baritone; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. Each evening a pre-concert recital will be given by the New York Philomusica, at 7. (Saratoga Springs. Through Thursday, Sept. 2. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Summerfare '82—Final performances of a festival of theatre, dance, and music which takes place at the State University of New York, at Purchase. *Un soupçon*—**WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, AT 8:** Estelle Parsons appearing in "Female Parts," the umbrella title for three one-act plays by the Italian comedy team of Dario Fo and Franca Rame. . . . **THURSDAY, JULY 29, AT 8:** "Female Parts;" and "The Queen and the Rebels," a play by Ugo Betti, with Colleen Dewhurst. . . . **FRIDAY, JULY 30, AT 8:** "Female Parts" and "The Queen and the Rebels." . . . **AT 8:30:** The Pilobolus Dance Theatre. . . . **AT 9:** "Cry of Clytemnestra," a *one-act opera* by John Eaton. . . . **AT 11:** Walt Michael, Tom McCreesh, and others in a cabaret show. . . . **SATURDAY, JULY 31, AT 3 AND 8:30:** The Pilobolus Dance Theatre. . . . **AT 6:** John Eaton performing on a Moog synthesizer. . . . **AT 8:** "Female Parts" and "The Queen and the Rebels." . . . **AT 9:** "Cry of Clytemnestra." . . . **AT 9 AND 11:** Walt Michael, Tom McCreesh, and others in a cabaret show. . . . **SUNDAY, AUG. 1, AT 3 AND 7:30:** "Female Parts." . . . **AT 7:30:** "The Queen and the Rebels." . . . **AT 8:** The Pilobolus Dance Theatre. . . . **WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, AUG. 4-5, AT 8:** "Female Parts" and "The Queen and the Rebels." . . . **FRIDAY, AUG. 6, AT 8:** "Female Parts;" "The Queen and the Rebels;" and Honi Coles and the Copasetics, with Max Roach, in an evening of tap dancing and jazz. . . . **AT 11:** The David Amram quintet. . . . **SATURDAY, AUG. 7, AT 3:** Pat Carroll in her one-woman show "Gertrude Stein, Gertrude Stein, Gertrude Stein." . . . **AT 6:** Lukas Foss conducting the Brooklyn Philharmonic in a program entitled "Music to Films." . . . **AT 8:** "Female Parts;" "The Queen and the Rebels;" and Honi Coles and the Copasetics, with Max Roach. . . . **AT 9 AND 11:** Maxine Sullivan. . . . **AT 10:** The Preservation Hall Jazz Band. . . . **SUNDAY, AUG. 8, AT 3 AND 7:30:** "The Queen and the Rebels." . . . **AT 5:30:** Lukas Foss conducting the Brooklyn Philharmonic in a program entitled "Music for Theatre." . . . **AT 7:30:** "Female Parts." . . . **AT 8:** Lionel Hampton and his orchestra. . . . **AT 10:** The Widespread Jazz Orchestra. (For information about tickets, call 1-914 253-5900.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 3-7: The Vanaver Caravan, the Jacob's Pillow Touring Ensemble, Martha Partridge and Douglas Nielsen, and on Friday and Saturday only, Cynthia Gregory and Richard Cragun. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)



SPORTS

Baseball—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Detroit, Wednesday, July 28, at 8. . . . ¶ Chicago, Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 3-4, at 5:30 (twi-night doubleheader). . . . ¶ Texas, Thursday and Friday, Aug. 5-6, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 7, at about 2:20 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities start at 1, and will include a couple of innings involving old Yankee warriors and former members of other American-league teams). . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Pittsburgh, Thursday, July 29, at 7:35; Friday, July 30, at 8:05; Saturday, July 31, at 7:35; and Sunday, Aug. 1, at 1:35.

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Weekdays at 1, and Sunday at 1:05; through Monday, Aug. 2. The Lexington, Sunday, Aug. 1. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Wednesday through Friday and Monday between 11 and 1:10, and Saturday and Sunday between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **SARATOGA:** Daily at 1:30, from Wednesday, Aug. 4, through Monday, Aug. 30. The Schuylerville, Wednesday, Aug. 4; the Test, Thursday, Aug. 5; and the Whitney Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 7. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 4. The Amory L. Haskell Invitational, Saturday, July 31, and the Sorority, Saturday, Aug. 7. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:20.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 4. The United Nations Handicap, Saturday, July 31.

Soccer—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. San José, Wednesday, July 28, at 7. . . . Cosmos vs. Montreal, Sunday, Aug. 1, at 7:30. . . . ¶ A benefit game, featuring players from a number of the 1982 World Cup teams, Saturday, Aug. 7 at 8:30. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Tennis—Mutual Benefit Life Open. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Wednesday through Friday, July 28-30, at noon and 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday, July 31-Aug. 1, at 1. For information about tickets, call 1-201 762-6220.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 7. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 20. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Friday, Aug. 13. The Hambletonian, Saturday, Aug. 7 (for this day only, post time will be 1).

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM,** with William Hurt and Michele Shay, will begin on Saturday, July 31, and continue through Saturday, Aug. 28. The second of two productions presented this summer. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, call 598-7100.)

New York Philharmonic—Concerts in various city parks. John Nelson will conduct the first in a series of three peripatetic programs: **PROSPECT PARK,** Brooklyn, Wednesday, July 28, at 8. . . . **VAN CORTLANDT PARK,** the Bronx, Friday, July 30, at 8. . . . **CUNNINGHAM PARK,** Queens, Saturday, July 31, at 8. . . . ¶ James Conlon will conduct the second program: **MARINE PARK,** Brooklyn, Tuesday, Aug. 3, at 8. . . . **SNUG HARBOR,** Staten Island, Wednesday, Aug. 4, at 8. . . . **CROCHERON PARK,** Queens, Thursday, Aug. 5, at 8.

South Street Seaport Museum—Musical offerings on Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. **BLUEGRASS:** Thursday, July 29, at 8, Whetstone Run. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 5, at 8, Holland's Country Ramblers. (For information about tickets, call 687-9000.) . . . **JAZZ:** Friday and Saturday, July 30-31, at 8, Lynn Welshman & the Tentet Jazz Band. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 6, at 8, Chico Hamilton with Kathleen Adair & the Guitar Choir. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 7, at 8, Thom Foster. (No tickets necessary.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Guggenheim Concert Band in this summer's series of concerts. (Wednesday through Friday, July 28-30, and Sunday, Aug. 1, at 8. . . . ¶ Jens Nygaard conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra in an all-Haydn program, with Joel Krosnick, cello. (Saturday, July 31, at 8.)

Music Festival on the Pier—The Dr Pepper wingding, running through Saturday, Aug. 28. Wednesday, July 28, at 7: Jorma Kaukonen Acoustic & Electric. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 31, at 8: Clarence Clemmons & the Red Bank Rockers, Mink DeVille, and the Dragons. . . . ¶ Sunday and Monday, Aug. 1-2, at 8: King Crimson, with Adrian Belew, Robert Fripp, Tony Levin, and Bill Bruford. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 4, at 8: Joe Cocker. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 5, at 8: Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 6, at 8: Greg Kihn Band and the Romantics. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 7, and Monday, Aug. 9, at 8: Rickie Lee Jones. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. For tickets, call 977-9020.)

Washington Square Park—Amy Kaiser conducting the Festival Orchestra in a Handel-Mozart program, with Linda Seay, soprano. The third in a series of four concerts. (Tuesday, Aug. 3, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S and LaGuardia Pl.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of **grease**, with Mark Martino and Laurie Stephenson, will be presented through Sunday, Aug. 1. . . . ¶ A revival of the musical **west side story**, with Barry Williams, Christine Andreas, and Loida Santos, will start on Thursday, Aug. 5, and run through Sunday, Aug. 22. (Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. For tickets, call 1-516 221-1000.)

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

Automobile Racing—At Pocono Raceway, Long Pond, Pa.: Aug. 15.

Baseball—**yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Texas, Aug. 8 (day doubleheader). Kansas City, Aug. 16 (twi-night doubleheader) and Aug. 17-18 (night). Toronto, Aug. 20-21 (n), Aug. 22 (d), and Aug. 23 (n). Minnesota, Aug. 24-26 (n). Baltimore, Sept. 6 (d) and Sept. 7-8 (n). Milwaukee, Sept. 9-11 (n) and Sept. 12 (d). . . . **mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, Aug. 9-11 (night). Chicago, Aug. 12-13 (n), Aug. 14 (at 4:05), and Aug. 15 (day doubleheader). Atlanta, Aug. 27-28 (n) and Aug. 29 (d). Houston, Aug. 30-Sept. 1 (n). Cincinnati, Sept. 3-4 (n) and Sept. 5 (d).

College Football—Grambling State vs. Morgan State, in a benefit game. (Yankee Stadium. Sept. 4.)

Professional Football—Exhibition games—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Giants vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, Aug. 21. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Jets, Aug. 28. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Denver Broncos, Sept. 4.

Golf—U.S.G.A. Amateur Championship. (The Country Club, Brookline, Mass. Aug. 31-Sept. 5.)

Racing—At **belmont:** Sept. 1-Oct. 11. . . . **meadowlands:** Sept. 6-Dec. 31. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Sept. 7-Oct. 18.

Soccer—Cosmos at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Vs. Toronto, Aug. 11. Chicago, Aug. 15. Tulsa, Aug. 18.

Tennis—AMF Head Cup U.S.A.: Guillermo Vilas, Wojtek Fibak, Tim Gullikson, Tom Gullikson, Mats Wilander, and eleven other players. (Heritage Hills of Westchester, Somers, N.Y. Aug. 25-29.) . . . ¶ United States Open Championships. (U.S.T.A. National Tennis Center, Flushing Meadow. Aug. 31-Sept. 12.)

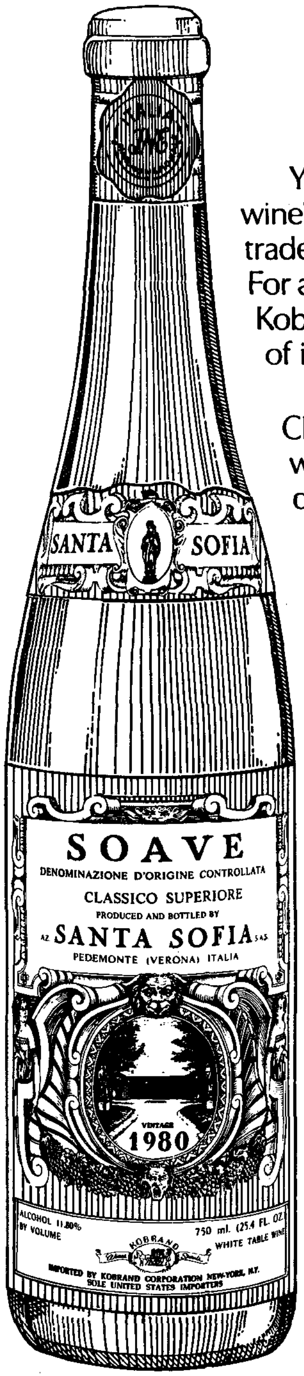
Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I.: Aug. 9-Nov. 6.

Yachting—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Port Washington. Aug. 25-29.)

Music—The fall season of the New York City Opera, at the New York State Theatre (870-5570), will open on Sept. 7, with a week-long engagement of Lehár's "The Merry Widow," after which the company will go into repertory until Nov. 14.

Other Dates—Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, Sept. 4-6, Sept. 11-12, and Sept. 18-19. . . . ¶ Labor Day is Monday, Sept. 6. . . . ¶ Third-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Wednesday, Sept. 15.

How can you be sure Santa Sofia is the best Soave?
Read the label from the bottom up.



You can be absolutely certain of a wine's pedigree if you see the Kobrand trademark at the bottom of the label. For almost four decades the Kobrand name has been a guarantee of impeccable quality in wines.

Consider Santa Sofia Soave Classico Superiore—an exquisite white wine with a harmonious dry taste.

Terry Robards of The New York Times judged Santa Sofia best in a blind tasting of 14 leading Soaves.

"Classico" designates the region which produces the best Soave. "Superiore" refers to the special qualities of the wine when produced from the finest grapes, fully ripened.

High praise indeed.

But you needn't have read a word of it—if you had glanced first at the bottom of the label.

KOBRAND
Wines Spirits
TRADE MARK

Read the label from the bottom up.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Aug. 1: "Godzilla" (1954; directed by Ishiro Honda; in Japanese), with Takashi Shimura.
From Aug. 3: "The Love Suicides at Sonezaki" (1977; Yasuzo Masumura; in Japanese), with Meiko Kaji.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through July 29: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell; and "A Little Sex" (Bruce Paltrow), with Tim Matheson and Kate Capshaw.
July 30-Aug. 5: "Blade Runner" (†); and another feature, to be announced.
From Aug. 6: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through July 29: "Blade Runner" (†).
From July 30: "The Secret of NIMH" (Don Bluth), an animated film.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The World According to Garp" (George Roy Hill), with Robin Williams.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 29: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (†). From July 30: "Night Shift" (Ron Howard), with Henry Winkler.
Theatre 3: "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas" (Colin Higgins), with Burt Reynolds and Dolly Parton.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"An Officer and a Gentleman" (Taylor Hackford), with Richard Gere and Debra Winger.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"La Cage aux Folles" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The World According to Garp" (George Roy Hill), with Robin Williams.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Young Doctors in Love" (Garry Marshall), with Michael McKean and Sean Young.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Diva" (†).

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.
Theatre 2: "Poltergeist" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 5: "Author! Author!" (†). From Aug. 6: "The Pirate Movie" (Ken Annakin), with Kristy McNichol and Christopher Atkins.
Theatre 2: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (Taylor Hackford), with Richard Gere and Debra Winger.

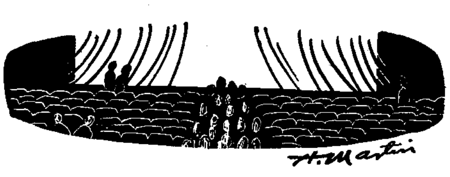
D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Don's Party" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with John Hargreaves.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Barbarosa" (Fred Schepisi), with Willie Nelson and Gary Busey.
Theatre 2: "Blade Runner" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas" (Colin Higgins), with Burt Reynolds and Dolly Parton.
Theatre 2: Through July 29: "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas." July 30-Aug. 5: "The Secret of NIMH" (Don Bluth), an animated film. From Aug. 6: "Things Are Tough All Over" (Tom Avildsen), with Cheech Marin and Thomas Chong.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (†).

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through July 29: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (†). From July 30: "Night Shift" (Ron Howard), with Henry Winkler.



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 16.

Theatre 2: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Witness" (1967; Péter Bacsó; in Hungarian), with Ferenc Kallai.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Diner" (†).

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Aug. 5: "Victor/Victoria" (†).
From Aug. 6: To be announced.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas" (Colin Higgins), with Burt Reynolds and Dolly Parton.
Theatre 2: "Annie" (†).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through July 29: "Poltergeist" (†).
From July 30: "The Secret of NIMH" (Don Bluth), an animated film.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 5: "Rocky III" (†). From Aug. 6: "Things Are Tough All Over" (Tom Avildsen), with Cheech Marin and Thomas Chong.
Theatre 2: Through July 29: "The Challenge" (John Frankenheimer), with Scott Glenn and Toshiro Mifune. From July 30: "Night Shift" (Ron Howard), with Henry Winkler.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through July 31: "The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick" (1972; directed by Wim Wenders; in German). Aug. 1: "Radio On" (1980; Christopher Petit). Aug. 2: "Radio On;" and "Born for Diesel" (1979; Peter Przygodda). Aug. 3: "The Left-Handed Woman" (†). From Aug. 4: "Alice in the Cities" (1974; Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler.
Theatre 2: July 28: "The Killing" (1956; Stanley Kubrick), with Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray, and Vince Edwards; and "Killer's Kiss" (1955; Stanley Kubrick), with Frank Silvera. July 29-31: "Paths of Glory" (1957; Stanley Kubrick), with Kirk Douglas, Ralph Meeker, Adolphe Menjou, and George Macready; and "Lolita" (1962; Stanley Kubrick), with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters. Aug. 1-2: "Yellow Submarine" (†) and "Let It Be" (†). Aug. 3-4: "Lili Marleen" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini; and "Mata Hari" (†). Aug. 5-7: "North by Northwest" (†) and "Gaslight" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Young Doctors in Love" (Garry Marshall), with Michael McKean and Sean Young.
Theatre 2: "Diner" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through July 29: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell. From July 30: "The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.
Theatre 2: "Poltergeist" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Victor/Victoria" (†).
Theatre 2: "La Cage aux Folles" (†).
Theatre 3: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).
Theatre 4: "Bob le Flambeur" (1955; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Isabel Corey and Roger Duchesne.

Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon. Reserved seats.)
"The Dybbuk" (Szymon Szurmiej; in Yiddish), performed by the E. R. Kaminska Jewish State Theatre of Poland.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Annie" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Aug. 5: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).
From Aug. 6: "Pink Floyd the Wall" (Alan Parker).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Diner" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Not a Love Story" (Bonnie Sherr Klein; a Canadian film).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"La Vie Continue" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Annie Girardot and Jean-Pierre Cassel.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Mephisto" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Annie" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: July 28: "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (†) and "Interiors" (†). July 29: "Annie Hall" (†) and "Manhattan" (†). July 30-31: "Sleeper" (†) and "Interiors" (†). Aug. 1-2: "Love and Death" (†) and "Bananas" (†). Aug. 3: "Annie Hall" (†) and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (†). From Aug. 4: "Lola" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German).
Theatre 2: "My Dinner with André" (†).
Theatre 3: "Gregory's Girl" (Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy" (†).
Theatre 2: "Chan Is Missing" (Wayne Wang), with Wood May.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Bob le Flambeur" (1955; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Isabel Corey and Roger Duchesne.
Theatre 2: "Demon Pond" (Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese), with Tamasaburo Bando.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through July 29: "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas" (Colin Higgins), with Burt Reynolds and Dolly Parton. From July 30: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through July 29: "Firefox" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood. From July 30: "Night Shift" (Ron Howard), with Henry Winkler.
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 5: "Poltergeist" (†). From Aug. 6: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through July 29: "Rocky III" (†). From July 30: "The Secret of NIMH" (Don Bluth), an animated film.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Diner" (†).
Theatre 2: "La Cage aux Folles" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through July 29: "Moonraker" (1979; Lewis Gilbert) and "For Your Eyes Only" (1981; John Glen), both films with Roger Moore as James Bond. July 30-Aug. 1: "8½" (1963; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. Aug. 2-4: "Gone with the Wind" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable. Aug. 5-7: "Children of Paradise" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 29: "Smash Palace" (†) and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (†).

From July 30: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (†); and another feature, to be announced.

Theatre 3: Through Aug. 5: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell; and "Cat People" (†). From Aug. 6: "Beau Père" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Patrick Dewaere and Ariel Besse; and "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" (†).

Theatre 4: Through July 29: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German). July 30-Aug. 5: "Blade Runner" (†) and "Alien" (†). From Aug. 6: "The Sword and the Sorcerer."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 5: "Blade Runner" (†). From Aug. 6: "The Pirate Movie" (directed by Ken Annakin), with Kristy McNichol and Christopher Atkins.

Theatre 2: "The World According to Garp" (George Roy Hill), with Robin Williams.

Theatre 3: Through July 29: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones. From July 30: "Firefox" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.

Theatre 4: Through Aug. 5: "Author! Author!" (†). From Aug. 6: "Blade Runner" (†).

Theatre 5: "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.

Theatre 6: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)

Through Aug. 5: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (†).

From Aug. 6: "Raiders of the Lost Ark" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: Through July 29: "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (1977; John Landis), with David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; and "The Groove Tube" (†). July 30-Aug. 5: "Swamp Thing" (Wes Craven), with Louis Jourdan and Adrienne Barbeau. From Aug. 6: "Poltergeist" (†).

Theatre 3: Through July 29: "Grease 2" (Patricia Birch), with Maxwell Caulfield and Michelle Pfeiffer. July 30-Aug. 5: "The Kentucky Fried Movie;" and "The Groove Tube" (†). From Aug. 6: "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan" (†).

Theatre 4: Through Aug. 5: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German). From Aug. 6: "The Challenge" (John Frankenheimer), with Scott Glenn and Toshiro Mifune.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)

"An Officer and a Gentleman" (Taylor Hackford), with Richard Gere and Debra Winger.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1: "The Challenge" (John Frankenheimer), with Scott Glenn and Toshiro Mifune.

Theatre 2: "Tron" (Steven Lisberger), with Jeff Bridges and David Warner.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)

"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

"Bambi" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Theatre 1: "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas" (Colin Higgins), with Burt Reynolds and Dolly Parton.

Theatre 2: Through July 29: "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas." From July 30: "The Secret of NIMH" (Don Bluth), an animated film.

R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 5: "Poltergeist" (†). From Aug. 6: "The Sword and the Sorcerer."

Theatre 2: Through July 29: "Rocky III" (†). From July 30: "Night Shift" (Ron Howard), with Henry Winkler.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: Through July 29: "Firefox" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood. From July 30: "Rocky III" (†).

Theatre 2: "Young Doctors in Love" (Garry Marshall), with Michael McKean and Sean Young.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Aug. 3: "Over the Edge" (1979; directed by Jonathan Kaplan), with Matt Dillon.

From Aug. 4: "Nosferatu" (†) and "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (†).

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

July 28: "Two for the Road" (1967; Stanley Donen), with Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney; and "Charade" (1963; Stanley Donen), with Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn, and Walter Matthau.

July 29: "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel; and "Raging Bull" (1980; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Cathy Moriarty, and Joe Pesci.

July 30-31: "Pretty Baby" (1978; Louis Malle), with Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon, Brooke Shields, and Antonio Fargas; and "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke.

Aug. 1-2: "The Damned" (1969; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger; and "Just a Gigolo" (1979; David Hemmings), with David Bowie.

Aug. 3: "Throne of Blood" (1957; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and "Samurai Spy" (1965; Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese), with Koji Takahashi.

Aug. 4: "Bread and Chocolate" (1974; Franco Brusati; in Italian), with Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina; and "I Vitelloni" (1953; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Alberto Sordi, Leopoldo Trieste, and Franco Interlenghi.

Aug. 5: "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "Fort Apache, the Bronx" (1981; Daniel Petrie), with Paul Newman, Ed Asner, Ken Wahl, and Danny Aiello.

Aug. 6: "The Arabian Nights" (1973; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian); and "The Canterbury Tales" (1972; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Hugh Griffith, Alan Webb, and Jenny Runacre.

Aug. 7: "The Decameron" (1971; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini himself; and "The Canterbury Tales."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

July 28: "Scenes from a Marriage" (1974; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann and Erland Josephson; and "Summer Paradise" (1978; Gunnel Lindblom; in Swedish), with Birgitta Valberg and Sif Ruud.

July 29-30: "Gimme Shelter" (1970; David Maysles, Albert Maysles, and Charlotte Zwerin), about the Rolling Stones concert at Altamont; and "More" (1969; Barbet Schroeder; in French), with Mimsy Farmer.

July 31: "Pumping Iron" (1977; George Butler and Robert Fiore), a documentary on body-building; and "On Any Sunday" (1971; Bruce Brown), a documentary on motorcycle racing.

Aug. 1: "Iphigenia" (†) and "Distant Thunder" (†).

Aug. 2: "The Sorrow and the Pity" (†).

Aug. 3: "Viva Italia!" (†); and "Alexander" (1969; Yves Robert; in French), with Philippe Noiret.

Aug. 4: "Harlan County, U.S.A." (†) and "Marjoe" (†).

Aug. 5: "WR—Mysteries of the Organism" (†) and "The Firemen's Ball" (†).

Aug. 6-7: "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" ("Every Man for Himself and God Against All;" 1975; Werner Herzog), with Bruno S.; and "Padre Padrone" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through July 29: "Autumn Sonata" (1978; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Bergman and Liv Ullmann; and "Cries and Whispers" (1972; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan.

July 30-31: "The Last Waltz" (1978; Martin Scorsese), with The Band; and "Quadrophenia" (1979; Franc Roddam).

Aug. 1-3: "Richard Pryor Live in Concert" (†); and "Neighbors" (1981; John G. Avildsen), with John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd.

Aug. 4-5: "Emmanuelle" (1974; Just Jaeckin; in French), with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny; and "Emmanuelle: The Joys of a Woman" (1976; Francis Giacobetti), with Sylvia Kristel. Both X-rated.

Aug. 6-7: "The Man Who Would Be King" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through July 31: "Pink Floyd" (1974; Adrian Maben); and "Jimi Plays Berkeley" (1970).

Aug. 1-3: "Rockshow" (1980), with Paul McCartney & Wings; and "Yessongs" (1975), a filmed rock concert.

Aug. 4-5: "The Buddy Holly Story" (1978; Steve Rash), with Gary Busey in the title role; and "American Hot Wax" (†).

From Aug. 6: To be announced.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through July 31: "Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow" (1964) and "Marriage—Italian Style" (1964), both films directed by Vittorio De Sica, in Italian, with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni.

Aug. 1-3: "Night After Night" (1932; Archie Mayo), with Mae West and George Raft; "My Little Chickadee" (1940; Edward Cline), with Mae West and W. C. Fields; and "She Done Him Wrong" (1933; Lowell Sherman), with Mae West and Cary Grant.

Aug. 4-7: "Easy Rider" (1969; Dennis Hopper), with Peter Fonda, Hopper, and Jack Nicholson; and "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through July 31: "Dr. No" (1963) and "From Russia with Love" (1964), both films directed by Terence Young, with Sean Connery as James Bond.

Aug. 1-3: "Cabaret" (1972; Bob Fosse), with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; and "All That Jazz" (1979; Bob Fosse), with Roy Scheider, Jessica Lange, Ann Reinking, and Leland Palmer.

Aug. 4-7: "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams; and "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos.

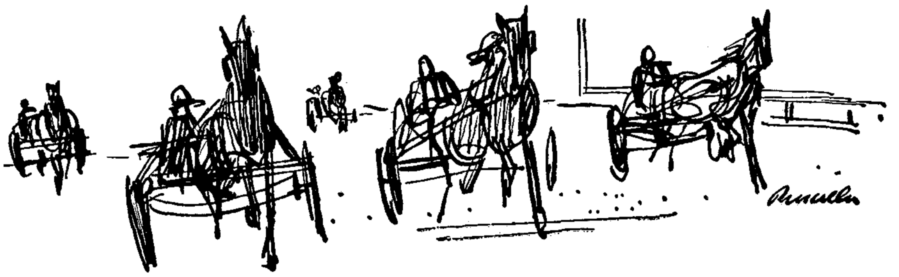
Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through July 31: "On the Town" (1949; Stanley Donen and Gene Kelly), with Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Jules Munshin, Betty Garrett, and Vera-Ellen; and "The Band Wagon" (1953; Vincente Minnelli), with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Nanette Fabray, and Jack Buchanan.

Aug. 1-2: "Plaza Suite" (1971; Arthur Hiller), with Walter Matthau, Maureen Stapleton, Barbara Harris, and Lee Grant; and "Barefoot in the Park" (†).

Aug. 3-4: "Hello, Dolly!" (1969; Gene Kelly), with Barbra Streisand, Walter Matthau, and Michael Crawford; and "The Belle of New York" (†).

Aug. 5-7: "Weekend at the Waldorf" (1945; Robert Z. Leonard), with Ginger Rogers, Walter Pidgeon, Lana Turner, and Van Johnson; and "The Hucksters" (1947; John Conway), with Clark Gable, Deborah Kerr,



Sydney Greenstreet, and Ava Gardner.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

July 28: "Bus Stop" (1956; Joshua Logan), with Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray, Arthur O'Connell, Betty Field, and Eileen Heckart; and "Our Town" (1940; Sam Wood), with Frank Craven, Martha Scott, and William Holden.

July 29: "The Collector" (1965; William Wyler), with Terence Stamp and Samantha Eggar; and "Repulsion" (1965; Roman Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser.

July 30-31: "His Girl Friday" (1940; Howard Hawks), with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "My Man Godfrey" (1936; Gregory La Cava), with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady.

Aug. 1: "Cabaret" (1972; Bob Fosse), with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; and "Memories of Berlin" (1978; Gary Conklin), a documentary on Weimar Berlin, including interviews with Louise Brooks, Christopher Isherwood, and others.

Aug. 2: "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "The Lords of Flatbush" (1974; Stephen F. Verona and Martin Davidson), with Sylvester Stallone, Perry King, Henry Winkler, and Susan Blakely.

Aug. 3: A program of musical cartoons.

Aug. 4: "The Seven Year Itch" (1955; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell, Victor Moore, Evelyn Keyes, and Sonny Tufts; and "Don't Bother to Knock" (1952; Roy Baker), with Richard Widmark, Marilyn Monroe, and Anne Bancroft.

Aug. 5: "Sandakan 8" (1974; Kei Kumai; in Japanese); and "Flower of Chivalry" (1978; Yasuo Furuhata; in Japanese), with Ken Takahura.

Aug. 6-7: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (†) and "The Milky Way" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

July 28: "Cries and Whispers" (1972; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan; and "Autumn Sonata" (1978; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Bergman and Liv Ullmann.

July 29: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "My Bodyguard" (1980; Tony Bill), with Chris Makepeace, Ruth Gordon, Matt Dillon, John Houseman, and Martin Mull.

July 30-31: "Murder Ahoy" (1964) and "Murder at the Gallop" (1963), both films directed by George Pollock, with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Miss Marple.

Aug. 1: "The Heiress" (1949; William Wyler), with Olivia de Havilland, Montgomery Clift, and Ralph Richardson; and "A Place in the Sun" (1951; George Stevens), with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters.

Aug. 2: "Orpheus" (†) and "Testament of Orpheus" (†).

Aug. 3: "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "Marlowe" (†).

Aug. 4: "The Apartment" (†) and "One, Two, Three" (†).

Aug. 5: "Poppy" (†); and "Man on the Flying Trapeze" (1935; Clyde Bruckman), with W. C. Fields, Mary Brian, and Kathleen Howard.

Aug. 6-7: "Charlie Chan at Treasure Island" (1939; Norman Foster), with Sidney Toler as Chan; and "Charlie Chan at the Opera" (1936; Bruce Humberstone), with Warner Oland as Chan.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Alien (1979)—A sci-fi excursion into outer space, where things appear to be far drearier than they are on earth. Sigourney Weaver is the attractive star. (Olympia Quad; July 30-Aug. 5.)

American Hot Wax (1978)—Cheerfully, trashily enjoyable, even though the hero, the disc jockey Alan Freed (well played by Tim McIntire), is made so righteous that he's like Buford Pusser fighting the enemies of rock 'n' roll. The moviemakers (the director Floyd Mutrux, the producer Art Linson, the screenwriter John Kaye) should have had more trust in the fifties rock milieu and in their own talents. Freed's secretary, Sheryl (Fran Drescher), is so entertainingly shrill that she might have had Jean Harlow for a voice teacher; his shovel-faced chauffeur, Mookie (Jay Leno), teases her and keeps her shrieking in outrage. This is a super B movie. With Laraine Newman, Chuck Berry, Jerry Lee Lewis, and Moosie Drier as the twelve-year-old president of the Buddy Holly Fan Club (five thousand members). The lively cinematography is by William A. Fraker. (8th St. Playhouse; Aug. 4-5.)

Annie—As the head of the orphanage where Annie lives till the age of ten, Carol Burnett is gloriously macabre. But the rest of this big movie (which is set in 1933) has the feel of a manufactured romp. Annie (Aileen Quinn) and the other little orphans seem to have been trained by Ethel Merman; they belt in unison. Children from about four to about eleven will probably enjoy the picture—how often do they get to see a musical that features a little girl conquering all? Produced by Ray Stark and directed by John Huston. As Daddy Warbucks, Albert Finney gives a smooth, amused performance. With Ann Reinking as Warbucks' secretary, Tim Curry as Rooster, Geoffrey Holder as Punjab, Bernadette Peters as Lily, Edward Herrmann as F.D.R., and the little scene-stealer Toni Ann Gisondi as Molly. Script by Carol Sobieski, music by Charles Strouse; lyrics by Martin Charnin; choreography by Arlene Phillips; and musical sequences by Joe Layton. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/31/82.) (Loews Orpheum, Guild, and Loews Paramount.)

Annie Hall (1977)—Woody Allen's film is very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, Alvy Singer (Mr. Allen), is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton. (Lincoln Plaza; July 29 and Aug. 3.)

The Apartment (1960)—Billy Wilder directed this acrid story as if it were a comedy, which is a cheat, considering that it involves pimping and a suicide attempt and many shades of craven ethics. Jack Lemmon plays the hero, which is also a cheat, because Lemmon is funny and likable, and the character's behavior is neither. Only Wilder could possibly have got away with it as well as he does. Shirley MacLaine is the co-star. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 4.)

Author! Author!—As the hero, a playwright who's a genial, children-loving jokester, Al Pacino reads his lines very skillfully, but he can't seem to get the message to his face or his body. He's like a man who's looking for something and has forgotten what; he prowls, distractedly. And when he tries for warmth, his smile is so self-conscious that at times his teeth seem to be stranded on the screen, left behind. Most of the scenes in which he is shown in his theatrical dealings have a quick, satirical snap, and in the first half, the dialogue has a sense of give-and-take, but then the film follows up on all the stuff we're not interested in. The playwright chases after his wife (Tuesday Weld), who has casually gone off with another man, leaving behind her four children by three earlier husbands. The playwright also has one child of his own, and by the time he is hauling kids onto the roof of his Greenwich Village house to protect them from being dispersed to homes they don't want to go to, the picture has turned into a *Times Magazine* article on male parenting. The script, by Israel Horovitz, has trim, funny lines but also terrible, overingratiating ones, and some of the most doddering, bonehead situations to be seen on the big screen in years. Directed by Arthur Hiller, the film is blotchy in just about every conceivable way; you'd have to conduct an exhaustive search to find a movie with scuzzier lighting (the cinematography is by Victor J. Kemper). With Dyan Cannon, who gives her scenes an infusion of spirit, and also Alan King, André Gregory, Bob and Ray, Bob Dishy, and Eric Gurry. (7/26/82) (Baronet, and Criterion Theatres; through Aug. 5.)

Bambi (1942)—The animals in this animated Disney feature have Walter Keane eyes and fluttering long eyelashes. None has a gooier gaze than the little fawn Bambi. His relationship with his mother is tender and close, and when the mother is killed by hunters, small children in the audience frequently scream and cry. It all ends happily when Bambi, grown to staghood, marries the virginally sweet doe Faline. The picture is a classic of sorts, if only for the uncannily awful sound of the young woodland creatures in conversation; when puberty sets in and these voices suddenly change, Walt Disney begins to seem as berserk as Busby Berkeley. Still, there's no denying that for many people some sequences —such as Bambi's birth—have an enduring primal power. From the Felix Salten novel. (New Embassy 49th Street.)

Bananas (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (Lincoln Plaza; Aug. 1-2.)

Barefoot in the Park (1967)—Jane Fonda and Robert Redford are the spatting newlyweds—he's a hardworking lawyer and she, living in a romantic fantasy, has rented them a miserable fifth-floor walkup in Greenwich Village. This movie version of a Neil Simon comedy hit is a trifle and almost amusing in a harmlessly, pleasantly stupid way. What Neil Simon can't seem to get rid of are those terrible moments of dramatic untruth—"I love you very much" and "I want a divorce;" they crunch like nutshells in a candy bar. If he could manage without them, he'd have a candy bar so perfectly digestible people wouldn't know if they'd eaten it or just seen an ad for it. You can still feel the stage origins of this material and the director, Gene Saks, leaves pauses for laughs that don't come. But at least it's livelier than Fonda's 1966 picture "Any Wednesday," and Mildred Natwick, as Fonda's mother, and Charles Boyer, as a Village neighbor, do their damnedest to make the lines seem witty. Also with Herbert Edelman, Mabel Albertson, Fritz Feld, and James Stone. Adapted by Simon; the play, directed by Mike Nichols, ran on Broadway from 1963 to 1967—Redford, Natwick, and Edelman were in the original cast. (Regency; Aug. 1-2.)

The Belle of New York (1952)—M-G-M belting out Hugh Morton's operetta story, with Fred Astaire, Vera-Ellen, and Keenan Wynn. Songs: "The Belle" (obviously), "Baby Doll," "Naughty but Nice," "Thank You Mr. Currier, Thank You Mr. Ives," et al., by various hands, including Harry Warren, Johnny Mercer, and Burton Lane. Vera-Ellen, in a thigh-length skirt, is swept off her feet by an Astaire who looks as young as he ever did and dances you out of any dusty summer. Directed by Charles Walters. (Regency; Aug. 3-4.)

Blade Runner—Ridley Scott's futuristic thriller is set in a hellish, claustrophobic city, dark and polluted, and with a continual drenching rainfall—Los Angeles in the year 2019. The congested-megalopolis sets are extraordinary: this is the grimy, retrograde future—the future as a black market, made up of scrambled, sordid aspects of the past. A visionary sci-fi movie that has its own look can't be ignored: it has its place in film history. But you're always aware of the sets as sets—it's 2019 back lot. The movie forces passivity on you. It puts you in this lopsided maze of a city, with its post-human feeling, and keeps you persuaded that something bad is about to happen. Harrison Ford is the blade runner, a police officer who kills "replicants"—the powerful humanoids manufactured by genetic engineers—if they rebel against their drudgery in the space colonies and show up on Earth. He tracks down four replicants (Brion James; Joanna Cassidy; Daryl Hannah, who has killer thighs and does a punk variation on Olympia, the doll automaton of "The Tales of Hoffmann;" and the blue-eyed scenery-chewer Rutger Hauer), but Ford's mission seems of no particular consequence. The whole movie gives you the feeling of not getting anywhere—of being part of the atmosphere of decay. With Sean Young as Rachael and William Sanderson as the toy-

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

maker. From the 1968 novel "Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?," by Philip K. Dick. (7/12/82) (Cinema II, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through July 29. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia Quad; July 30-Aug. 5.)

La Cage aux Folles (1979)—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed, with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi. In French. (Eastside Cinema, Quad Cinema, and New Yorker.)

Cat People—Working with his team—the visual consultant Ferdinando Scarfiotti, the cinematographer John Bailey, and the composer Giorgio Moroder—the director Paul Schrader is perfecting an apocalyptic swank. Each shot looks like an album cover for records you don't ever want to play. The picture has all the furnishings for a religious narrative about Eros and Thanatos, but what's going on is that Nastassia Kinski and Malcolm McDowell—the sister and brother with black leopards inside them—are jumping out of their skins and leaving little puddles of guck behind. The obscure proceedings are often ludicrous, yet you don't get to pass the time by laughing, because it's all so queasy and so confusingly put together that you feel shut out. You're brought into the film only by the camera tricks or the special-effects horrors, or, perhaps, the nude scenes. With John Heard, Annette O'Toole, Ruby Dee, and Ed Begley, Jr. From a script by Alan Ormsby. (5/3/82) (Olympia Quad; through Aug. 5.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—This lushly romantic creation, directed by Marcel Carné and written by Jacques Prévert, is a one-of-a-kind film, a sumptuous epic about the relations between theatre and life. At first, it may seem a romance set in the Paris of Balzac; it turns into a comparison of dramatic modes—it includes at least five kinds of theatrical performance. And, encompassing these, it is a film poem on the nature and varieties of love—sacred and profane, selfless and possessive. It was made during the Occupation, and it is said that the starving extras made away with some of the banquets before they could be photographed. With Jean-Louis Barrault as the soulful mime Deburau (the Pierrot; Barrault sucks in his cheeks so much that he sometimes suggests Dietrich) and the incomparable Arletty as Garance; Pierre Brasseur as the Shakespearean actor Lemaître (the Harlequin); Louis Salou as the count; Marcel Herrand as the philosophical murderer; Pierre Renoir as the ragpicker informer; and Maria Casarès, in the unrewarding role of the theatre manager's daughter, who marries Deburau and becomes the mother of an abominable offspring. (The child is pure Hollywood.) In French. (Olympia Quad; Aug. 5-7.)

Diner—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore, in 1959. Five or six young men in their early twenties who've known each other since high school still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. They can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke, Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (Loews Tower East, Waverly, Festival, and New Yorker.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed (at the age of seventy-two) with exhilarating ease. It's a cosmic vaudeville show—an Old Master's mischief. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and the inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. This episodic story is about a group of six friends—discreetly charming amoral beasts—whose attempts to have dinner together are always being interrupted: food, that ritual center of bourgeois well-being, keeps eluding them. Buñuel takes an offhand, prankish approach to the medium; he keeps tweaking us, catching us up in an anecdote or a spooky death joke, and then dropping it. With Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (who plays a bishop with supreme finesse), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Paul Frankeur, Bulle Ogier, Milena Vukotic, Claude Piéplu, and Michel Piccoli. Written by Buñuel and Jean-Claude Carrière. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 6-7.)

Distant Thunder (1973)—Satyajit Ray sets this film in a torpid Bengali village in the early nineteen-forties. Soumitra Chatterji, Ray's one-man stock company, who played the passionately romantic Apu in "The World of Apu," is cast as a newly arrived Brahmin, the only educated man for miles around. "You are the jewel in our crown," the ignorant villagers tell him, and he agrees. But the far-away Second World War causes the price of rice to soar, the traditions that bind the community are eroded, and the condescending Brahmin is no longer treated as a jewel. This isn't one of Ray's greatest films: it's forced and riddled with flaws. Yet it's still a Satyajit Ray film, full of feeling and astonishingly beautiful; the women are conceived as in a dream of the past—moving in their thin, clinging saris, they create sensuous waves of color in the steamy air. In Bengali. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 1.)

Diva—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Plaza.)

E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial—Steven Spielberg's movie is bathed in warmth and it seems to clear all the bad thoughts out of your head. It's the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. The script is by Melissa Mathison. (6/14/82) (Bay Cinema, Loews New York Twin, and Movieland.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired takeoff on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (Lincoln Plaza; July 28 and Aug. 3.)

The Firemen's Ball (1967)—A Czech comedy considered by some to be a minor masterpiece. A small-town firemen's ball is held, ostensibly to award a hatchet to a retiring fire chief but also as an occasion for a beauty contest, a raffle, and an all-purpose celebration. Directed by Miloš Forman, with a feeling for parody and gentle slapstick, from a script that Ivan Passer had a hand in. Sample gag: an old man sits in a chair in the snow facing his house, which is burning; his neighbors, considerate of his feelings, turn the chair around, and then, fearing he'll catch cold, move the chair closer to the fire. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 5.)

Gaslight (1944)—Ingrid Bergman is the cherubic bride who is terrorized by the grisly, dirty tricks of her husband, Charles Boyer. She runs the gamut from antimacassar to antimacassar, and it's good scary fun all the way (with a prize at the end—the Academy Award as Best Actress of 1944). This pseudo-Victorian thriller is rather more enjoyable than one might expect. Bergman is, intermittently, genuinely moving. (Though one may suspect at times that she is feeling rather than acting, her hysteria in the musicale sequence is a good demonstration of how hard it sometimes is to tell the difference.) Boyer is expert, and the cast includes Joseph Cotten, Dame May Whitty, and Angela Lansbury (only in her teens, but you couldn't guess it). Patrick Hamilton's play has been toned up with smooth dialogue by John Van Druten, Walter Reisch, and John Balderston, and the full-dress production is directed by George Cukor. When you watch a picture like this one, you're so aware of how expensively careful it is that you can't help being a little impressed and more than a little depressed. (In this case, the expense included the cost of holding back the 1940 English version by Thorold Dickinson, with Diana Wynyard and Anton Walbrook.) (Film Forum; Aug. 5-7.)

Get Out Your Handkerchiefs (1978)—This sex comedy by the writer-director Bertrand Blier is flagrantly funny in a slangy, buoyant, unpredictable way. Feelings are expressed that hadn't come out in movies before, yet it's all reassuringly quiet; the film's texture is soft and sensual, and there's a velvety underlayer to the scenes. Blier's slapstick poetic logic is so coolly, lyrically sustained that nothing that happens seems shocking. Like his earlier "Going Places," it's about two pals (played by the same actors—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) who don't really understand women, and their not understanding women is part of their bond. This time, the two aren't roughnecks; they're polite, respectable men, for whom women are like another species. Seeing this film, a woman enters a man's fantasy universe stripped of hypocrisy. With the lovely, dark Carole Laure as Depardieu's wife and Dewaere's mistress, Michel Serrault as the neighbor, and Riton as the Mozartean prodigy. Cinematography by Jean Penzer; music by Mozart, by Georges Delerue (writing in the spirit of Mozart), and by Schubert. In French. (Olympia Quad; starting Aug. 6.)

The Groove Tube (1974)—An inoffensively scatological revue, lampooning TV, Kubrick's "2001," and American culture. About half of the grungy, manic skits are very funny; the others might have been funny, too, if their timing had been better. At the end, the talented director and star, Ken Shapiro, does a lovely, flaked-out dance through rush-hour crowds along Park Avenue. With Chevy Chase, Richard Belzer, Buzzy Linhart, Christine Nazareth, and Lane Sarasohn, who also wrote the material, with Shapiro; animation by Linda Taylor and Pat O'Neill. (Embassy; through Aug. 5.)

Harlan County, U.S.A. (1977)—A documentary with a great subject, and with the taste and sensitivity not to betray it. The director, Barbara Kopple, went to live among the coal miners of Harlan County, Kentucky, when they went out on strike in 1973. This film is

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

about an underdog group with its own folk culture, based on the unending struggle with "the owners." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 4.)

Interiors (1978)—The people in this serious Woody Allen film are destroyed by the repressiveness of good taste, and so is the picture. "Interiors" looks like a masterpiece and has a super-banal metaphysical theme (death versus life). The problem for the family in the film is the towering figure of the disciplined, manipulative, inner-directed mother (Geraldine Page). She is such a perfectionist that she cannot enjoy anything, and the standards of taste and achievement that she imposes on her three daughters (Diane Keaton, Mary Beth Hurt, and Kristin Griffith) tie them in such knots that they all consider themselves failures. People who watch this movie may wonder how Woody Allen can present in a measured, lugubriously straight manner the same sorts of tinny anxiety discourse that he generally parodies. And maybe they'll wish it were all a put-on. With E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Richard Jordan, and Sam Waterston. Cinematography by Gordon Willis. (Lincoln Plaza; July 28 and July 30-31.)

Iphigenia (1977)—There's fervor and dedication in Michael Cacoyannis's version of Euripides' "Iphigenia in Aulis;" what's missing is the excitement of a new interpretation. And was there a little too much Arthur Miller in Euripides? (The arguments have an ideological ring.) But Costa Kazakos's robust, irresolute Agamemnon is very fine, and if Irene Papas's performance as Clytemnestra is overscaled, her Clytemnestra certainly makes you believe in the vengeance she will take on Agamemnon. The role suffers from a topical flaw: Clytemnestra's female rage sounds too much like what we'd been hearing in the seventies. She has become a precursor, and less of a character. There's also a problem of style: the film is all rocks and scrub brush and Clytemnestra swelling with wrath and Menelaus (Costa Carras) expostulating. Performed this way, "Iphigenia" is like a wildlife film about rhinoceroses—everybody's snorting at each other. In Greek. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 1.)

The Left-Handed Woman (1980)—Peter Handke wrote and directed this moving, mysterious film about a young German wife and mother living near Paris who suddenly understands that she must live apart from her husband and from almost everyone else in the world. Watching it, we struggle a little at first against such an all-encompassing alienation, but the beautifully photographed (by Robby Müller) quiet scenes and the thrilling pauses of the movie, to say nothing of the presence and gravity of Edith Clever in the central role (she played the heroine in Eric Rohmer's "The Marquise of O"), silence and reward us with the unanswerable logic of art. With Bruno Ganz, Markus Mühleisen, and Bernhard Minetti. In German. (Film Forum; Aug. 3.)

Let It Be (1970)—The Beatles at rehearsal—older and plumper and as fine company as ever—seen together on film for what is now inescapably the last time. It is a bad movie but a touching one. Directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg. (Film Forum; Aug. 1-2.)

Love and Death (1975)—Woody Allen's imperially funny picture is set in the land of "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment." Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings. The love of his life is his remote côusin, Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. (Lincoln Plaza; Aug. 1-2.)

Manhattan (1979)—This black-and-white film, starring and directed by Woody Allen, is splendidly suited to this nearly totally black-and-white city. Isaac is the skinny and festive hero of the pared-down and exuberant script, by Allen and Marshall Brickman. Photographed by Gordon Willis, with a true friend for Isaac in the part played by the indispensable Diane Keaton. (Lincoln Plaza; July 29.)

The Man Who Would Be King (1975)—John Huston's exhilarating, farfetched adventure fantasy, based on the Rudyard Kipling short story, is about two roughneck con men, Danny and Peachy (Sean Connery and Michael Caine), in Victoria's England, who decide to conquer a barbarous land for themselves, and set out for Kafiristan, a region which was once ruled by Alexander the Great. This ironic fable about imperialism has some of the pleasures of "Gunga Din;" it's a wonderfully full and satisfying movie, with superb performances by Connery and Caine and also by Saeed Jaffrey, who plays Billy Fish. The role of Kipling is played by Christopher Plummer, and Roxanne is played by Shakira Caine. The script is by Huston and Gladys Hill; the cinematographer was Oswald Morris; the music is by Maurice Jarre; the production design is by Alexander Trauner. (Cinema Village; Aug. 6-7.)

Marjoe (1972)—An interesting *cinéma-vérité* film, by Howard Smith and Sarah Kernochan, about a kid brought up from the age of three to be a revivalist preacher though his heart is really in rock singing. The film takes some surprising turns with amiable outspokenness and humor. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 3.)

Marlowe (1969)—As Raymond Chandler's detective in this adaptation of "The Little Sister," James Garner doesn't disgrace himself, but the film, directed by Paul Bogart, isn't very exciting. With Gayle Hunnicutt, Carroll O'Connor, Rita Moreno, Sharon Farrell, Bruce Lee, William Daniels, and Jackie Coogan. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 5.)

Mata Hari (1932)—George Fitzmaurice directs Garbo, Ramon Novarro, and Lionel Barrymore. A fairly lousy script, but Garbo can redeem lousiness; she makes a scene with the blinded Novarro ("Here are your eyes," she says, touching her own) seem a terrific moment in romantic cinema. (Film Forum; Aug. 3-4.)

Mephisto—István Szabó's indictment of a soulless actor, Hendrik Höfgen (played by Klaus Maria Brandauer), who, because he wants to go on performing, truckles to those in power and becomes the leading actor in Nazi Germany. Szabó sets up the willful, unpredictable Höfgen as a symbolic actor—a man who is merely the sum of the roles he plays offstage and on, and at the outset Brandauer suggests an *enfant terrible*, a baby-faced killer-genius, like the young Orson Welles. Höfgen isn't allowed to be a great actor, though, and he seems too small for the epic scale of the attack. The picture is like "Citizen Kane" with somebody like John Dean at the center. With Rolf Hoppe as the General, a Göring-like figure, and the superb, feline Karin Boyd as Höfgen's dancer mistress, and a multinational cast—some of them dubbed. In German. (5/17/82) (Cinema 3.)

A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy—Woody Allen's overrefined reworking of Bergman's "Smiles of a Summer Night;" it has a meticulous art atmosphere and Mendelssohn on track. This time, it's an American weekend in the country, early in the century, and Woody Allen is the host; he works on Wall Street but dabbles in inventions—small, winged contraptions for flying, and mystical devices such as a "spirit ball" for getting through to the other, unseen world. Mary Steenburgen plays his wife, and the guests are José Ferrer, a pompous genius professor who is a free thinker in sexual matters but is contemptuous of psychic research; Mia Farrow, the prof's glamorous young fiancée; Tony Roberts, a lecherous doctor; and Julie Hagerty as a nurse who's the most trusting and gullible of all human creatures, and is avid for sex (she's the best thing in the movie). The group is rather amusing, but the talk seems somnambulistic and nothing really develops. Woody Allen is trying to please, but his heart isn't in it, and his talent isn't, either. He is so much a man of our time that his comedy seems denatured in this classy, period setting. (7/26/82) (R.K.O. Century Art, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Beekman, and Cinema Studio.)

REPERTORY THEATRE
WINE
BEER
SODA
m nacht

The Milky Way (1968)—This Luis Buñuel film concerns two pilgrim-tramps and their encounters with the Devil, the Virgin Mary, people who are arguing about Catholic doctrine, and assorted religious zealots. It's all genial enough, and the tone of cool irony is charming and very distinctive, but an awful lot of Buñuel's little jokes are so clerical and enigmatic that although you can see where a joke is intended, you don't hear yourself laughing. At times, the film seems to be a Catholic-college revue, full of dud barbs and daring seminary humor. It looks beautiful, though (the cinematography is by Christian Matras), and it moves along in a masterly way that is specifically, characteristically Buñuelian; it's all very simple—just one episode after another, with past and present joined without effort or fuss, and with occasional (and very odd) animal sounds on the track. Screenplay by Buñuel and Jean-Claude Carrière. The cast includes such well-known performers as Julien Bertheau, Alain Cuny, Edith Scob, Michel Piccoli, Paul Frankeur, Laurent Terzieff, Claudio Brook, Delphine Seyrig, and Pierre Clémenti (as the Devil), yet no one leaves a very distinct impression. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 6-7.)

My Dinner with André—It's like a mad tea party or a mad, modern platonic dialogue about the meaning of life. Self-effacingly directed, by Louis Malle, it creates the illusion that we are simply listening in on a dinnertime conversation between the playwright Wallace Shawn and the former avant-garde theatre director André Gregory. Wally persuades André to tell him what he has been up to, and the suave, hawklike André, a crackpot glittery-eyed charmer, pours out the record of his transcendental experiences in Poland, in Scotland, in India and Tibet, in the Sahara, and even in Montauk, where he was buried alive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. What he acts out for us is the questing that has torn so much of the modern theatre apart. When Wally, the pragmatist and sensualist, begins to talk, he plays warthog to André's soaring flights of mysticism. They're perfect foils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly entertaining satirical comedy: the story of the search beyond theatre turned into theatre—or, at least, into a movie. (1/4/82) (Lincoln Plaza.)

North by Northwest (1959)—The title (from Hamlet's "I am but mad north-northwest: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw") is the clue to the demented geography and the improbable plot. Though not as cleverly original as "Strangers on a Train," or as cleverly sexy as "Notorious," this is one of Hitchcock's most entertaining American thrillers. It goes on too long, and the script seems shaped to accommodate various set pieces (such as the chase on Mount Rushmore) that he wants to put in. But it has a classic sequence in which a crop-dusting plane tries to dust the hero (Cary Grant), and a genial, sophisticated, comic tone. Just about everybody in it is a spy or a government agent (except Grant, who is mistaken for one). His performance is very smooth and appealing, and he looks so fit that he gets by with having Jessie Royce Landis, who was born the same year he was, playing his mother. The heroine is Eva Marie Saint, who doesn't seem quite herself here; her flat voice and affectless style suggest a Midwestern Grace Kelly, and a perverse makeup artist has turned her face into an albino African mask. With James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, Martin Landau (as the blue-eyed menace, Leonard), and, in smaller roles, Josephine Hutchinson, Philip Ober, Carleton Young, Adam Williams, and Ned Glass. The music is by Bernard Herrmann; the script, by Ernest Lehman, has a family resemblance to Hitchcock's "The 39 Steps" (and bits of it turn up again, slightly transposed, in Lehman's script for Mark Robson's "The Prize"). (Film Forum; Aug. 5-7.)

NOSFERATU (1922)—Directed by F. W. Murnau, the original, superbly loathsome German version of Bram Stoker's novel "Dracula" is a concentrated essay in horror fantasy, full of weird, macabre camera effects. Though ludicrous at times (every horror film seems to become absurd after the passage of years, and many before—yet the horror remains), this first important film of the vampire genre has more spectral atmosphere, more ingenuity, and more imaginative ghoulish ghastliness than any of its successors. The movie often seems more closely related to demonic painting than to the later, rather rigid vampire-movie genre. Because Murnau concentrated on scenes of suggestive and horrible beauty and didn't make the narrative line very clear, those who have had little contact with bloodsuckers may be helped by a bit of outline. Henrik Galeen's adaptation of the novel changes the setting from Victorian England to Bremen in 1838. A real-estate agent in Bremen sends his young, recently married clerk to the Carpathian woods to settle some property matters at the castle of Nosferatu (the Vampire). An emaciated skeleton of a man with a rodent face, Nosferatu spends his days in his coffin, his nights sucking blood. The clerk, though weakened by the nightly loss of blood, escapes and returns to his wife. But Nosferatu follows: he boards a sailing ship for Bremen and, incarnating and carrying pestilence, he infects the whole crew. The phantom ship reaches Bremen, and Nosferatu meets the wife, who, knowing that vampires cannot survive the dawn, surrenders herself to him. As the morning sun breaks into her bedroom, Nosferatu dissolves. The influence of this film can be seen in movies as disparate as Bergman's "The Magician" (the opening sequences of the coach) and Godard's "Alphaville" (the use of negative film). With Max Schreck as Nosferatu. (Agee Room; starting Aug. 4.)

NOSERATU, THE VAMPYRE (1979)—A reprise of the Murnau film, by the gifted and prolific Werner Herzog. Klaus Kinski exerts his fierce magnetism as Boss Vampire, and Isabelle Adjani is present as Throat-of-the-Month. There are some fine images, but the film doesn't really add very much to a great tradition. In German. (Agee Room; starting Aug. 4.)

ONE, TWO, THREE (1961)—Machine-gun-paced topical satire of East-West relations, in which the characters shout variations of stale jokes at each other—people are described as sitting around on their assets, and we're invited to laugh at the Russians for rejecting a shipment of Swiss cheese because it is full of holes. The director, Billy Wilder, shot his example of an assembly-line approach to gags in Berlin and Munich (where a full-scale replica of the Brandenburg Gate was constructed). James Cagney expertly mugs his way through the role of an American Coca-Cola executive in Europe; he complains that the East Germans are hijacking his shipments, "and they don't even return the empties." When his wife (Arlene Francis) says that their marriage has gone flat, like a stale glass of beer, Cagney replies, "Why do you have to bring in a competing beverage?" The gags are almost all on this level, and the little sops to sentiment are even worse; the film was a huge success. With Horst Buchholz, Pamela Tiffin, Lilo Pulver, and Red Buttons. Wilder and I.A.L. Diamond wrote the script, based on a Ferenc Molnár one-act play. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 4.)

ORPHEUS (1949)—A masterpiece of magical filmmaking. Though it is a narrative treatment of the legend of Orpheus in a modern Parisian setting, this film, written and directed by Jean Cocteau, is as inventive and as enigmatic as a dream. Orpheus (Jean Marais), the successful poet who is envied and despised by younger poets, needs to renew himself; he tries to push beyond the limits of human experience, to reach the unknowable—the mystery beyond mortality. Dark, troubled, passionate Maria Casarès is his Death: attended by her roaring motorcyclists, the hooded messengers of death, she is mystery incarnate. The jazzy modern milieu has urgency, and Cocteau uses emblems and images of the then recent Nazi period, merging them with more primitive images of fear—as, indeed, they are merged in the modern consciousness. This gives the violence and mystery of the Orpheus story a contemporaneity that, in other hands, might seem merely chic; Cocteau's special gift was to raise the chic to art. The death figure and much of the film's imagery derive from the American movie "Death Takes a Holiday" (1934), starring Fredric March; the only modern film image of death that, visually and psychologically, stands comparison with Maria Casarès is in Ingmar Bergman's "The Seventh Seal" (1956). The glazier in the "zone" (a variant of the angel in Cocteau's "Blood of a Poet") must be a tribute to (or a memory of?) Chaplin as the angelic glazier of "The Kid." With Marie Déa as the sickly-sweet Eurydice, François Périer as Heurtebise (part chauffeur, part guardian angel, he suggests the ferryman Charon), and Edouard Dermithe and Juliette Greco. Music by Georges Auric; the sumptuous cinematography, with its velvety dark and light contrasts, is by Nicolas Hayer. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 2.)

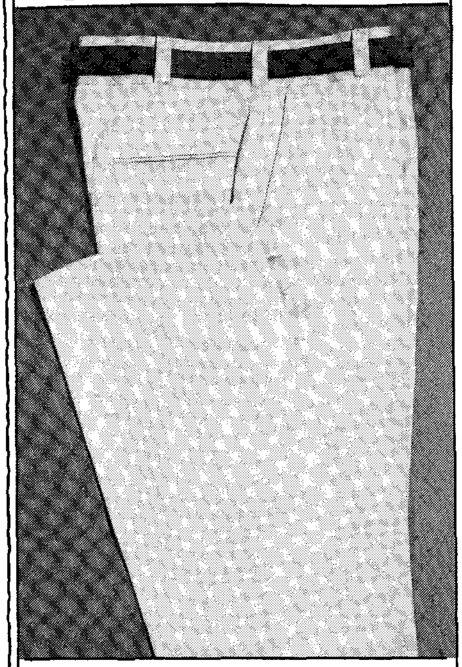
PADRE PADRONE (1977)—The Taviani brothers, who wrote and directed this film version of Gavino Ledda's 1974 autobiography, have learned to fuse political commitment and artistic commitment into stylized passion. Ledda's story is about how he was enslaved as a child, imprisoned in a sheepfold, and forced to tend the family flock, and of how he fought his way out of the isolation and silence—how he struggled for words. The spirit of the film isn't naturalistic—it's animistic. And the Tavianis' technique is deliberately barbaric; their vision is on the nightmare side of primitivism, where the elements themselves are the boy's enemies. The grotesquely natural cruelty is mythological—almost rhapsodic. Though made in 16 mm. for Italian television, this extraordinary work—pungent and carnal, and in faintly psychedelic Romanesque color—took the two top prizes at Cannes—the Golden Palm and the International Critics' Prize. With Saverio Marconi, Omero Antonutti, Marcella Michelangeli, and Ledda, as himself at the beginning and the end. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 6-7.)

PICNIC AT HANGING ROCK (1975)—An Australian film by Peter Weir set on St. Valentine's Day in 1900 in a prissy girls' school that attempts, under the eye of Rachel Roberts as the headmistress, to import an English way of thought into the Australian outback. The plot has to do with the occult disappearance of a gang of the schoolgirls and of their mistress; the moral matter has to do with the impropriety of trying to impose one culture on another. A very interesting film. (Olympia Quad; through July 29.)

POLTERGEIST—Steven Spielberg's suburban gothic about a family besieged by nasty, prankish ghosts is no more than an entertaining hash designed to spook you. It's "The Amityville Horror" done with insouciance and high-toned special effects. Because Spielberg is a dedicated craftsman and a wit, he can make a much better low-grade, adolescent entertainment than most directors. If the picture succeeds to a degree, it's because of the warmth of the family. The cool, jazzy mother (Jobeth Williams) and the blandly handsome father (Craig T. Nelson) are terrific, groovy people—they're kids at heart. The four-feet-three-inch actress Zelda Rubinstein, as the psychic Tangina who comes to "cleanse" the house, gives the movie new life and makes a large chunk of it work. With Beatrice Straight, who, as a doctor of parapsychology, bores the audience blind, and, as the two younger kids, Oliver Robins and Heather O'Rourke. The credits indicate that Tobe Hooper is the director, but Spielberg wrote the initial story, rewrote the other writers' work on the script, storyboarded the shots, produced the picture, and supervised the final edit. It appears that he also took over, in considerable part, on the set. (6/14/82) (Manhattan, and Greenwich Playhouse. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; through July 29. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Aug. 5. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Aug. 6.)

POPPY (1936)—W. C. Fields did not write this script on the back of an envelope. It was a play first (by Dorothy Donnelly), and Fields himself had had a hit with it on Broadway in 1923—how could he miss in the role of the con man Eustace McGargle? He had even appeared in a silent-movie version (called "Sally of the Sawdust") in 1925, directed by

ORVIS®
CHINOS



The Basic Pant

Nothing fancy, no gimmicks, no flashy colors . . . just all natural cotton and superior craftsmanship. 100% long staple Egyptian cotton, a tightly woven durable fabric . . . it washes beautifully, getting softer, and more comfortable as it ages. Full 2" belt loops, front quarter top pockets, two rear pockets, and tailored 19½" at the knee and hem . . . straight all the way down. Double stitched and bar tacked at all stress points. Regular rise (12") in even waist sizes 30-44, up to 38" inseam. In Khaki or Sage Green.

Also available are long rise Chinos . . . tailored with 13" rise and slightly fuller cut. Even waist sizes 34-44, up to 38" inseam. In Khaki or Sage Green.

Inseams finished to your specifications.

[ ] GB4018 - Regular Rise Chinos, Waist Size [ ], Inseam [ ], Color [ ] @$37.25 a pair.
[ ] GB4017 - Long Rise Chinos. Waist size [ ], Inseam [ ], Color [ ] @ $38.25 pair.
[ ] FREE Orvis Catalog.
Total Enclosed $ . . . .
Name . . . .
Address. . . . .
. . . . .Zip . . . .
[ ] Check Enclosed [ ] Mastercard
[ ] Visa [ ] American Express
Card No . . . .
Expiration . . . .
Issuing Bank No . . . .
Signature. . . . .
130

ORVIS®
Manchester, Vermont 05254

D. W. Griffith. (It was Fields' first success with the movie public.) The talkie version doesn't allow for the way Fields had developed: the public now enjoyed him because he snarled at sentimentality. He was given sticky-sweet, cow-eyed Rochelle Hudson for his ward, and she was given sticky-sweet, cow-eyed Richard Cromwell for a sweetheart, and really they're not the sort of people Fields should be mucking around with. Or maybe he should be—if he could just show us how he really feels about them. With Fields, you want any indication of virtue in his character to be a fraud or a momentary aberration; damned if this picture doesn't make him just a scowling angel. The adapters, Waldemar Young and Virginia Van Upp, and the director, Eddie Sutherland, give the old heart-of-gold stuff a workout, and Fields never gets a chance to cut loose and be mean and dirty-minded. With Lynne Overman, Maude Eburne, and Catherine Doucet. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, Aug. 5.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark (1981)—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Hitler means to use the Ark's invincible powers to lay waste opposing armies and proclaim himself the Messiah. Conceived by George Lucas, the picture is an amalgam of Lucas's follies—plot for its own sake, dissociated from character or drama; the affectless heroine. Marion (Karen Allen), who's a tougher version of spunky Princess Leia in "Star Wars"—and effects that Spielberg the youthful magician has already dazzled us with. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. It seems to be edited for the maximum number of showings per day. With John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, Ronald Lacey as Toht, and Denholm Elliott. Cinematography by Douglas Slocombe; score by John Williams. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story idea worked up by Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Ziegfeld; through Aug. 5. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; starting Aug. 6.)

Richard Pryor Live in Concert (1979)—Probably the greatest of all recorded-performance films. Pryor has characters and voices bursting out of him. He personifies objects, animals, people, the warring parts of his own body, even thoughts in the heads of men and women—black, white, Oriental; when he tells us about his heart attack he is, in almost the same instant, the helpless body being double-crossed by its heart, the heart itself, a telephone operator, and Pryor the aloof, dissociated observer. Watching this mysteriously original physical comedian you can't account for his gift, and everything he does seems to be for the first time. The film retains the impetus of a live performance. (Cinema Village; Aug. 1-3.)

Rocky III—Whatever oddball charm and silliness the first "Rocky" had is long gone. "Rocky III" starts with the hyped climax of "II" and then just keeps going on that level. The movie really works you over. You're pummelled by the noise and the rock music and the images of bodies being whammed. The first "Rocky" was primitive in a relatively innocent way. This picture is primitive, but it's also shrewd and empty and inept. Written and directed by its star, Sylvester Stallone; with Carl Weathers, whose physique makes Rocky look like a lump, and who gives a likable, unaffected performance; an actor called Mr. T as Clubber Lang; and Burgess Meredith, Talia Shire, and Burt Young. (5/31/82) (Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin; through July 29. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin; through Aug. 5. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century National Twin; starting July 30.)

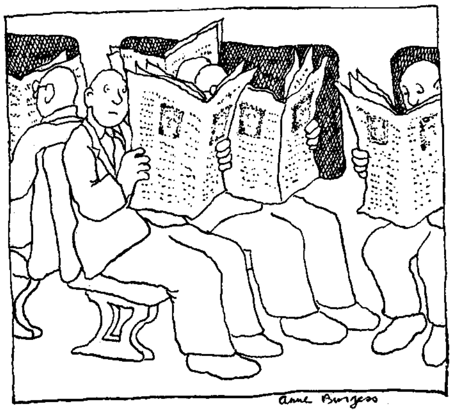
Sleeper (1973)—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his films, with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, manic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his earlier, messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton and John Beck. Written by Allen and Marshall Brickman; cinematography by David M. Walsh; editing by Ralph Rosenblum; costume design by Joel Schumacher. The music is by Woody Allen with the Preservation Hall Jazz Band and the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band. (Lincoln Plaza; July 30-31.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	31
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

Smash Palace—A remarkable film from New Zealand on the theme of separating. The husband and wife, played by Bruno Lawrence and Anna Jemison, embody a basic male-female conflict. He's flesh-and-blood and growing bald; she's French-born and fine-boned and fastidious. He runs the Smash Palace, a vast wrecking yard. He ignores his wife's complaints, but when she leaves him and, enjoying the upper hand, gets a legal order to prevent him from seeing their daughter Georgie, he goes a little crazy. The rage of fathers deprived of their children—something that few men experienced in the past—is no doubt a key madness of our age. The director, Roger Donaldson, has the kind of neo-neorealist technique that a viewer is unconscious of; the director disappears into the story. This film can pull you in deep, but some people don't like its almost documentary surface and the fact that the characters are believably real and not unusual—they feel it's too much like life, and that they see it going on all the time. Donaldson's handling of the little girl (Greer Robson) who plays Georgie is beyond praise. He wrote the script with Peter Hansard and Bruno Lawrence; the cinematography is by Graeme Cowley. (5/31/82) (Olympia Quad; through July 29.)

The Sorrow and the Pity (1970)—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls, it makes us ask what we and our friends and families would actually have done if our country had been invaded, like France. It's both oral history and essay: people who lived through the German Occupation tell us what they did during that catastrophic period, and we see and hear evidence that corroborates or corrects or sometimes flatly contradicts them. What makes the film innovative is the immediate annotation of what has just been said. As the perspectives ramify, we begin to get a fuller sense of what it was like to participate in the moral drama of an occupied nation than we have ever before had. (4½ hours.) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 2.)

Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan—Wonderful dumb fun. The director, Nicholas Meyer, hits just the right amused, slightly self-mocking note in the opening scenes, and the same actors who looked flabby and embarrassed in the 1979 "Star Trek—The Motion Picture" turn into a troupe of confident, witty professionals. The prim, smug Admiral Kirk (William Shatner) takes a three-week cruise on his old starship, the Enterprise, encountering his old enemy, the maniacal Khan (Ricardo Montalban), and wakes up. Montalban plays his fiery villainy to the hilt; his bravado is grandly comic. The regulars are all present: Mr. Spock, "Bones" McCoy, Sulu, Uhura, Scotty, and the fuddled Chekov. And the crew has acquired the voluptuous, half Vulcan Saavik, played by Kirstie Alley. Such guest performers as Paul Winfield, Bibi Besch, and Judson Scott shine in their roles, and DeForest Kelley makes the prickly Bones more crisply funny than he used to be; his performance helps to compensate for the disappointment of Leonard Nimoy's ashen, dried-out Spock. By the end, all the large, sappy, satisfying emotions get to you. (6/28/82) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews New York Twin; through July 29. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; through Aug. 5. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting July 30. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Aug. 6.)



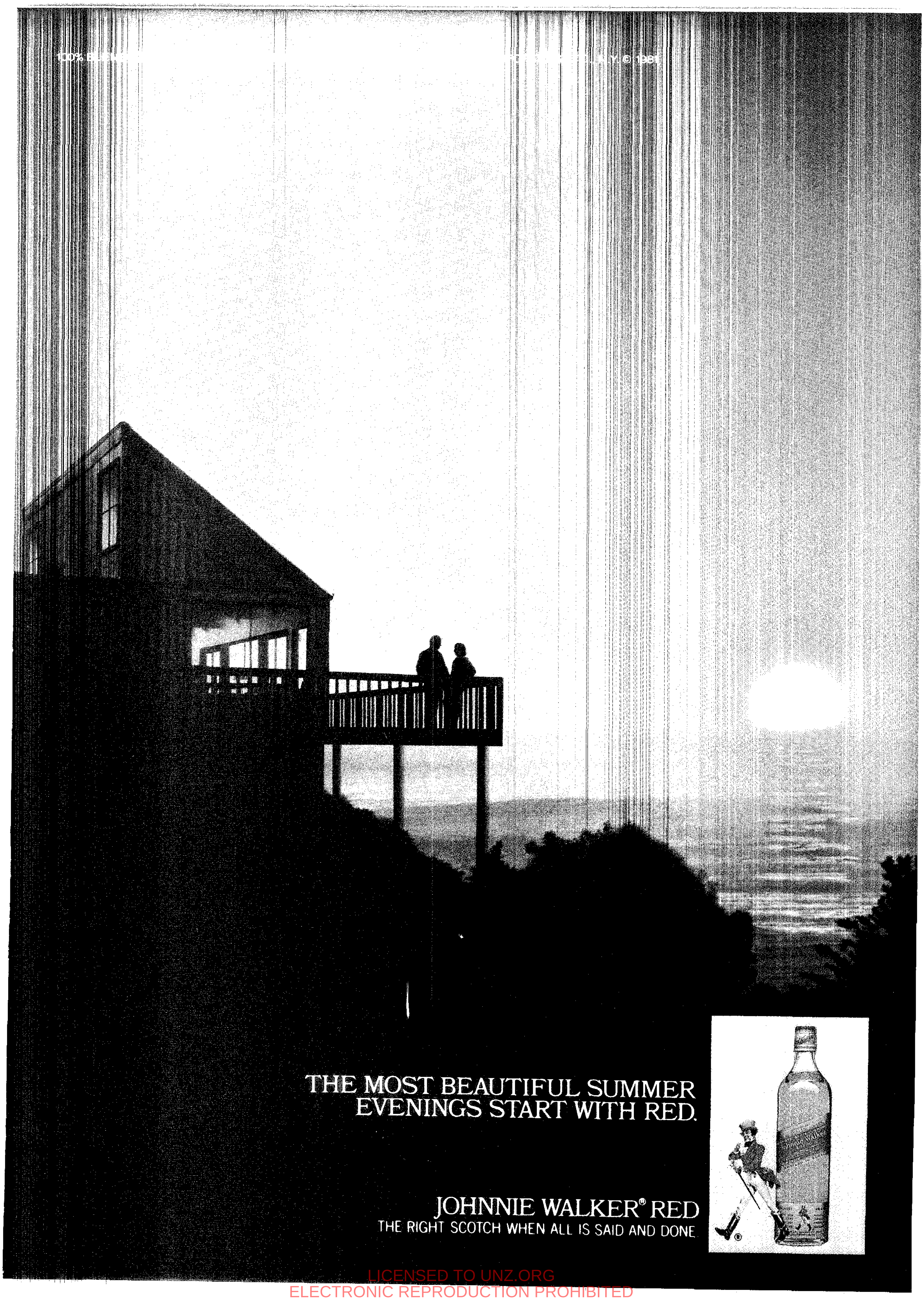
Testament of Orpheus (1962)—Cocteau's film, with himself as the Poet. Slightly awkward. The film is rich—too rich—in allusions to Cocteau's own earlier works and life, and the Cocteau legerdemain with disappearing and metamorphosed images seems aged and oddly spinsterish. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 2.)

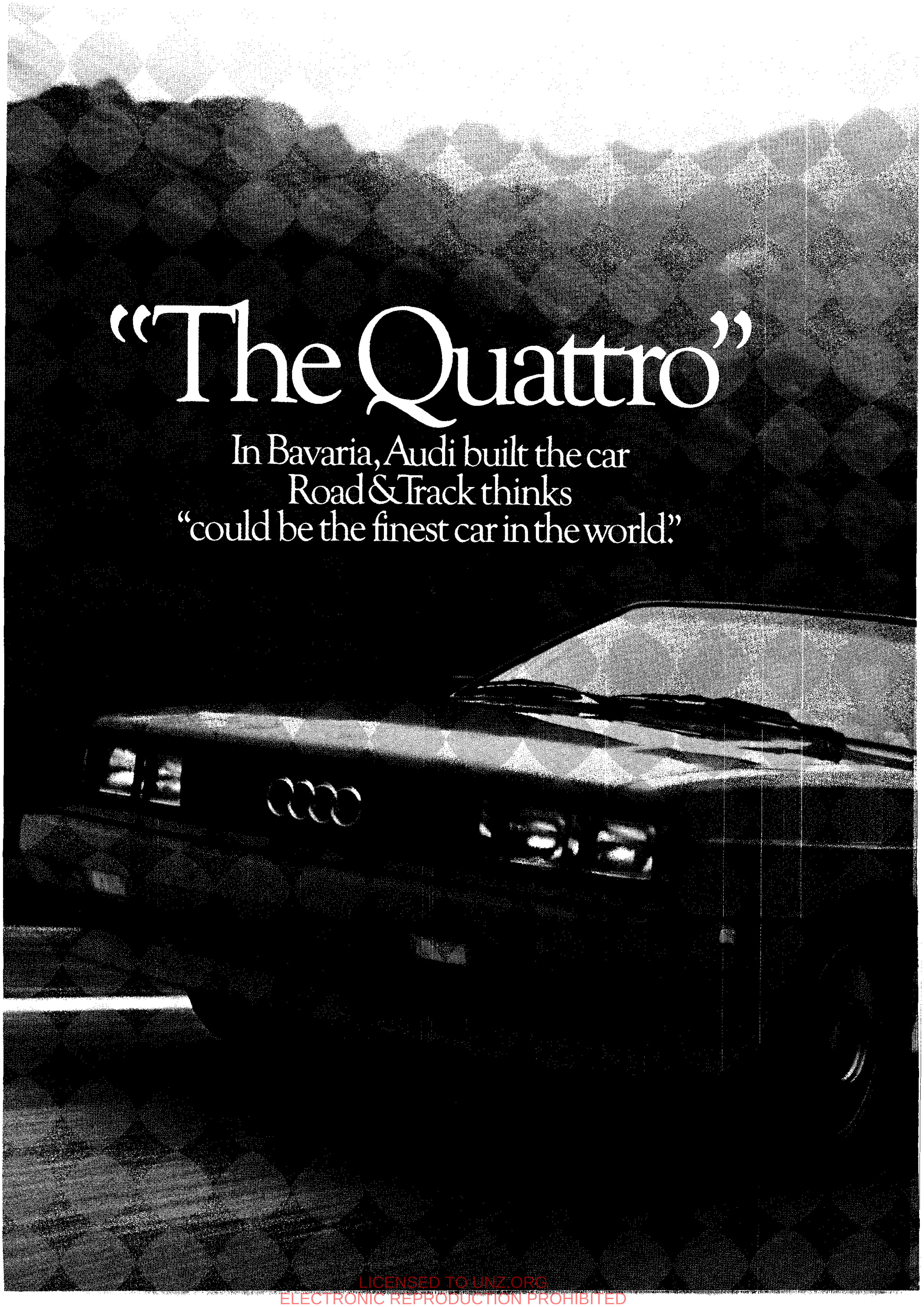
Victor/Victoria—The writer-director Blake Edwards' rough-and-tumble boudoir farce centers on Julie Andrews as Victoria, an English singer stranded in Paris in 1934, who pretends to be a man so that she can get work as a female impersonator. Edwards pulls laughs with the crudest setups and the moldiest, most cynical dumb jokes. This is an audience pleaser in the worst sense. As an aging homosexual entertainer who trains Victoria to pass as Victor, Robert Preston plays a sentimental stereotype so heartily and likably that he redeems the musty material. James Garner is a night-club owner from Chicago, and, as the girlfriend he discards when he falls for Victoria, Lesley Ann Warren, gone blond, does dippy, exaggerated versions of Jean Harlow's nasal petulance. She's a comic-strip eccentric, and you feel her sweetness, but Edwards makes her into a nasty, screeching floozy. This picture features speeches about sexual politics that are the latest in show-biz enlightenment; it also features a chorus line that may be the most contemptuous display of women's bodies ever seen in a major-studio movie. With Alex Karras as Garner's bodyguard. The songs by Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse are bland and forgettable. Based on the 1933 German film comedy "Viktor und Viktoria;" this is at least the fifth version. (5/3/82) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through Aug. 5.)

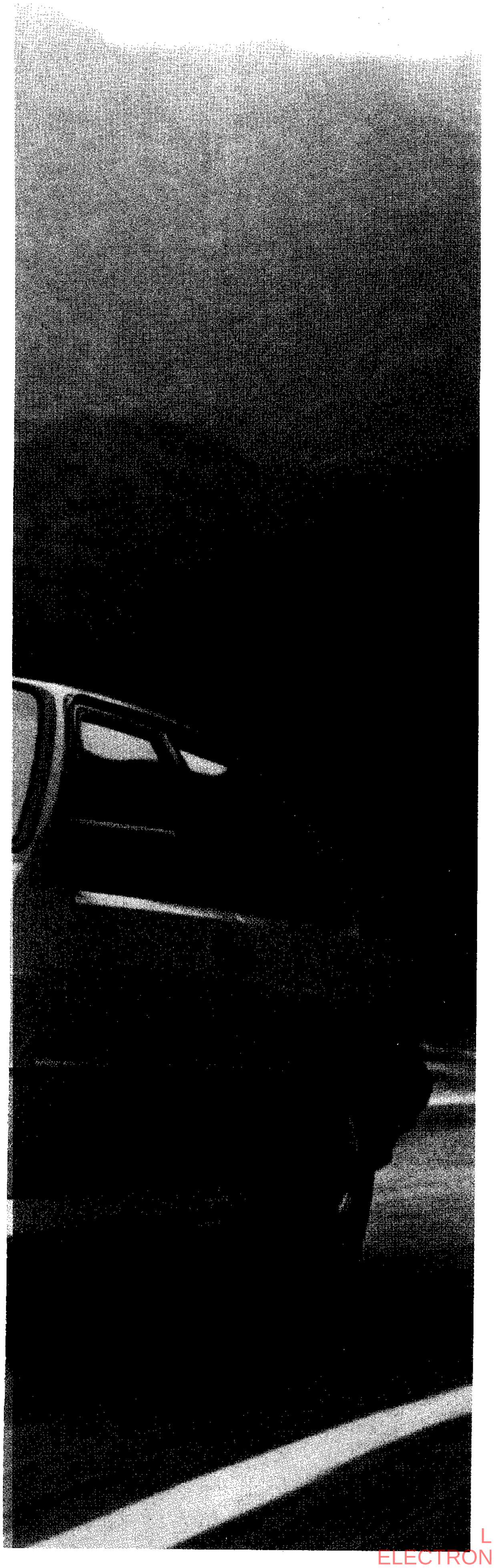
Viva Italia! (1978)—An Italian anthology film in which at least four of the nine sketches are really fine, including a recklessly funny kitchen story of regional cooking gone berserk and a poignant piece about a hypocritical son luring his mother into an old-age home. The film stars Vittorio Gassman and Alberto Sordi, and was directed by Mario Monicelli, Ettore Scola, and Dino Risi. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 3.)

WR—Mysteries of the Organism (1971)—Controversial, comic collage-movie by Dusan Makavejev that mixes and parodies left-wing politics and Wilhelm Reichian psychology; the point of view is so unstable that it seems to be more sophomoric than anything else. With the gifted actress Milena Dravić, as well as Jackie Curtis and Tuli Kupferberg. A Yugoslavian film, filmed in Europe and the U.S. English subtitles and dialogue. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 5.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—A Pop Art animated feature with hippie heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) going to the rescue of the people of Pepperland and saving them from the Blue Meanies by using the weapons of love and music. Good-natured, full of verbal-visual jokes, and surprisingly entertaining, though the love is less impressive than the music (ten songs by the Beatles). The brightly colored animation is so blatantly derivative that it's an amusing catalogue of twentieth-century graphic design. One sequence—the dancing couple for "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds"—is a stunning use of stylized human figures, an apotheosis of Rogers and Astaire. Directed by George Dunning; the chief designer was Heinz Edelmann. (Film Forum; Aug. 1-2.)


THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SUMMER EVENINGS START WITH RED.
JOHNNIE WALKER® RED
THE RIGHT SCOTCH WHEN ALL IS SAID AND DONE.


"The Quattro"
In Bavaria, Audi built the car
Road & Track thinks
"could be the finest car in the world."



Dankeschön, Road & Track Magazine.*

Rarely, if ever, has a car arrived from Europe with the acclaim as that bestowed upon this newest Audi.

The 1983 Audi Quattro demonstrates how far enlightened technology can go when Bavaria's great engineers are given the freedom to build a car like this.

By any standard, the Quattro is one of the world's most advanced high-performance GT Sports Coupes.

The Quattro's unique system of four-wheel drive, turbocharged five-cylinder engine, five-speed transmission, four-wheel independent suspension and low-drag aerodynamics establishes new parameters in automotive design.

Audi's revolutionary all-wheel drive represents the most significant breakthrough in recent automotive technology. To drive this truly exciting automobile today is to know what it may be like to drive the automobile of the coming decades.

Ironically, the Quattro arrives in America at a time when virtually every car maker worldwide is frantically redesigning cars *en masse* to incorporate "innovative" front-wheel drive systems.

In truth, it was Audi that pioneered front-wheel drive more than 50 years ago, long before it became a fashionable marketing expedient.

As a result of this considerable head start in drive-system technology, Audi is clearly ahead with its exclusive all-wheel drive concept.

Unlike ordinary "off-road" four-wheel drives, the Quattro's drive train is a sophisticated system designed for maximum "on-road" efficiency.

At the heart of this system is a third differential, located behind the transmission. It distributes power evenly between the front and rear wheels.

The benefits of having the front wheels pulling and the rear wheels pushing simultaneously are numerous. The Quattro delivers remarkable performance in cornering, straight-ahead driving and even in climbing steep, snowy hills.

Because of its all-wheel traction, the Quattro has a hill-climbing factor of 1.75 to 2.10, which means it is far superior to many of today's generation of cars.

The Quattro's tractive forces and response give it outstanding acceleration and speed. Wheel lockup while braking is much less likely; steering response remains neutral through on-off throttle changes; and the tendency to aquaplane is greatly minimized.

Stunning first-year victories in four World Championship Rallyes in Europe have quickly borne witness to the merits of this new Audi technology.

The Quattro is powered by Audi's five-cylinder turbocharged engine, with CIS fuel injection.

It provides 160 horsepower, giving the Quattro fast sprint times: 0 to 50 in 5.3 seconds, and the quarter mile in 15.7 seconds, and a top speed of 128 miles an hour.

Its highway passing prowess illustrates the engine's strength and elasticity. In fourth gear, the Quattro can go from 35 miles an hour to 62 miles an hour in just 9.6 seconds.

Into this remarkable powerplant, Audi engineers have built many advanced features. For example, an intercooler, that is normally found only in exotic racing cars. It is a small radiator that can cool the turbocharged intake air by 40°-50° centigrade, thereby providing greater density for improved horsepower.

Notable, too, are the notched pistons in the engine. This allows for engine oil to be sprayed onto the bottom of each piston for added cooling.

The Quattro also introduces a compact, five-speed transaxle. Its design makes possible a ground clearance of only 5.3 inches for excellent aerodynamics with a low center of gravity.

As extraordinary as the Quattro is, it is like every Audi in its dedication to the newest ideas in technology and the craftsmanship of its Bavarian coachmakers.

The 5000 Turbo, the new 5000 Turbo Diesel, the GT Coupe and the 4000 Sports Sedan have all been recognized in the automotive community for their advanced engineering ideas.

Indeed, the Quattro is the definitive statement for high-performance automobiles of this decade and a milestone in the art of engineering.

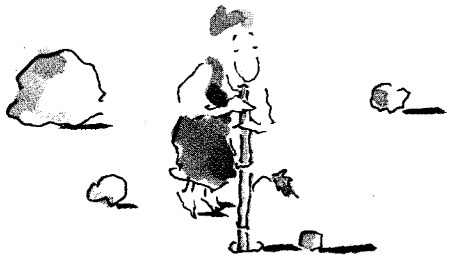
For your nearest Porsche Audi dealer, or details on the Audi Delivery in Europe Program, call toll free (800) 447-4700. In Illinois, call (800) 322-4400. © 1982 Porsche Audi

*Paul Frere, European Ed., 6/80.

PORSCHE + **AUDI**

Audi: the art of engineering.

EARTH'S FIRST SOFT DRINK.



When the earth was new, mountains rose and valleys were carved and there was created, in what is now called France, a spring that is now called Perrier.®

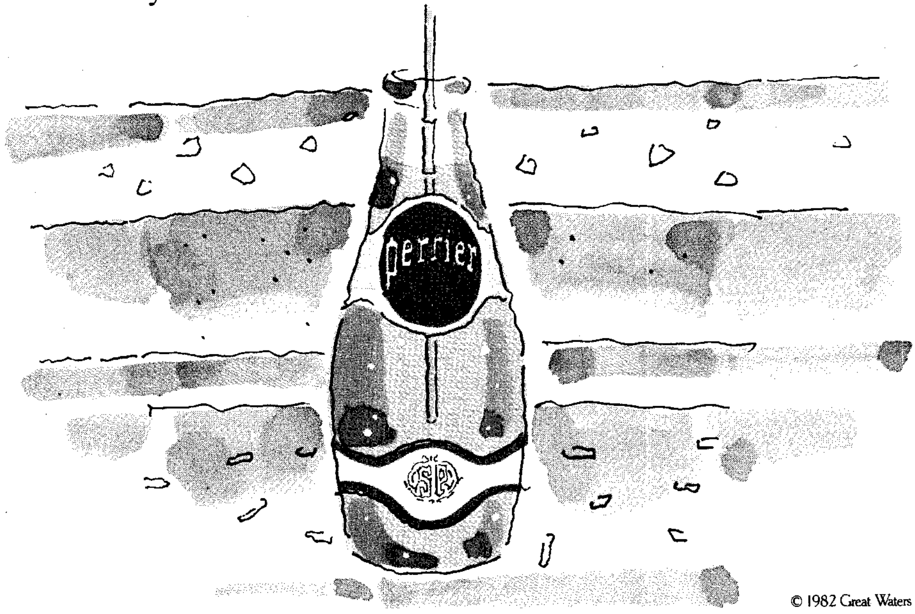
All the Perrier in the world is born in that spring.

Still clear, pure and sparkling, and minus all those additives that civilization has invented. There's no sugar. No artificial sweetener. No calories. There's no caffeine, no coloring. And Perrier is recommended for salt-free diets, as well.

In modern times, when most beverages are made with water that's been disinfected, softened, oxidated or chlorinated, it's nice also to know that Perrier is naturally filtered as it rises to the surface from its deep underground source.

And so our only concession to civilization is the green Perrier bottle. Because without it, you would never get to enjoy Perrier.

Perrier. Earth's first soft drink. Not manufactured, but created by the earth when it was new.



© 1982 Great Waters of France, Inc.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

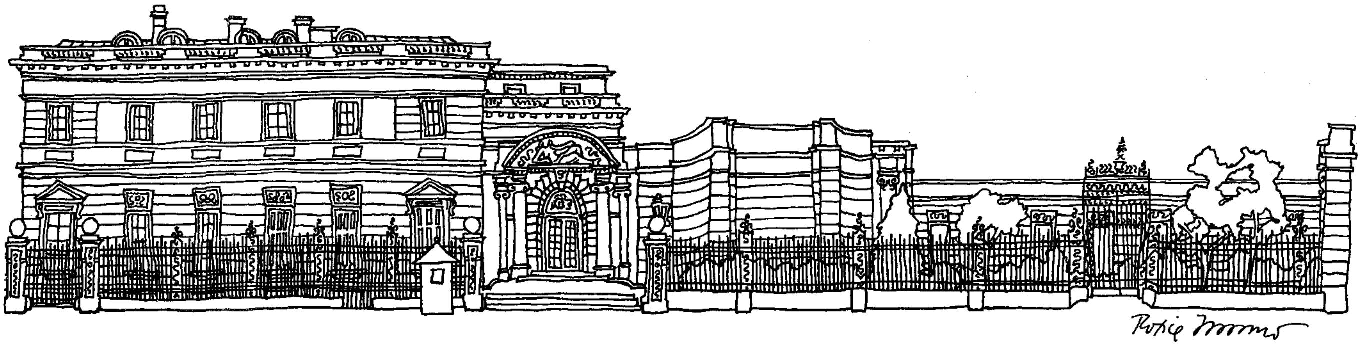
IN the last two years, President Reagan has proposed and Congress has passed legislation that, taken in its entirety, will very likely create the largest deficits in the federal budget in our history. Now this same President and an apparent majority of this same Congress have announced their support of a constitutional amendment to require a balanced budget. There is, of course, something comical in this spectacle of people clamoring for a drastic remedy for an abuse that they are themselves engaging in at that very minute—as though a group of drunks were to start haranguing passersby about the evils of alcohol, or a gang of bank robbers were to summon the police to come and arrest them. Or, rather, there *would* be something comical in this spectacle if it were not that the joke threatens to be written into the fundamental law of the land. By all accounts, these harsh prosecutors of their own budgetary malfeasance support the extreme measure of an amendment largely for political reasons. They favor the amendment not *in spite of* their budget-busting proposals and legislative votes but precisely *because of* those proposals and votes: they hope that advocacy of an amendment forbidding future deficits will erase from the public's mind any awareness of the actual deficits that they have already made inevitable. In this way, they can appear before the voters as supporters of a balanced budget without having to make the politically costly legislative decisions about taxes, social spending, and defense allotments which are the only way of bringing a balanced budget about.

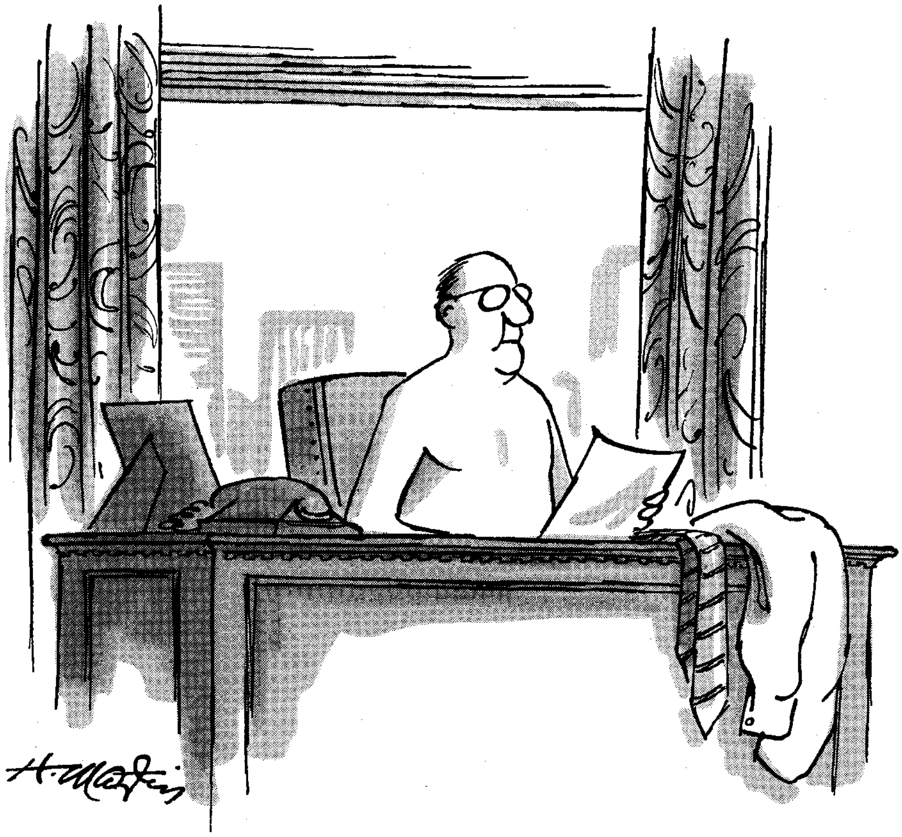
There is apparent in all this tangled maneuvering a new, lighthearted attitude toward the Constitution—an attitude that bespeaks a remarkable loss of legislative gravity among our elected officials. A balanced budget is an economic goal of much-debated merit which has recently enjoyed an immense increase in public appeal. On the one hand, economists look to its attainment as a possible source of relief from inflation and high interest rates, both of which severely afflict the economy at present. On the other hand, some of those same economists regard deficit spending as an invaluable tool for lifting an economy out of depression or recession, and the economy needs relief of this sort, too. But, whatever current opinion may be, future opinion on the question is almost certain to change, as our understanding of the economy and the economy itself change. By contrast to this changeable goal of economic policy, the Constitution of the United States is the fundamental political agreement among Americans—an agreement that binds together not only living citizens but also the past and future generations. And a constitutional amendment, by altering that agreement, is the single most solemn political action that one generation can take. To attempt to bind the future generations to an ephemeral and controversial economic prescription therefore in itself demonstrates a radical lack of a sense of political proportion. But when the amendment is proposed merely as cover for a poor legislative record in anticipation of the next election a truly startling inversion of the elements of our political life has been brought about. What should be the most solid and enduring element, the Constitution, is suddenly being subordinated to perhaps the most insubstantial and momentary element—how our politicians wish to appear to the voters in the next election.

• •

Oktoberfest

"CAN an Oktoberfest succeed in July?" does not rank high on the list of age-old questions. Still, the answer to it was to be found last month a fifteen-minute walk from the last stop on the No. 7 Flushing line—and that is more than can be





Willard J. Westfield, Chairman of the Board, Moving Right Along During a Power Failure on the Hottest Day of the Year

said for "What is the moral life?"

Roland (Chuck) Wade, the executive director of the Queens Botanical Garden, under whose auspices the latest annual eighteen-day July Oktoberfest was held, supplied the bureaucratic response. "We have to meet the season's demands," he said. "If we had an Oktoberfest in October, the response just wouldn't merit it." Vlado Von Wurmser, a musician, with an impressive mustache, who was known professionally as Mr. Oompah-Pah during a long stint at the Hotel McAlpin, and who is a regular at the Queens celebration, pointed out that even in Munich part of the festival takes place in September. And Willie Schoeps, the festival's official greeter and chief beer salesman, advanced the most sensible answer. "The real meaning is *beer* festival," he said. "You could have it in December if you wanted—except it's too cold then, so no one drinks beer. It's hot now, so everyone drinks a lot of beer. Besides, wander around and see for yourself if people aren't having a good time."

Undeniable. Everywhere, people were smiling. Even the people getting off the Rock-O-Plane (which imparts an aerial-washing-machinelike motion to its passengers) managed to look pleased with themselves at the same time that they looked queasy. Some people stood grinning at the belt-buckle concession, admiring buckles with slogans such as "Kevin" and "Steve" and "I Will Give Up My Gun When You Pry It From My Cold Dead Fingers." Others were enjoying a large collection of T-shirts in an adjacent booth, including shirts that stated "Polish and Proud," "Irish and Proud," "American and Proud," and "Love is the Silent Language of the Heart." Across the way, people were cheerfully buying buttons that said "Kiss Me I'm Spanish," or "Jewish," "Norwegian," "Hungarian," "German," "Irish," or "Puerto Rican," and nobody was paying any attention at all to a button that said "I Hate Everybody." One young man tried very hard to look serious—sober, even—while his portrait was sketched in a matter of minutes, but he laughed loudly when it was finished. Some girls who had been analyzed by a computer were giggling at the results.

Perhaps the happiest people of all were under the big tent at the center of the fair, listening to the Walter Procanyn Orchestra play polkas. ("Polish bands tend to have a little more oompah," Mr. Wade contended.) The crowd was mostly middle-aged or better, and mostly Polish-American. It applauded vigorously after the "Carolina Polka" and the "Wolf Wolf Polka," and even after "When the Saints Go Marching In," which the band played as "a change of pace because the dance floor is so crowded," Mr. Procanyn said. Actually, almost no one was dancing; people were just listening and tapping their feet.

Whenever the Procanyn orchestra finished a song, the sound of Mr. Von Wurmser and his Euro-Brass Orchestra could be heard from the direction of Mr. Schoeps' beer tent. "Drink Dink with a wink," Mr. Von Wurmser sang, in reference to a beer called Dinkelacker, which Mr. Schoeps said was the fastest-selling import at the fair, followed by Dortmunder and Spaten. "But tonight is a Polish night, so we'll sell a lot of Krakus," he added. Last year, Mr. Schoeps offered eighty-seven different beers, but that was too many to keep track of and "there was a whole lot left over," so this year he has cut back to eighteen. Mr. Schoeps, who worked for nearly two decades as Rheingold Breweries' official liaison to the German-American community, said that New York City has at least seventy-five German-American societies. "We are the largest ethnic group in the U.S. Seventeen million. Only, the two wars didn't do us any good. A lot of people didn't want to be Germans. But today they're no longer ashamed."

Mr. Von Wurmser said that the Queens celebration, now in its fifth year, is not as wild as the genuine article. In Munich, "they have singing-along—all that sort of thing," he said through his mustache. "They have beer-drinking contests—who falls down before who falls down. And you'd be impressed first by the waitresses. They're big-chested, strong Valkyries, like out of a Wagnerian opera. They carry five steins in each hand, and they never spill a drop. Their fingers are strong like hell." Between energetic "*ein-zwei-drei*"s, Mr. Von Wurmser translated a German button pinned to his lederhosen. "It says, 'In Heaven there is no beer, that's why we drink it here.' " The most frequently requested songs at the Oktoberfest, he said, were "Edelweiss" and "So Ein Tag" ("So One Day"), and then he made a small confession. "To tell you the truth, I like jazz best myself. Stan Kenton, Woody Herman, Count Basie."

Buttons

INCLUDED in the button collection on display at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum are not only

Basic: Dish-type, inkwell, saucer, roll-rim, hobnail, igloo, convex, cone, dome, pin-shank, piecrust, sawtooth, jewelled, metal-rim, one-hole flat, one-hole high-top, deep-well, fish-eye, mound, three-hole, four-hole, two-way self-shank, four-way self-shank, ridged, concave-rim—all the familiar button classifications—

but many kinds we'd never realized that people through history had fastened their clothes with, such as

Sublime: Sensuous shapes of jade, nephrite, agate, serpentine, and lapis lazuli; elegant enamel portrayals of butterflies, brilliantly feathered birds, swans; a sprinkling of gold-metal-foil stars on a royal-blue night sky.

Fanciful: Floral displays painted on porcelain; powder-blue ceramic buttons with rhinestone borders, made in the manner of Wedgwood (playful classical scenes of mythical figures in togas); enamelled pansies encircled with garnets; mother-of-pearl discs carved to resemble doilies; "Storybook" buttons, consisting of sculptured scenes from children's tales; paintings of hot-air balloons; the Eiffel Tower engraved on mother-of-pearl; miniature watch faces.

Enormous: Some sombre and ornate silver-filigree buttons as big as doorknobs.

Historical: Buttons honoring George Washington, with his initials in the center, surrounded by the initials of the thirteen colonies or by the slogan "Long Live the President;" the life of Teddy Roosevelt pictured on a set of brass buttons (T.R. on safari, T.R. crouched behind the wheel of a roadster).

Artistic: Paintings the size of a silver dollar, framed under glass (landscapes of Paris, daily life in Haiti); framed photographs (some as tiny as a pea); collages of seaweed, shells, insects, and feathers, also framed under glass; midget paperweights (little imprisoned flower gardens); and glass buttons exactly like marbles.

Natural: Buttons made of bones, vegetable ivory (the nut of the corozo palm), conch and tortoise shells, bog oak, walrus tusks, antlers, horns.

Silly: Elsie the Cow, a green long-eared puppy, a blue Bambi, thimble-size baskets of fruit, a compass, a rooster, a guitar, a hi-fi record, a hot dog, a watermelon, a boxing glove, a sombrero, a cancelled Deutsches Reich stamp encased in plastic.

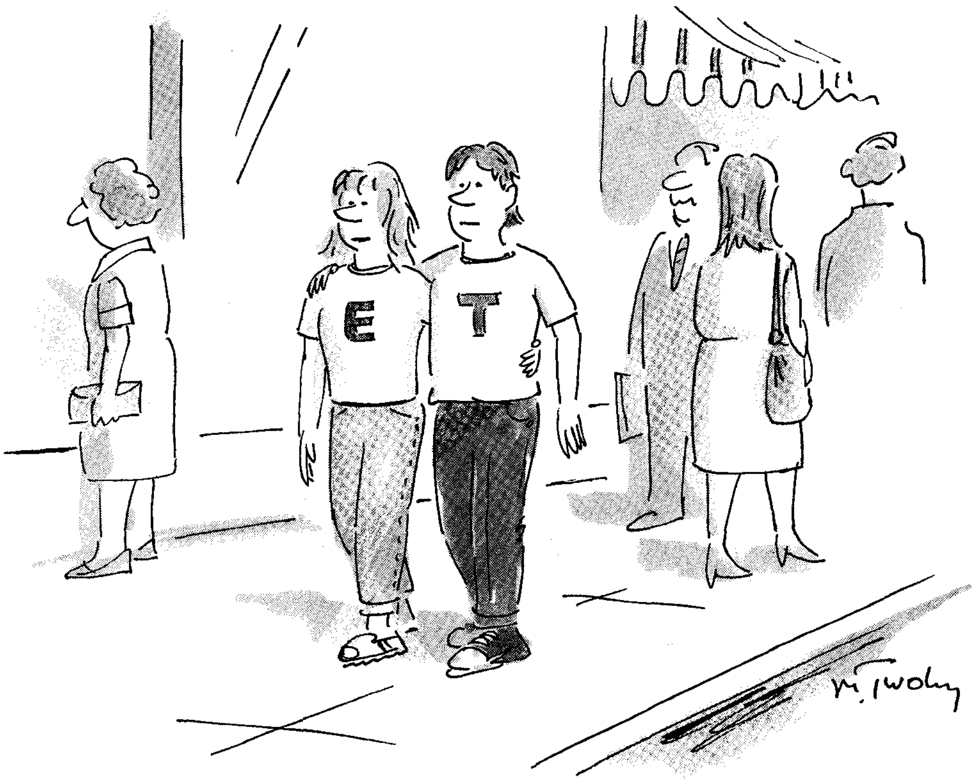
Ridiculous: A plastic plate of eggs and bacon.

Free but Worth It

FERN wouldn't mind a little free publicity. That's Fern, seated in a chair near the window. That's the Hudson River in the background. This is the living room of an apartment on the West Side. It's Joan's apartment. That's Joan, moving around the room in a manner that could be interpreted as self-conscious. Joan wouldn't mind a little free publicity herself, but it's only her apartment, not her seminar. The seminar belongs to Fern. It is called "How to Get Free Publicity." The only mammals here who don't care one way or the other about free publicity are Joan's cats. The black one is epileptic and the white one is deaf. But, hey, everybody has problems. A couple of people here tend to be violently allergic—when they sneeze, they feel like throttling the nearest cat—so the cats are going to have to spend the next three hours in the bedroom.

Ten people have signed up for this seminar. They have reasons. One woman is a moderator of workshops in personal growth and development. Someone else is a rising singing star. Someone else is writing a book about maleness and femaleness—good news, Fern says, because nonfiction lends itself to free publicity better than fiction does. The seminar is not free. It costs twenty bucks, plus two-fifty for the written materials—photocopies of press releases, and tear sheets from the *Post* and some other publications—plus a five-dollar registration fee, payable to an adult-learning boutique that Fern is connected with.

About free publicity—here are some facts that you might not know: Publicity is free media coverage, and should not be confused with advertising, which costs money. Vehicles for advertising and publicity are newspapers, magazines, radio, TV. When you're talking about publicity, you're talking about editorial coverage rather than the paying portions of a publication or element of radio or TV. With publicity, you give up some control over the content of the coverage. Some other facts that you might not know: the sky is blue, New York is



big, the Pope is Catholic, polar bears love ice.

Now, to organize a publicity campaign you take four basic steps: First, you have to train yourself to "think publicity." Second, you have to put together a media list for your project. Third, you have to compile your written materials. Finally, after you've sent out those written materials you *must* come through with a follow-up phone call. O.K., back to the first part—thinking publicity. Ask yourself what your "hook," or "angle," is. Say those words. "Hook." "Angle." Good. If you're going to think publicity, you have to think shoptalk, too. Here is a good example of a hook, or angle. This is an item from one of the local newspapers about a woman who does home decorating for the newly divorced or separated. Her name is Melody Mae Bopp, her firm is called Slightly Used, and the caption on this photograph says "Melody Mae Bopp, head of Slightly Used, decorates her office with hardy corn plants and a large antique clock." Melody Mae Bopp came up with something that appeared different, and there's a lesson there. Even if you aren't different, if you *appear* to be different that's all it takes. That's the hook, that's the angle—and there's Melody Mae Bopp, right there in the newspaper.

Some thoughts about putting together that media list: If you are trying to generate publicity within a fairly small area—say, only New York City, or, smaller yet, only the territory between here and that fire hydrant on the corner—it shouldn't be hard to get your media list together. You might want to refer to a handbook called "New York Publicity Outlets." It tells you how to get in touch with potentially important people—magazine editors, TV producers, radio talk-show biggies. If you're trying to organize a publicity stunt that specifically involves the people in this living room, this handbook will give you addresses and phone numbers of the editors of *All Cats*, *Action Now*, *Fur-Fish-Game*, *Street Chopper*, *Four Wheeler*, *Gun Week*, *Guns & Ammo*, *Gun World*, *Guns*, and *Mankind*. All these editors can be located and informed of your plans.

Fern says, "Tie in to current events." Are you part of a trend? Fern believes that if you are part of a trend you should exploit that fact. And even if you are not part of a trend go ahead and call your hook, or angle, a trend, and then, just by saying so, you *are* part of a trend. Free publicity can be creative. A friend of Fern's once said, "Free publicity is like a diamond. There are many facets to things."

Joan says, "Hey, how are you sort of unique?"

When Joan takes a breath, Fern says, "Target your media."

Joan says, "If your idea is something offbeat, don't call the old fuddy-duddies in the media, call the *fun people*." It's like that restaurant owner recently who made that likeness of Brooke Shields out of chopped liver. It might sound ridiculous to you, but it got the restaurant a *lot* of publicity. No one had ever even considered doing Brooke Shields in chopped liver before. The fun people respected that.

Remember: A definition of publicity might be "information with news value." Or it could even be "information with no news value." It doesn't matter. It's free. One reminder about your follow-up phone call: Do it. Your phone call is very, very important. Who are the key people on your media list? Call them. Finally, don't forget that if you're sending out a press release you have to include your name and phone number with the material. And don't forget to include a release date. Some stuff you don't want to have publicized immediately, but some stuff you do. That's where "For Immediate Release" comes in. Type that phrase on the press release. It's like the cats—the black one and the white one. The seminar's over, time's up. The cats are going to be *immediately released* from the bedroom.

Take this thought with you: Contacts will make a difference when it comes to free publicity. For instance, do you happen to know Pete Weber, the professional bowler? Well, he could be a contact. Do you know anyone else? There you go! Listen, if you're good you're good. Joan says, "Make yourself as irresistible as possible." Or maybe Fern says it.

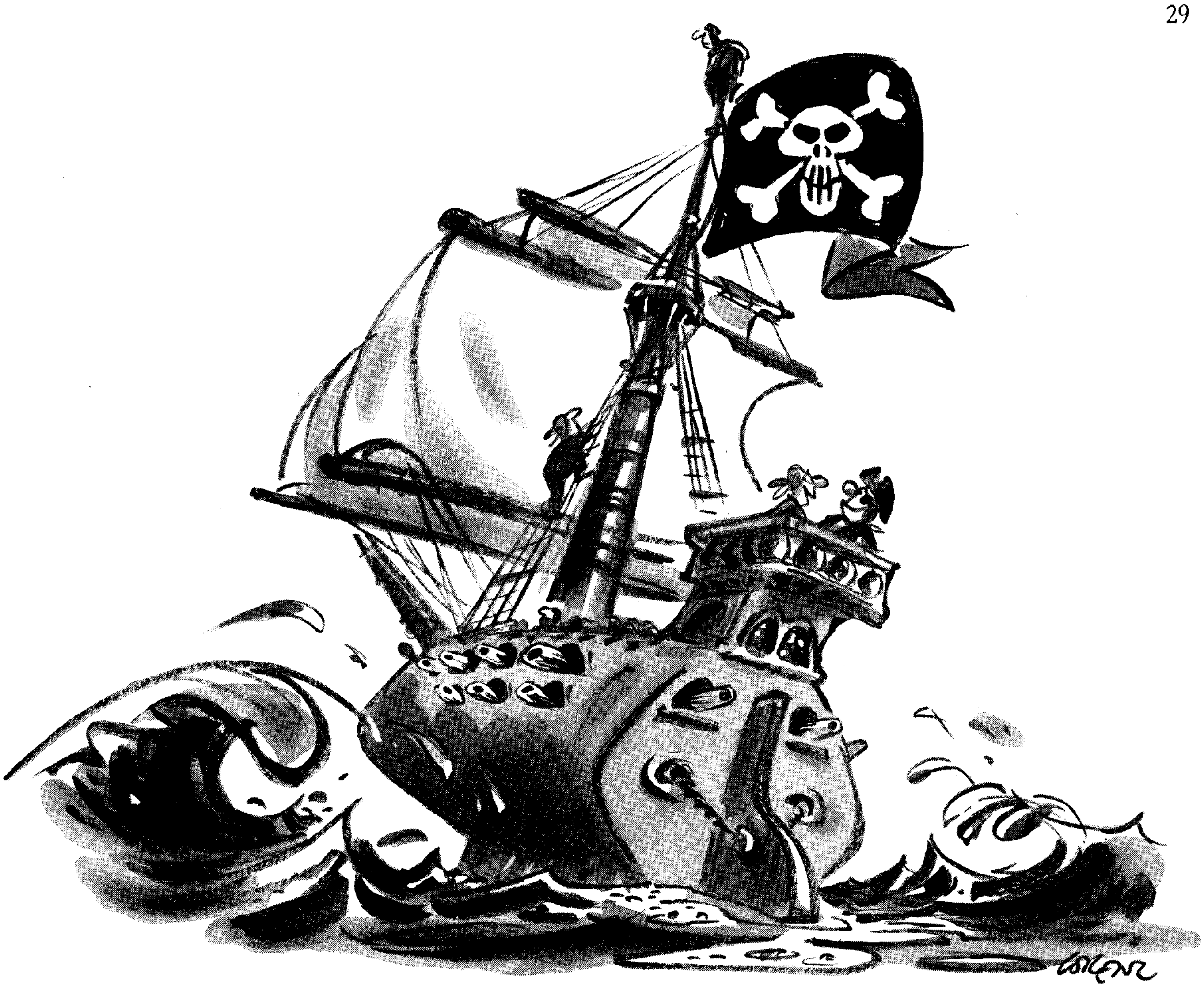
Keeping Score

WE have received the following letter from a man in New Jersey who has been coaching a baseball team of eight- and nine-year-olds:

I've been sitting here trying to doctor up my scorebook so that it will look a little better when I hand it in to the league officials. Right now, it's a sorry piece of record-keeping, with one game (which I attempted to score with a felt-tipped pen during a drizzle) as blurred as an old, tear-stained letter, and many others either garbled or incomplete. For example, there was a heart-stopping 21–13 contest (a lot closer than it sounds) when we batted around three times in the fourth, and I soon ran out of room in the score boxes. Now, as I attempt to follow my cryptic notations along the margins of the page, I can't even tell where that inning began or where it ended.

The only excuse I can offer for these slovenly stats is that I am often too excited or nervous about what is taking place on the field to record it accurately on paper, and I spend much of my time between innings, along with one or two other adults, attending to the most crucial and demanding of managerial chores: getting the catcher dressed. In our games, the two teams share a single mask, chest protector, and set of shin guards, and somehow, as these items pass from one catcher to the other, they grow complicated straps and buckles in places where there were none before. Occasionally, one of our catchers forgets to don any equipment at all, and some of them still prefer to put the mask on first. This not only prevents the chest protector from going on over the head but also appears to have a kind of depressing effect on the child, who no longer *feels* like looking around for his mitt or bending over to fasten the shin guards.

Anyway, as best I can make out, our record is a very respectable 11–4, and we have failed in only three of those games to pile up runs in double figures. Everyone on the team has had a clutch hit; everyone has scored at least once. (I'm pretty sure that everyone has struck out at least once, too. But that's O.K.—they were tough, *aggressive* strikeouts.) Everyone has made an error, and everyone has made a putout—or, at least, come close. Everyone has chattered well,



"If you don't mind my saying so, Captain, I love your graphics."

• •

and everyone has done good things with the dirt around home plate—scuffed it, spit on it, banged it with the bat, etc. They've backed each other up, hit the cutoff man, turned the D.P., and run the bases with abandon. Jeff, Eric, Doug, Peter, the two Michaels—everybody looks *great* out there! I'm proud of all of them.

It doesn't show up in the totals, but my scorebook is embellished with marks in a private code of asterisks, exclamation marks, and "Unblvbl"s. These refer to such memorable events as Drew's back-to-back homers ("Drooo! Drooo!" everyone yelled, naturally, in imitation of the Piniella claque at the Stadium) and the one-handed, pirouetting catch that James, our left-handed second baseman, made on a tricky Texas League blooper to center. It robbed our opponents of a chance to tie the game, and also proved to be the second most spectacular catch of the season. The *best* catch was a barehanded grab of a foul smash executed by one of the mothers who faithfully assembled, game after game, in a row of lawn chairs along the first-base line. She reached up, hauled the ball down, and flipped it back to the pitcher all in a single motion and without pausing in the conversation she was having with the woman next to her. Way to *go*, Mom!

Then, there was the day when Sarah and Dina, our two right fielders, defeated the Sexist Shift ("Hey, it's a girl! Move in, move in!") by banging out, between them, five solid drives to left, and there was the uncanny hit of Matt's, which never rose more than a couple of feet off the ground but carried on a line, like some new radar-evading, ground-skimming missile, way past all the outfielders. It was still rolling when Matt (our best and most intense player) made the turn at third, took another stride or two, and then, for no apparent reason, launched himself, Pete Rose-fashion, on an equally gravity-defying headfirst dive for the plate. I have written in the scorebook "3 full secs.," which is how long I believe he was airborne.

But the moment that remains clearest in my mind is a fairly routine 6–3 putout, short to first. There was nothing especially significant about this play except that Kevin, the shortstop, made it about as well as that play can be made, moving to his right, scooping the ball up—drawing it into his glove, almost—and then setting himself and throwing from the shoulder, hard and with a sharp snap of the wrist, over to first. Quickly, he raised two fingers, to show how many outs there were, and I thought of Aparicio, Burleson, Bowa . . . Then Kevin rolled his eyes, put on a goofy grin, and wobbled his knees back and forth. Before the next batter came up, he had turned almost completely back into a third grader.

THE SPOONS IN THE BASEMENT

Georgia was standing on a desk chair cleaning out the high shelves of the closet in her daughter Rose's room when her hand, groping blind on the topmost corner shelf for whatever might be there, came upon a flattish, angled object. Brought down to daylight, this proved to be a small leather-covered box with a delicate catch, opening to reveal a set of apostle spoons, silver with gilt bowls, ranged on blue velvet. Not twelve different apostles, as in the very grand sets, but six identicals, minutely bearded, charming, and doubtless valuable. Georgia's house has had a good many owners since it was built in 1899; and one of them, leaving for the holidays in June of 1910 or for a year abroad in September of 1951, in the flurry of the last day's cleaning up and packing, stuck the apostle spoons and perhaps the silver candlesticks up in that high, dark corner, safe from Jean Valjean himself, and returned in a month or a year and retrieved the candlesticks but forgot the spoons, until the occasion arose to dust off the demitasses for company, and then it was, James, have you any idea what I did with those spoons Aunt Edith gave us? The little coffee spoons? And moved to San Diego or Saskatchewan, and let bygones be bygones, except for the small pang of auld-lang-syne regret whenever she got out the demitasses. I do wonder what ever happened to those spoons!

SOUTH ON PARK TO THE HELMSLEY BUILDING, THROUGH THE HELMSLEY BUILDING, ACROSS FORTY-FIFTH, THROUGH THE PAN AM BUILDING AND DOWN THE ESCALATOR TO GRAND CENTRAL...
MStevens

STREET SMARTS

Georgia accepted them with gratitude, compunction, and superstition, as a gift from the house itself. It was a house of some character, though no architectural distinction: a Western-style Victorian frame house with basement, two floors, full attic, and endless closets to hide spoons in. Georgia and her husband had come to it a few years earlier with one baby, and two more had been born to them while they lived in it. To these children the house was the center of the world, the original referent of the word "home," unconfused by the echoes their parents heard in the word, resonances of other centers and beginnings. On the family's first night in it, amidst the packing crates, the house had made a very loud noise at an indefinable location upstairs, and now and then its doors opened softly on business of their own, but it had never been frightening or even strange; and its disclosure now of the coffee spoons seemed to Georgia to seal a bond. It had accepted her. She gave it love and care, it gave her shelter and spoons. Perceiving it thus, she was delighted by the transaction. She and her husband bought six demitasses to go with the coffee spoons. They continued to use the spoons and inhabit the house, as the children grew up in it and left it one by one.

It was about fifteen years after finding the apostle spoons that, without knowing which room of the house she was in or which wall of the room the door was in, Georgia went through the door to her right, and found that the house had a large basement she had not known about before. It was floored with the same kind of blackish, use-polished concrete as the basement she had known about before, but this basement was lighter, cleaner, and far more extensive, with a calm, clear air in the corridor in which she found herself, and in which she soon met Ann.

Though her pleasure in discovering this spacious increase to her house and her anticipation of exploring it were at first quite spoiled, and continued to be cramped, by the presence of the young woman, common sense and a certain stubborn justice let Georgia escape from mere territoriality by admitting that there was, after all, a great deal of room down here, which she had never used or needed, even though, having come upon it at last, she might now want it. So she felt no animosity toward the young woman, whose manner was modest, candid, and easy. As they talked, Georgia felt a liking for her, which survived the revelation that two other young women, now out at work, shared the rooms to the right of the central corridor or hall.

They were not big rooms—their occupant, not at all defensive of her squatter's rights, invited Georgia to look where she pleased—and seemed neat enough, though rather cold and crowded. There was no reason the three friends should not have the use of them, if they liked. Georgia and her husband would merely accumulate stuff in them. Better that they be lived in.

When the guest and

her host (but which was which? in Latin and French the same word, indeed; and what of the angelic host?) looked into the furnace room for a moment, the coldness of this region of the house needed no further explanation. "Yes, we have a furnace, but we don't use it," the young woman had said; and she now opened the door of the furnace room, not very wide, for a glance inside: enough. Drawing back quickly, Georgia acknowledged the good sense of not making free with that sort of furnace. The huge unvarying roar it made, and the mere slit of a glimpse of its Bessemer-blazing fires, put it right out of the comfort category. Better be a little on the chilly side than try hooking vents and filters and fiddly little thermostats onto an engine of that kind. It was not domestic. Its connections were deeper. No wonder the air down here was so calm and clear!

A Lover and His Lass

• •

When the young tenant showed her the big, unoccupied room at the end of the hall, Georgia's spirits expanded to fit it at once. It was like a ballroom, with its long, clean floor, unencumbered. A place to dance or to work, a big, clear workroom. Gratitude to the young women for leaving this best room free emboldened Georgia to ask what she had already been told but had not, as they say, caught (she never did catch names)—that is, her tenant's name. It was Ann, and Georgia was pleased with herself for having had the courage to ask it, since she liked both the name and its owner.

But, interrupting pleasure, a door at the end of the hall to the left of the big room opened, and from outside, from the garden, it must be, how odd, came a woman of middle age, of middle size, and of unmistakably mediocre quality. She and her husband, as she announced without explanation or apology, occupied that bedroom there, down the hall from the furnace room, across from the girls' rooms. Her husband was asleep in bed, and she wasn't going to have anybody disturbing him. It was their room and none of Georgia's business.

Three quiet, responsible young women in the basement is one thing; a middle-aged couple one of whom is abrasive and the other in bed is quite another. Georgia was annoyed. Annoyance grew to outrage with a glimpse, behind the woman's belligerent yet furtive figure, of a stuffy room smelling of bedclothes and jam-full of cruets and frames and fringes, things that might very well have been stolen from upstairs. "I don't think you can stay," she said to the woman, who responded with argument, demand, and threat. "I shall call our lawyer," said Georgia in a huff, "and have you sued for arrears of rent!"

That was a triumph. An incontestable triumph: in a huff in a strange basement, to come up with a killer phrase like "arrears of rent"! The disagreeable woman withdrew in defeat (into the contested room, to be sure), and Georgia turned back to Ann, back to the long, light workroom full of air and promise. The notion of stolen goods had reminded her of something, and she felt that Ann—particularly in contrast to the other woman—could be trusted.

She explained that early last summer, a day or so before leaving for a long vacation, she had put away the silver teaspoons. These were a bizarre but endearing lot of about twenty Victorian souvenir spoons collected by her maternal grandmother, the only family teaspoons to have survived such vicissitudes as the San Francisco earthquake of 1906 and the summer tenant during the Depression who absconded with the plate. The teaspoons were not only useful but now, given the exalted price of silver, quite valuable; and so she had hidden them, so as not to worry about them over the summer. On returning in August, she discovered that in the last-minute flurry of cleaning out and packing up she had put them away only too well, and hidden them indeed. Attic footlockers, basement shelves, kitchen recesses, all the closets had been ransacked at intervals for weeks. The spoons remained inaccessible to burglar and owner alike. "I didn't," Georgia now said, knowing it to be impossible, and yet all things may be possible, may they not, in the basement you didn't know was there, "I didn't put those spoons down here somewhere, did I?"

Young Ann shook her head. She knew the spoons were not there. If she also knew where they were, though she looked regretful, she did not say. Only later did it occur to Georgia that her silence might be taken to mean that the house had, at long last, completed its transaction.

—URSULA K. LE GUIN

•

Progress: How will the handgun ban ordinance be enforced?

Murphy: "It will be enforced just like any other ordinance. Our officers will take appropriate actions to confiscate illegal handguns.

"We're not going out to search every house in San Francisco. We're not going to get search warrants and randomly search houses. It will be enforced in an appropriate and capricious manner."—*San Francisco Progress.*

That's what we're afraid of.

THIRD MONDAY

RUBY watches Linda exclaiming over a bib, then a terry-cloth sleeper. It is an amazing baby shower because Linda is thirty-seven and unmarried. Ruby admires her independence. Linda even refused to marry the baby's father, a man from out of town who had promised to get Linda a laundromat franchise. It turned out that he didn't own any laundromats; he was only trying to impress her. Linda doesn't know where he is now. Maybe Nashville.

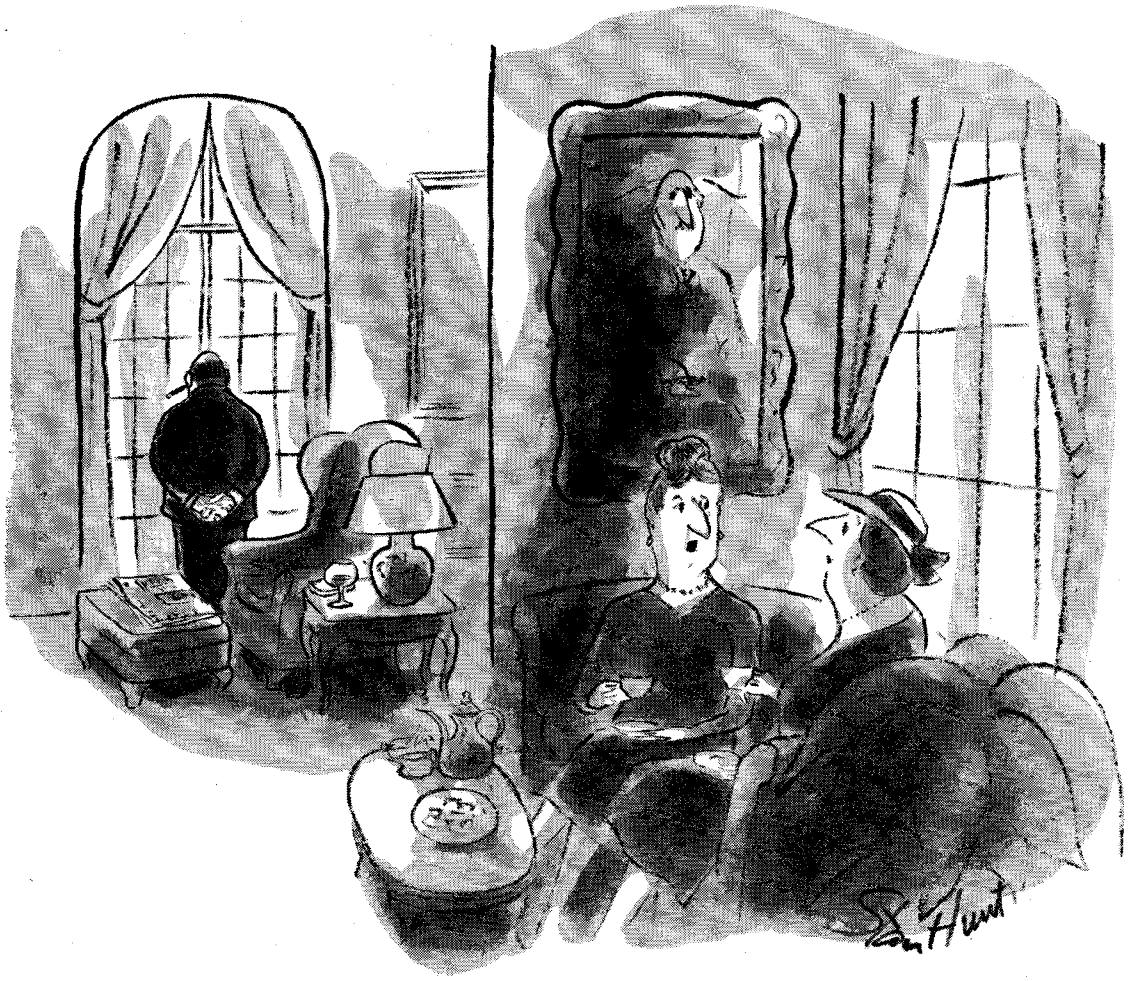
Linda smiles at a large bakery cake with pink decorations and the message "WELCOME, HOLLY!" "I'm glad I know it's going to be a girl," she says. "But in a way it's like knowing ahead of time what you're going to get for Christmas."

"The twentieth century's taking all the mysteries out of life," says Ruby breezily.

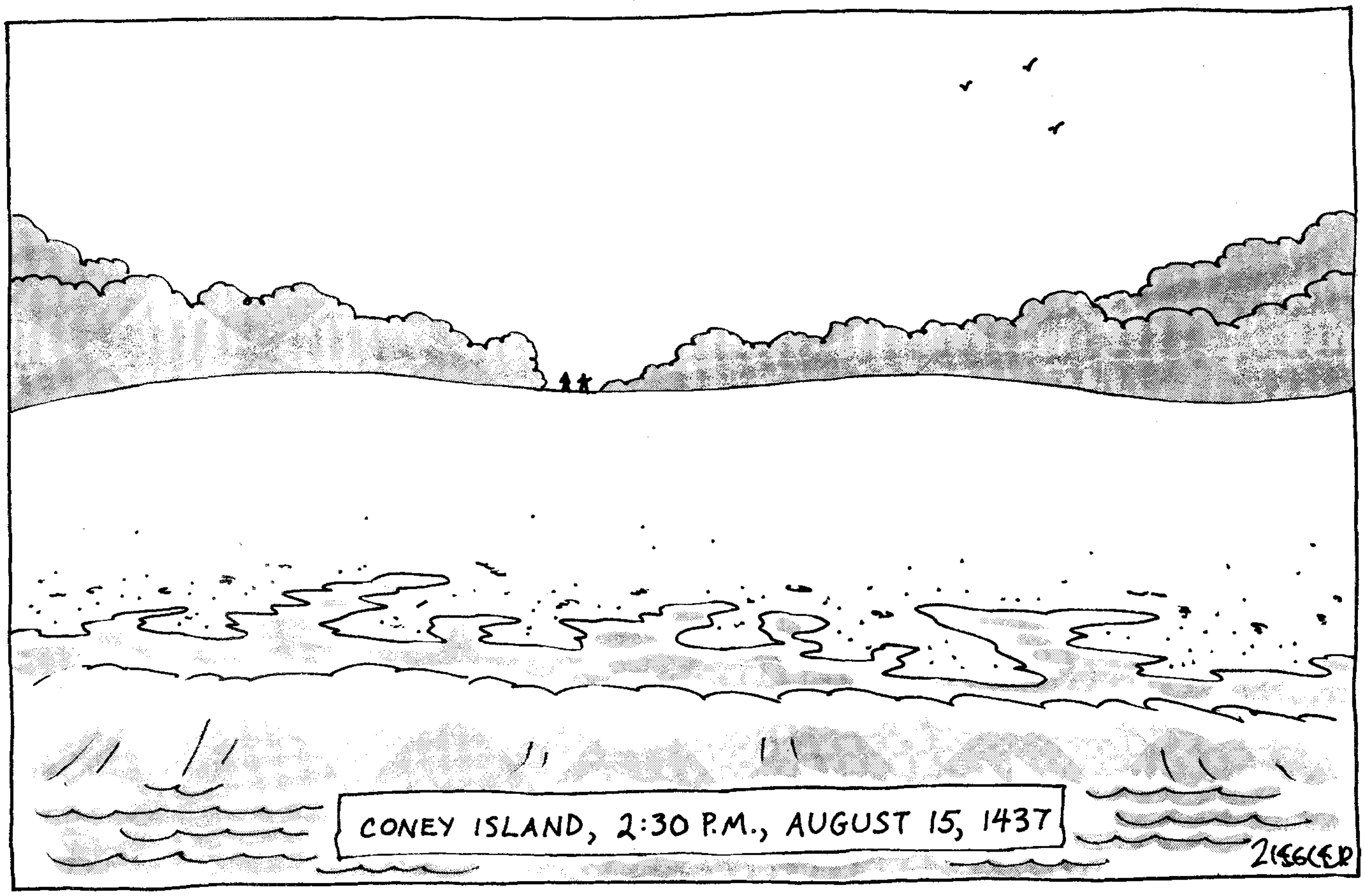
Ruby is as much a guest of honor here as Linda is. Betty Lewis brings Ruby's cake and ice cream to her and makes sure she has a comfortable chair. Ever since Ruby had a mastectomy, Betty and Linda and the other women on her bowling team have been awed by her. They praise her bravery and her sense of humor. Just before she had the operation, they suddenly brimmed over with inspiring tales about women who had had successful mastectomies. They reminded her about Betty Ford and Happy Rockefeller. Happy . . . Everyone is happy now. Linda looks happy because Nancy Featherstone has taken all the ribbons from the presents and threaded them through holes in a paper plate to fashion a funny bridal bouquet. Nancy, who is artistic, explains that this is a tradition at showers. Linda is pleased. She twirls the bouquet, and the ends of the ribbons dangle like tentacles on a jellyfish.

After Ruby found the lump in her breast, the doctor recommended a Xeromammogram. In an X-ray room, she hugged a Styrofoam basketball hanging from a metal cone and stared at the two lights overhead. The technician, a frail man in plaid pants and a smock, flipped a switch and left the room. The machine hummed. He took several X-rays, like a photographer shooting various poses of a model, and used his hands to position her, making Ruby think of someone measuring the height of a horse. "My guide light is out," he explained. Ruby lay on her back with her breasts flattened out, and the technician slid an X-ray plate into the drawer beneath the table. He tilted her hip and propped it against a cushion. "I have to repeat that last one," he said. "The angle was wrong." He told her not to breathe. The machine buzzed. After she was dressed, he showed her the X-rays, which were printed on Xerox paper. Ruby looked for the lump in the squiggly lines, which resembled a rainfall map in a geography book. The outline of her breast was lovely—a lilting, soft curve. The technician would not comment on what he saw in the pictures. "Let the radiologist interpret them," he said with a peculiar smile. "He's our chief tea-leaf reader." Ruby told the women in her bowling club that she had had her breasts Xeroxed.

THE man she cares about does not know. She has been out of the hospital for a week, and in ten days he will be in town again. She wonders whether he will be disgusted and treat her as though she had been raped, his property violated. According to an article she read, this is what to expect. But Buddy is not that kind of man, and she is not his property. She sees him only once a month. He could have a wife somewhere, or other girlfriends, but she doesn't believe that. He promised to take her home with him the



"Hastings has sent President Reagan notice that he has personally withdrawn from the North Atlantic Treaty Organization."



• •

next time he came to western Kentucky. He lives far away, in east Tennessee, and he travels the flea-market circuit, trading hunting dogs and pocket knives. She met him at the fairgrounds at Third Monday, the flea market held on the third Monday of each month. Ruby had first gone there with Janice Leggett on a day off from work to look for some Depression Glass to match Janice's sugar bowl. Ruby lingered in the oak grove, a fringe of trees near the highway, where hundreds of dogs were whining and barking, while Janice wandered ahead to the tables of figurines and old dishes. Ruby intended to catch up with Janice shortly, but she became absorbed in the dogs. Their mournful eyes and pitiful yelps made her sad. When she was a child, her dog had been accidentally locked in the corncrib and died of heat exhaustion. She was aware of a man watching her watching the dogs. He wore a billed cap that shaded his sharp eyes like an awning. His blue jacket said "HEART VALLEY COON CLUB" on the back, in gold-embroidered stitching. His red shirt had pearl snaps, and his jeans were creased, as though a woman had ironed them. He grabbed Ruby's arm suddenly and said, "What are you staring at, little lady! Have you got something treed?"

He was Buddy Landon, and he tried to sell her a hunting dog. He seemed perfectly serious. Did she want a coon hound or a bird dog? The thing wrong with bird dogs was that they liked to run so much that they often strayed, he said. He recommended the Georgia redbone hound for intelligence and patience. "The redbone can jump and tree, but he doesn't bark too much," he said. "He don't cry wolf on you and he's a good fighter."

"What do I need a coon dog for?" said Ruby, wishing he had a good answer.

"You must be after a bird dog then," he said. "Do you prefer hunting ducks or wild geese? I had some hounds that led me on a wild-goose chase one time after an old wildcat. That thing led us over half of Kentucky. That sucker never *would* climb a tree! He wore my dogs out." He whooped and clapped his hands.

There were eight empty dog crates in the back of his pickup, and he had chained the dogs to a line between two trees. Ruby approached them cautiously, and they all leaped into the air before their chains jerked them back.

"That little beagle there's the best in the field," Buddy said to a man in a blue cap who had sidled up beside them.

"What kind of voice has he got?" the man said.

"It's music to your ears!"

"I don't need a rabbit dog," the man said. "I don't even have any rabbits left in my fields. I need me a good coon dog."

"This black-and-tan's ambitious," said Buddy, patting a black spot on a dog's head. The spot was like a little beanie. "His mama and daddy were both ambitious, and *he's* ambitious. This dog won't run trash."

"What's trash?" Ruby asked.

"Skunk. Possum," Buddy explained.

"I've only knowed two women in my life that I could get out coon hunting," the man in the blue cap said.

"This lady claims she wants a bird dog, but I think I can make a coon hunter out of her," said Buddy, grinning at Ruby.

The man walked away, hunched

over a cigarette he was lighting, and Buddy Landon started to sing "You ain't nothing but a hound dog." He said to Ruby, "I could have been Elvis Presley. But thank God I wasn't. Look what happened to him. Got fat and died.'' He sang, " 'Cryin' all the time. Well, you ain't never caught a rabbit. . . .' I love dogs. But I tell you one thing. I'd never let a dog in the house. You know why? It would get too tame and forget its job. Don't forget, a dog is a dog."

Buddy took Ruby by the elbow and steered her through the fairgrounds, guiding her past tables of old plastic toys and kitchen utensils. "Junk," he said. He bought Ruby a Coke in a can, and then he bought some sweet corn from a farmer. "I'm going to have me some roastin' ears tonight," he said.

"I hear your dogs calling for you," said Ruby, listening to the distant bugle voices of the beagles.

"They love me. Stick around and you'll love me, too."

"What makes you think you're so cute?" said Ruby. "What makes you think I need a dog?"

He answered her questions with a flirtatious grin. His belt had a large silver buckle with a floppy-eared dog's head engraved on it. His hands were thick and strong, with margins of dirt under his large, flat nails. Ruby liked his mustache and the way his chin and the bill of his cap seemed to yearn toward each other.

"How much do you want for that speckled hound dog?" she asked him.

He brought the sweet corn and some steaks to her house that evening. By then, the shucks on the corn were wilting. Ruby grilled the steaks and boiled the ears of corn while Buddy unloaded the dogs from his pickup. He tied them to her clothesline and fed and watered them. The pickup truck in Ruby's driveway seemed as startling as the sight of the "Action News" TV van would have been. She hoped her neighbors would notice. She could have a man there if she wanted to.

After supper, Buddy gave the dogs the leftover bones and steak fat. Leaping and snapping, they snatched at the scraps, but Buddy snarled back at them and made them cringe. "You have to let them know who's boss," he called to Ruby, who was looking on admiringly from the back porch. It was like watching a group of people playing a game of "May I?"

Later, Buddy brought his sleeping roll in from the truck and settled in the living room, and Ruby did not resist when he came into her bedroom and said he couldn't sleep. She thought her timing was appropriate; she had recently bought a double bed. They talked until late in the night, and he told her hunting stories, still pretending that she was interested in acquiring a hunting dog. She pretended she was, too, and asked him dozens of questions. He said he traded things—anything he could make a nickel from: retreaded tires, cars, old milk cans and cream separators. He was fond of the dogs he raised and trained, but it did not hurt him to sell them. There were always more dogs.

"Loving a dog is like trying to love the Mississippi River," he said. "It's always shifting and changing color and sound and course, but it's just the same old river."

TRANSMIGRATION

When your bones go
loose and light as a deck chair
and you raise a rickety
blue pavilion over yourself,

beginning to see from above
how a breeze
ignites marsh grass every which way
to new greens,

at first fear will set you down
in the tip of an oak,
your new feet gripping.
Wait. Let instinct assure you
you look like only another
piece of sky between ragged trees.

So this is it.
Who would believe,
this late, this century? . . .

You were running the low tide—
a man in mid-life
trying to shake off a pelt
built of too many
trips to too many troughs,
rightly accusing yourself
of having sat out easy rains.

Printing the glacial till
back of Egg Island,
threading pincer movements
of tide, making gulls thrash
water to light, you were
changed in a battering
wink of their wingstorm.

Put everything away.
As if this tree could suddenly
haul in branches and leaves,
you can take in your new wings,
becoming all trunk,
a long-necked sapling
up to the sun.

Then one white stump, crouch
and spring, arms wagging
a quick blue semaphore,
going away until, flat out on air,
that looseness again,
the lattice of bones sliding
above sinews of creeks.

What are you, a soul?
It seems easy to push
earth off and be a diver
exempt from gravity, to flap out
above hay wastes and revolve till
the airport runway could be
a dropped paper clip,

or to glide, a shadow across
hogbacks, for the first time
seeing the art of tractors,
and ocean at practice whittling sandspits,
piling silt like reflected cumulus.

And those ponds back of town,
stations of glacial water
worked by an underworld of
shifting twilights,
permanently cold because
they were shed from the ice cap's
orphaned bergs: Little Duck,

a mirage through pines,
where you found the wild wintergreen
and kept a leaf on your tongue,

• •

wishing for deer all the way
to its white shore,

and Ryder, whose beach
you curled up on with one summer's girl
long ago, and woke to Billy Morna,
Old Man Newcomb, the whole road crew
staring over the bank
like kids around a barrel of strange fish—

though such memories are useless,
you find you can go there
and stand in the pale bole
of this new shape, indulging
your hunger for swimming food.

And when blue hollows
invite deeper blues, and marsh
takes on the aura of
undersea fields, last light
drops off the planet's
easy curve, though you rise
in juddering bones to keep it.

What's this? A voice up here?
Voices. Crackles of speech
as off a police radio,
some river of air alive with rage
tearing itself to froth.
Industrial sump, guggle of
money talk shot through
the redolence of a barbecue.

As you pass through the vowels
of love, scenting flowers
whose names now you will
never get straight, you know
you will come here often

for snatches of the inconsequential
that bind person to person
and day to day below,

where Main Street seems to be lifting
moonward, and headlights run
out a few capillary roads
among dunes grained
like the surface of old bones.
Veering, you scout for
a sour updraft of pond.

And, in the end, come to yourself
above roofs struggling unequally
out of leaves. Hearing bells
crosscut by rifts of wind
and an organ thin as a harmonica.

Lifted from that pattern,
you can't feel for what you trail
above familiar cars up Main Street,
Commercial, School Street,
arriving over Memorial Lawn,

and nothing you could say
to that veiled woman
and downcast kids would explain
this simple rightness of things.

The wind shifts and, as if
in a time lapse, maples begin
flaunting their reds. Arranging
the town off one wing, and sea,
squalling up, off the other,

you hang out on air until,
white, blue-white, yellow,
the cloud-pelted moon
drags up new stars, magnitudes
winking out of the portside dark.

—BRENDAN GALVIN

• •

Suddenly he asked Ruby, "Didn't you ever get married?"

"No."

"Don't it bother you?"

"No. What of it?" She wondered if he thought she was a lesbian.

He said, "You're too pretty and nice. I can't believe you never married."

"All the men around here are ignorant," she said. "I never wanted to marry any of them. Were you ever married?"

"Yeah. Once or twice is all. I didn't take to it."

LATER, in the hospital, on sodium pentothal, Ruby realized that she had about a hundred pictures of Clint Eastwood, her favorite actor, and none of Buddy. His indistinct face wavered in her memory as she rolled down a corridor on a narrow bed. He didn't have a picture of her, either. In a drawer somewhere she had a handful of prints of her high-school graduation picture, taken years ago. Ruby Jane MacPherson, in a beehive and a Peter Pan collar. She should remember to give him one for his billfold someday. She felt cautious around Buddy, she realized, the way she did in high school, when it had seemed so important to keep so many things hidden from boys. "Don't let your brother find your sanitary things," she could hear her mother saying.

In the recovery room, she slowly awoke at the end of a long dream, to blurred sounds and bright lights—gold and silver flashes moving past like fish—and a pain in her chest that she at first thought was a large bird with a hooked beak suckling her breast. The problem, she kept thinking, was that she was lying down, when in order to nurse the creature properly she ought to sit up. The mound of bandages mystified her.

"We didn't have to take very much," a nurse said. "The doctor didn't have to go way up under your arm."

Someone was squeezing her hand. She heard her mother telling someone, "They think they got it all."

A strange fat woman with orange hair was holding her hand. "You're just fine, sugar," she said.

When Ruby began meeting Buddy at the fairgrounds on Third Mondays, he always seemed to have a new set of dogs. One morning he traded two pocket knives for a black-and-tan coon hound with limp ears and star-struck eyes. By afternoon, he had made a profit of ten dollars, and the dog had shifted owners again without even getting a meal from Buddy. After a few months, Ruby lost track of all the different dogs. In a way, she realized, their identities did flow together like a river. She thought often of Buddy's remark about the Mississippi. He was like the river. She didn't even have an address for him, but he always showed up on Third Mondays and spent the night at her house. If he'd had a profitable day, he would take her to the Burger Chef or McDonald's. He never did the usual things, such as carry out her trash or open the truck door for her. If she were a smoker, he probably wouldn't light her cigarette.

Ruby liked his distance. He didn't act possessive. He called her up from Tennessee once to tell her he had bought a dog and named it Ruby. Then he sold the dog before he got back to town. When it was Ruby's birthday, he made nothing of that, but on another day at the fairgrounds he bought her a bracelet of Mexican silver from a wrinkled old black woman in a baseball cap who called everybody "darling." Her name was Gladys. Ruby loved the way Buddy got along with Gladys, teasing her about being his girlfriend.

"Me and Gladys go way back," he said, embracing the old woman flamboyantly.

"Don't believe anything this old boy tells you," said Gladys with a grin.

"Don't say I never gave you nothing," Buddy said to Ruby as he paid for the bracelet. He didn't fasten the bracelet on her wrist for her, just as he never opened the truck door for her.

The bracelet cost only three dollars, and Ruby wondered if it was authentic. "What's *Mexican* silver, anyway?" she asked.

"It's good," he said. "Gladys wouldn't cheat me."

Later, Ruby kept thinking of the old woman. Her merchandise was set out on the tailgate of her station wagon—odds and ends of carnival glass, some costume jewelry, and six Barbie dolls. On the ground she had several crates of banties and guineas and pigeons. Their intermingled coos and chirps made Ruby wonder if Gladys slept in her station wagon listening to the music of her birds, the way Buddy slept in his truck with his dogs.

The last time he'd come to town—the week before her operation—Ruby travelled with him to a place over in the Ozarks to buy some pit bull terriers. They drove several hours on interstates, and Buddy rambled on excitedly about the new dogs, as though there were something he could discover about the nature of dogs by owning a pit bull terrier. Ruby, who had travelled little, was intensely interested in the scenery, but she said, "If these are mountains, then I'm disappointed."

"You ought to see the Rockies," said Buddy knowingly. "Talk about mountains."

At a little grocery store, they asked for directions, and Buddy swigged on a Dr Pepper. Ruby had a Coke and a bag of pork rinds. Buddy paced around nervously outside, then unexpectedly slammed his drink bottle into the tilted crate of empties with such force that several bottles fell out and broke. At that moment, Ruby knew she probably was irrevocably in love with him, but she was afraid it was only because she needed someone. She wanted to love him for better reasons. She knew about the knot in her breast and had already scheduled the mammogram, but she didn't want to tell him. Her body made her angry, interfering that way, like a nosy neighbor.

They drove up a winding mountain road that changed to gravel, then to dirt. A bearded man without a shirt emerged from a house trailer and showed them a dozen dogs pacing in makeshift kennel runs. Ruby talked to the dogs while Buddy and the man hunkered down together under a persimmon tree. The dogs were squat and broad-shouldered, with squinty eyes. They were the same kind of dog the Little Rascals had in the movies. They hurled themselves against the shaky wire, and Ruby told them to hush. They looked at her with cocked heads. When Buddy finally crated up four dogs, the owner looked as though he would cry.

At a motel that night—the first time Ruby had ever stayed in a motel with a man—she felt that the knot in her breast had a presence of its own. Her awareness of it made it seem like a little energy source, like the radium dial of a watch glowing in the dark. Lying close to Buddy, she had the crazy feeling that it would burn a hole through him.

During the "Tonight Show," she massaged his back with baby oil, rubbing it in thoroughly, as if she were polishing a piece of fine furniture.

"Beat on me," he said. "Just like you were tenderizing steak."

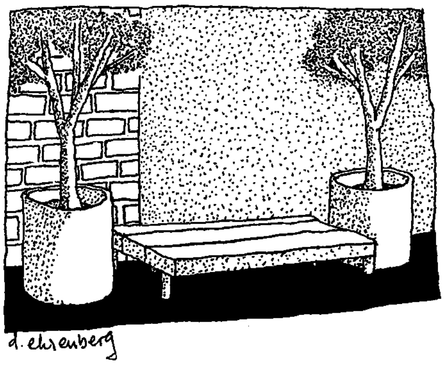
"Like this?" She pounded his hard muscles with the edge of her hand.

"That feels wonderful."

"Why are you so tensed up?"

"Just so I can get you to do this. Don't stop."

Ruby pummelled his shoulder with her fist. Outside, a dog barked. "That man you bought the dogs from looked so funny," she said. "I thought he was going to cry. He must have loved those dogs."



"He was just scared."

"How come?"

"He didn't want to get in trouble." Buddy raised up on an elbow and looked at her. "He was afraid I was going to use those dogs in a dogfight, and he didn't want to be traced."

"I thought they were hunting dogs."

"No. He trained them to fight." He grasped her hand and guided it to a spot on his back. "Right there. Work that place out for me." As Ruby rubbed in a hard circle with her knuckles, he said, "They're good, friendly dogs if they're treated right."

Buddy punched off the TV button and smoked a cigarette in the dark, lying with one arm under her shoulders. "You know what I'd like?" he said suddenly. "I'd like to build me a log cabin somewhere—off in the mountains maybe. Just a place for me and some dogs."

"Just you? I'd come with you if you went to the Rocky Mountains."

"How good are you at survival techniques?" he said. "Can you fish? Can you chop wood? Could you live without a purse?"

"I might could." Ruby smiled to herself at the thought.

"Women always have to have a lot of baggage along—placemats and teapots and stuff."

"I wouldn't."

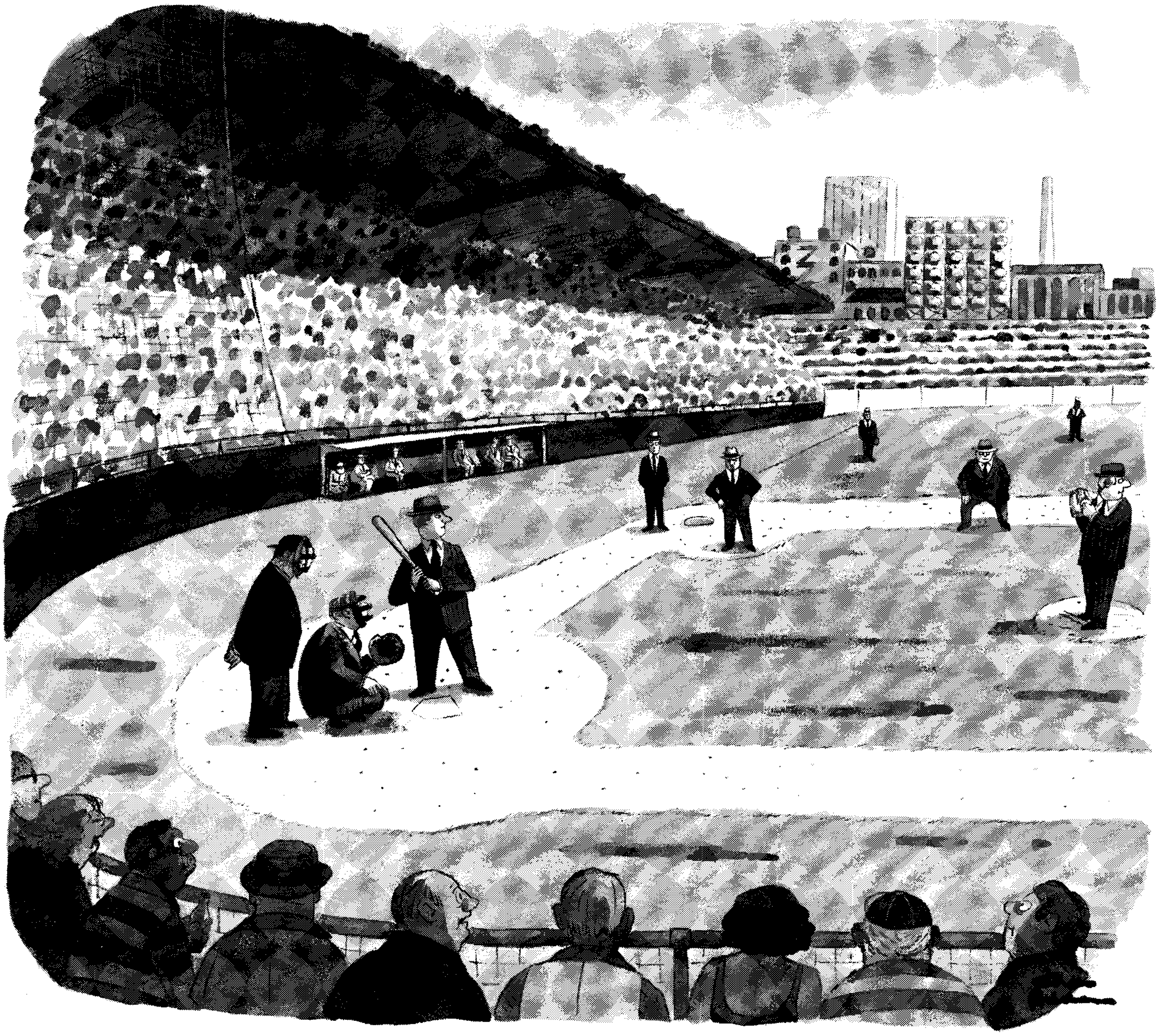
"You're funny."

"Not as funny as you." Ruby shifted her position. His hand under her was hurting her ribs.

"I'll tell you a story. Listen." He sounded suddenly confessional. He sat up and flicked sparks at the ashtray. He said, "My daddy died last year, and this old lady he married was just out to get what he had. He heired her two thousand dollars, and my sister and me were to get the homeplace—the house, the barn, and thirty acres of bottomland. But before he was cold in the ground she had stripped the place and sold every stick of furniture. Everything that was loose, she took."

"That's terrible."

"My sister sells Tupperware, and she was in somebody's house and she recognized the bedroom suit. She said, 'Don't I know that?' and this person



"The game's gotten too damn big-business, if you ask me."

• •

said, 'Why, yes, I believe that was your daddy's. I bought it at such-and-such auction.' "

"What an awful thing to do to your daddy!" Ruby said.

"He taught me everything I know about training dogs. I learned it from him and he picked it up from his daddy." Buddy jabbed his cigarette in the ashtray. "He knew everything there was to know about field dogs."

"I bet you don't have much to do with your stepmother now."

"She really showed her butt," he said with a bitter laugh. "But really it's my sister who's hurt. She wanted all those keepsakes. There was a lot of Mama's stuff. Listen, I see that kind of sorrow every day in my line of work—all those stupid, homeless dishes people trade at those trade days. People buy all that junk and decorate with it and think it means something."

"I don't do that," Ruby said.

"I don't keep anything. I don't want anything to remind me of *anything*."

Ruby sat up and tried to see him in the dark, but he was a shadowy form, like the strange little mountains she had seen outside at twilight. The new dogs were noisy—bawling and groaning fitfully. Ruby said, "Hey, you're not going to get them dogs to fight, are you?"

"Nope. But I'm not responsible for what anybody else wants to do. I'm just the middleman."

Buddy turned on the light to find his cigarettes. With relief, Ruby saw how familiar he was—his tanned, chunky arms, and the mustache under his nose like the brush on her vacuum cleaner. He was tame and gentle, like his best dogs. "They make good watch dogs," he said. "Listen at 'em!" He laughed like a man watching a funny movie.

"They must see the moon," Ruby said. She turned out the light and tiptoed across the scratchy carpet. Through a crack in the curtains she could see the dark humps of the hills against the pale sky, but it was cloudy and she could not see the moon.

EVERYTHING is round and full now, like the moon. Linda's belly. Bowling balls. On TV, Steve Martin does a comedy routine, a parody of the song "I Believe." He stands facing the camera and recites his beliefs. He says he doesn't believe a woman's breasts should be referred to derogatorily as jugs, or boobs, or Winnebagos. "You should only refer to them as hooters," he says solemnly. Winnebagos? Ruby wonders.

After the operation, she does everything left-handed. She has learned to extend her right arm and raise it slightly. Next, the doctors have told her, she will gradually reach higher and higher—an idea that thrills her, as though there were something tangible above her to reach for. It surprises her, too, to learn what her left hand has been missing. She feels like a newly blind person discovering the subtleties of sound.

Trying to sympathize with her, the women on her bowling team offer their confessions. Nancy has such severe monthly cramps that even the new miracle pills on the market don't work. Linda had a miscarriage when she was in high school. Betty admits her secret, something Ruby suspected anyway: Betty shaves her face every other morning, with a Lady Sunbeam. Her birth-control pills had stimulated facial hair. She stopped taking the pills years ago but still has the beard.

Ruby's mother calls these problems "female trouble." It is Mom's theory that Ruby injured her breasts by lifting too many heavy boxes in her job with a wholesale grocer. Several of her friends have tipped or fallen wombs caused by lifting heavy objects, Mom says.

"I don't see the connection," says Ruby. It hurts her chest when she laughs, and her mother looks offended. Mom, who has been keeping Ruby company in the afternoons since she came home from the hospital, today is making Ruby some curtains to match the new bedspread on her double bed.

"When you have a weakness, disease can take hold," Mom explains. "When you abuse the body, it shows up in all kinds of ways. And women just weren't built to do man's work. You were always so independent you ended up doing man's work and woman's work both."

"Let's not get into why I never married," says Ruby.

Mom's sewing is meticulous and definite, work that would burn about two calories an hour. She creases a hem with her thumb and folds the curtain neatly. Then she stands up and embraces Ruby carefully, favoring her daughter's right side. She says, "Honey, if there was such of a thing as a transplant, I'd give you one of mine."

"That's O.K., Mom. Your big hooters wouldn't fit me."

AT the bowling alley, Ruby watches while her team, Garrison Life Insurance, bowls against Thomas & Sons Plumbing. Her team is getting smacked.

"We're pitiful without you and Linda," Betty tells her. "Linda's got too big to bowl. I told her to come anyway and watch, but she wouldn't listen. I think maybe she *is* embarrassed to be seen in public, despite what she said."

"She doesn't give a damn what people think," says Ruby, as eight pins crash for Thomas & Sons. "Me neither," she adds, tilting her can of Coke.

"Did you hear she's getting a heavy-duty washer? She says a heavy-duty holds forty-five diapers."

Ruby lets a giggle escape. "She's not going to any more laundromats and get knocked up again."

"Are you still going with that guy you met at Third Monday?"

"I'll see him Monday. He's supposed to take me home with him to Tennessee, but the doctor said I can't go yet."

"I heard he didn't know about your operation," says Betty, giving her bowling ball a little hug.

Ruby takes a drink of Coke and belches. "He'll find out soon enough."

"Well, you stand your ground, Ruby

"They're a husband-and-wife team of party-killers."

Jane. If he can't love you for yourself, then to heck with him."

"But people always love each other for the wrong reasons!" Ruby says. "Don't you know that?"

Betty stands up, ignoring Ruby. It's her turn to bowl. She says, "Just be thankful, Ruby. I like the way you get out and go. Later on, bowling will be just the right thing to build back your strength."

"I can already reach to here," says Ruby, lifting her right hand to touch Betty's arm. Ruby smiles. Betty has five-o'clock shadow.

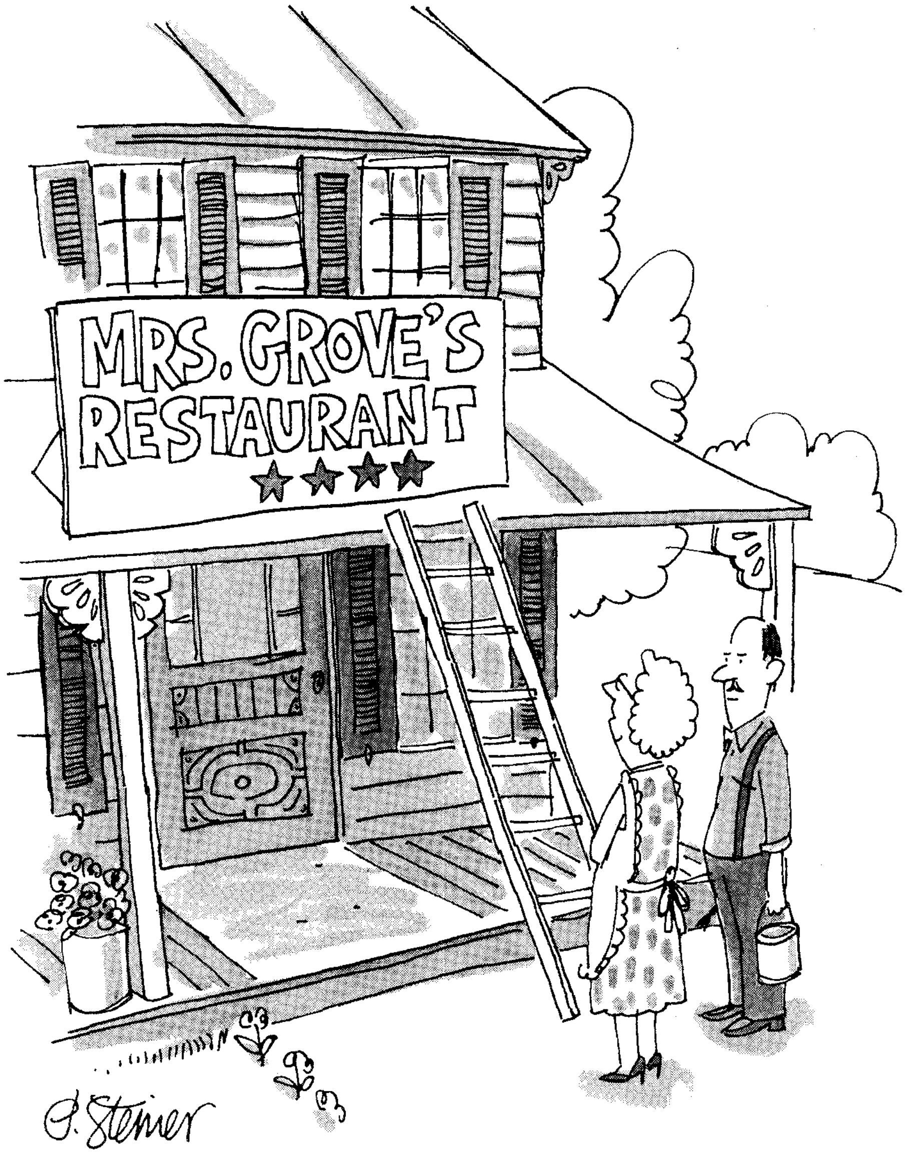
THE familiar crying of the dogs at Third Monday makes Ruby anxious and jumpy. They howl and yelp and jerk their chains—sound effects in a horror movie. As Ruby walks through the oak grove, the dogs lunge toward her, begging recognition. A black Lab in a tiny cage glares at her savagely. She notices dozens of blueticks and beagles, but she doesn't see Buddy's truck. As she hurries past some crates of ducks and rabbits and pullets, a man in overalls stops her. He is holding a pocket knife and, in one hand, an apple cut so precisely that the core is a perfect rectangle.

"I can't call your name," he says to her. "But I know I know you."

"I don't know *you*," says Ruby. Embarrassed, the man backs away.

The day is already growing hot. Ruby buys a Coke from a man with a washtub of ice and holds it with her right hand, testing the tension on her right side. The Coke seems extremely heavy. She lifts it to her lips with her left hand. Buddy's truck is not there.

Out in the sun, she browses through a box of *National Enquirers* and paperback romances, then wanders past tables of picture frames, clocks, quilts, dishes. The dishes are dirty and mismatched—odd plates and cups and gravy boats. There is nothing she would want. She skirts a truckload of shock absorbers. The heat is making her dizzy. She is still weak from her operation. "I wouldn't pay fifteen dollars for a corn sheller," someone says. The remark seems funny to Ruby, like something she might have heard on sodium pentothal. Then a man bumps into her with a wire basket containing two young gray cats. A short, dumpy woman shouts to her, "Don't listen to him. He's trying to sell you them cats. Who ever heard of buying cats?"



"Let's try one more star."

Gladys has rigged up a canvas canopy extending out from the back of her station wagon. She is sitting in an aluminum folding chair, with her hands crossed in her lap, looking cool. Ruby longs to confide in her. She seems to be a trusty fixture, something stable in the current, like a cypress stump.

"Buy some mushmelons, darling," says Gladys. Gladys is selling banties, Fiesta Ware, and mushmelons today.

"Mushmelons give me gas."

Gladys picks up a newspaper and fans her face. "Them seeds been in my family over a hundred years. We always saved the seed."

"Is that all the way back to slave times?"

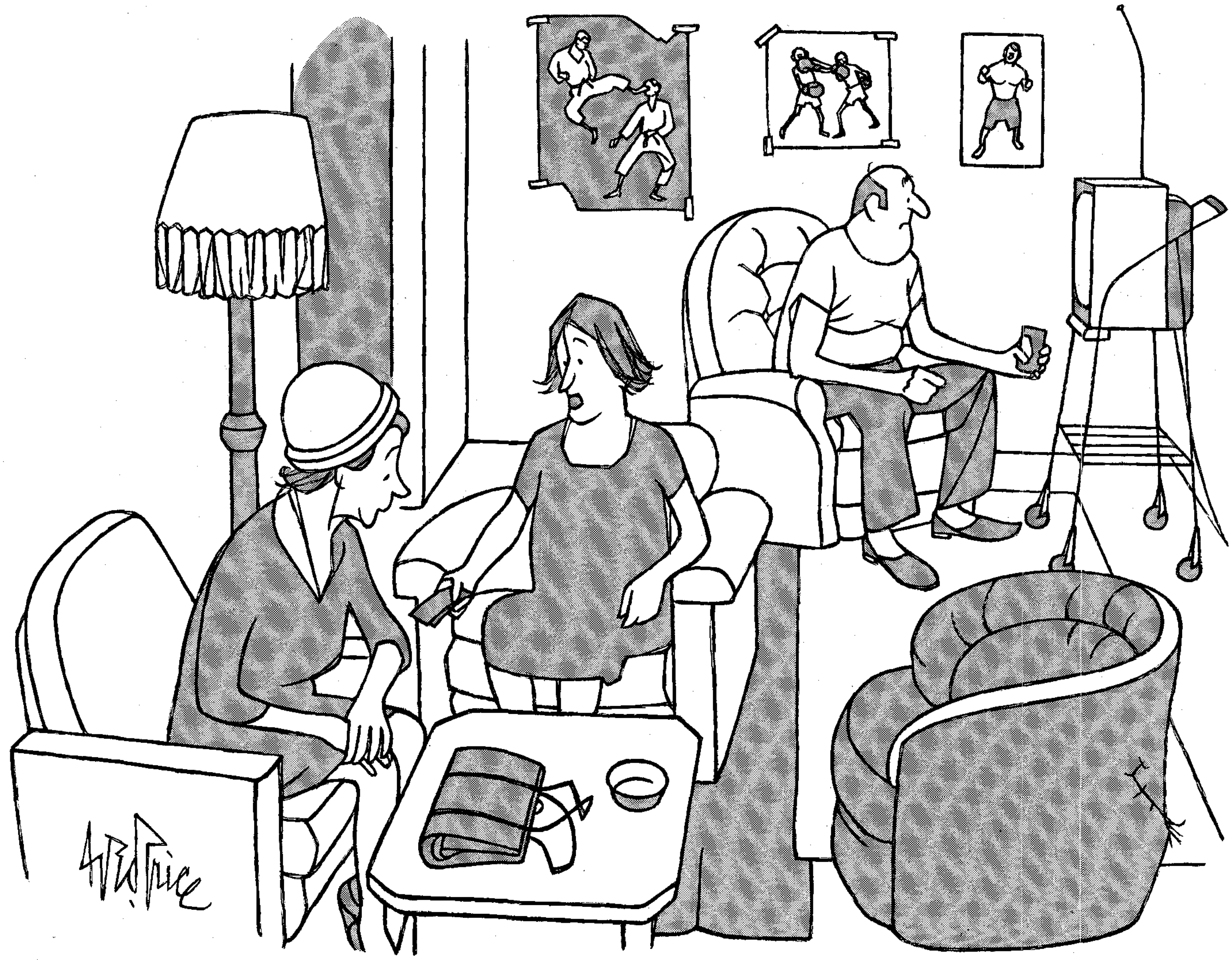
Gladys laughs as though Ruby has told a hilarious joke. "These here's my roots!" she says. "Honey, we's *in* slave times, if you ask me. Slave times ain't never gone out of style, if you know what I mean."

Ruby leans forward to catch the breeze from the woman's newspaper. She says, "Have you seen Buddy, the guy I run around with? He's usually here in a truck with a bunch of dogs?"

"That pretty boy that bought you that bracelet?"

"I was looking for him."

"Well, you better look hard, darling, if you want to find him. He got picked up over in Missouri for peddling a hot TV. They caught him on the spot. They'd been watching him. You don't believe me, but it's



"Our twenty-fifth anniversary and he comes up with two tickets to a demolition derby."

• •

true. Oh, honey, I'm sorry, but he'll be back! He'll be back!"

IN the waiting room at the clinic, the buzz of a tall floor fan sounds like a June bug on a screen door. The fan waves its head wildly from side to side. Ruby has an appointment for her checkup at three o'clock. She is afraid they will give her radiation treatments, or maybe even chemotherapy. No one is saying exactly what will happen next. But she expects to be baptized in a vat of chemicals, burning her skin and sizzling her hair. Ruby recalls an old comedy sketch, in which one of the Smothers Brothers fell into a vat of chocolate. Buddy Landon used to dunk his dogs in a tub of flea dip. She never saw him do it, but she pictures it in her mind—the stifling smell of Happy Jack Kennel Dip, the surprised dogs shaking themselves afterward, the rippling black water. It's not hard to imagine Buddy in a jail cell, either—thrashing around sleeplessly in a hard bunk, reaching over to squash a cigarette butt on the concrete floor—but the image is so inappropriate it is like something from a bad dream. Ruby keeps imagining different scenes in which he comes back to town and they take off for the Rocky Mountains together. Everyone has always said she had imagination—imagination and a sense of humor.

A pudgy man with fat fists and thick lips sits next to her on the bench at the clinic, humming. With him is a woman in a peach-colored pants suit, and with tight white curls. The man grins and points to a child across the room. "That's my baby," he says to Ruby. The little girl, squealing with joy, is riding up and down on her mother's knee. The pudgy man says something unintelligible.

"He loves children," says the white-haired woman.

"My baby," he says, making a cradle with his arms and rocking them.

"He has to have those brain tests once a year," says the woman to Ruby in a confidential whisper.

The man picks up a magazine and says, "This is my baby." He hugs the magazine and rocks it in his arms. His broad smile curves like the crescent phase of the moon.

—BOBBIE ANN MASON

•

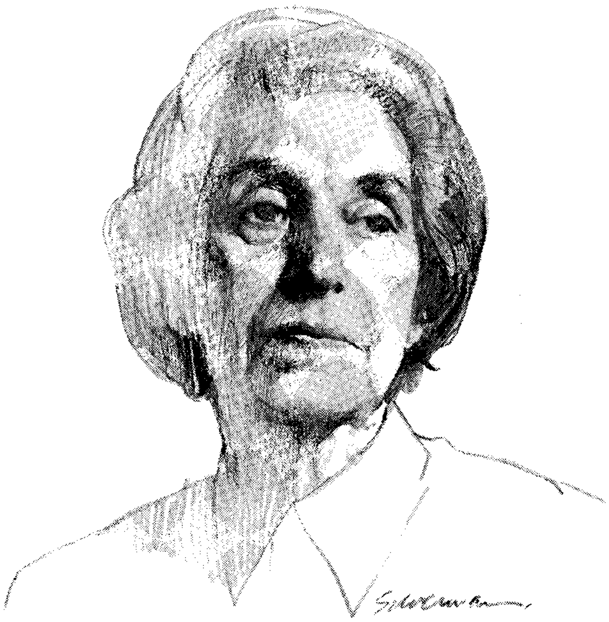
MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Edina* (*Minn.*) *Sun*]

A note saying, "Put the money in a sack," was found July 15 at First Edina National Bank. Since it was not accompanied by a person, it was ignored.

PROFILES

IMPRINT



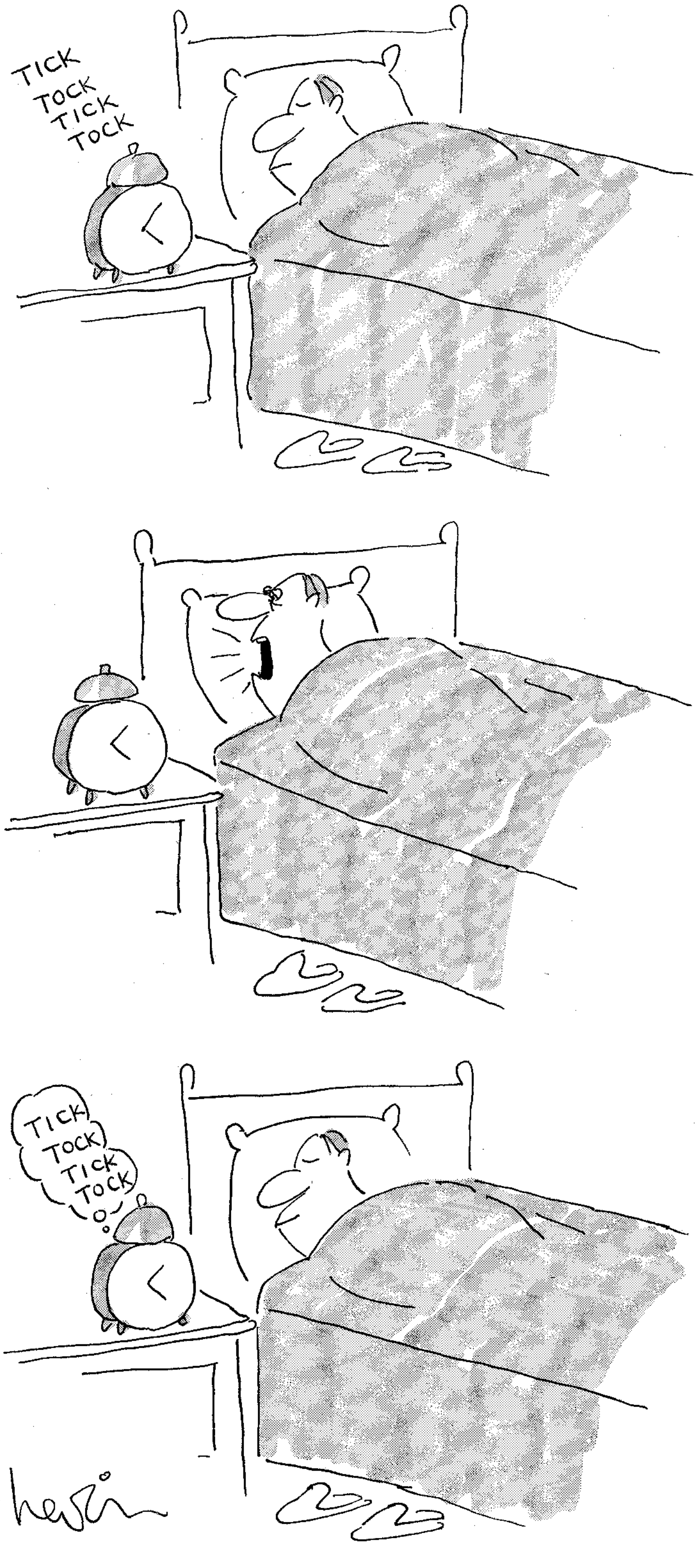
Helen Wolff

IN the middle of March, 1941, when German U-boats infested the North Atlantic, the Serpa Pinto, an 8,267-ton, twin-screw passenger and cargo ship that had been built in Belfast in 1915 for the Royal Mail Lines and later acquired by the Companhia Colonial de Navegação of Portugal, slowly steamed out of Lisbon, bound for New York. Her single funnel and two masts were festooned with lights—“We were lit up like a Christmas tree,” one passenger recently recalled—as a clear signal of neutrality while the ship crossed the contested seas. Even as the Serpa Pinto proceeded at her top speed, of fourteen knots, on this voyage, the American shipping lines closed down indefinitely their last remaining regular passenger service between Lisbon and New York. Their efforts to continue the run between Europe and the United States had been disapproved by the Maritime Commission in Washington because, according to newspaper reports, it was not considered desirable to send large ships into or near the war areas. Overloaded with six hundred and forty passengers, nearly half of whom had to sleep in makeshift bunks, the Serpa Pinto steamed westward, but, at the order of the British authorities, instead of going directly to New York she put into Bermuda. There, for three days, the passengers, who represented twenty-nine nationalities, were questioned and their belongings examined. On March 30th, a full two weeks after her departure from Lisbon, the Serpa Pinto finally docked at Pier 9, Stapleton, Staten Island.

Among the German passengers debarking were Kurt and Helen Wolff and their son, Christian, who had turned seven while the family waited in Lisbon for the small ship that would take them to New York. Kurt Wolff noted in his diary, “Landed at 10 A.M., beautiful, sunny day.” In retrospect, Helen Wolff described the voyage as “uneventful.” (On a similar trip after the United States entered the war, the Serpa Pinto was stopped by gunfire in mid-ocean and boarded by a German submarine commander; she was allowed to continue under a safe-conduct, because she flew the Portuguese flag.) The Wolffs had paid twenty-six hundred dollars for a tiny cabin, and the outlay for the precious berths had exhausted most of their funds. Each of the three carried only one suitcase. “I deliberately packed the kind of clothes that one would need in a concentration camp,” Mrs. Wolff has recalled, “including overalls and sturdy boots for my husband, our son, and myself. We were absolutely sure that sooner or later America would join the war against Hitler and we would become enemy aliens.”

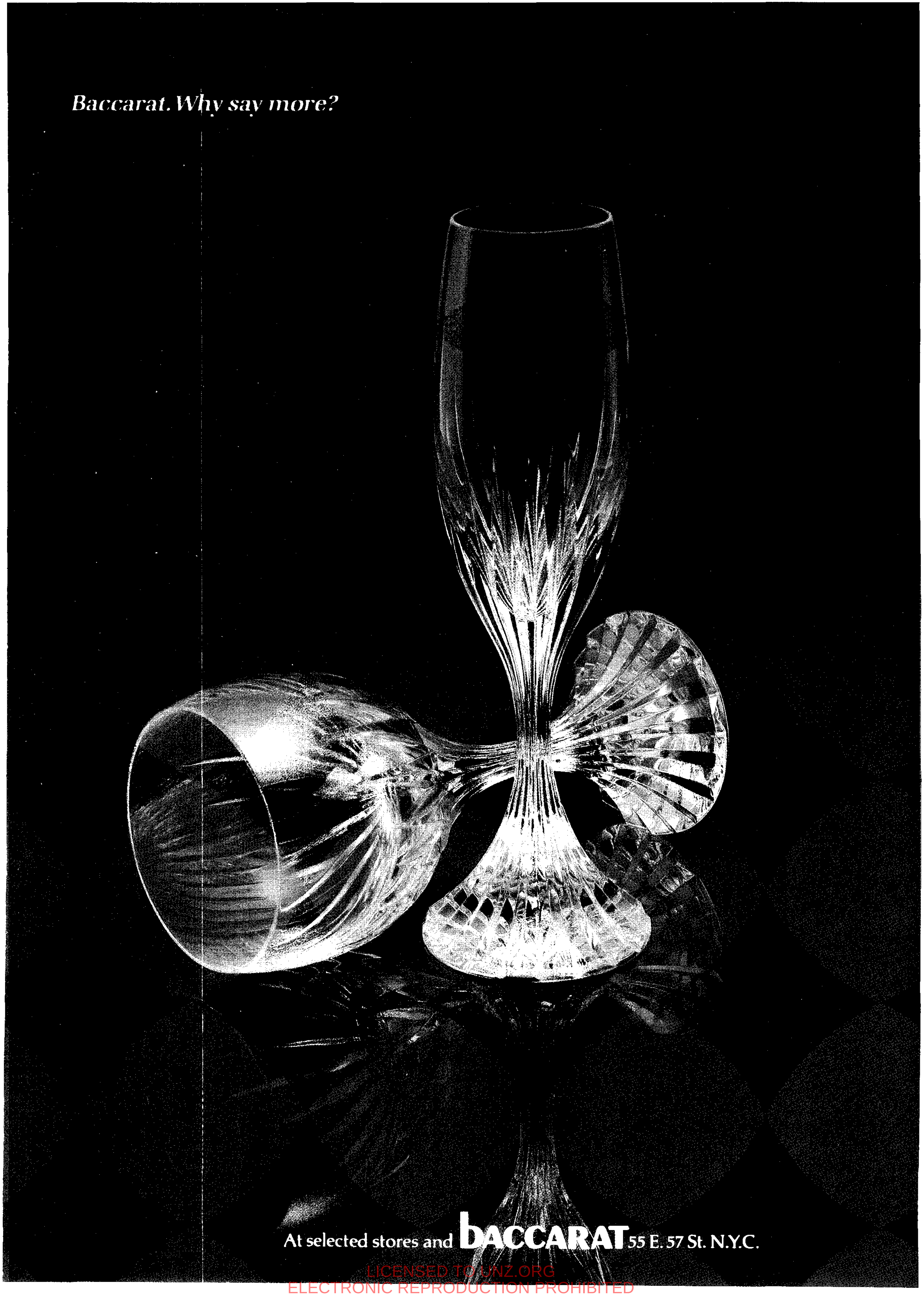
The main baggage that the Wolffs carried to the United States was in their minds; eventually, their skill and experience as publishers of European writers increased the flow of literature across the Atlantic and transformed the nature of publishing in this country. In the year following the Wolffs’ arrival here—while they were, in fact, classified as enemy aliens and burdened by wartime restrictions—Kurt Wolff established Pantheon Books, which continues today as a division of Random House. Their imprint, “A Helen and Kurt Wolff Book,” was created in 1961 to mark a separate, independent editorial entity within a major publishing house—Harcourt, Brace—and this innovation has since been copied at a number of other houses. For more than half the twentieth century—until his death, in a traffic accident, in 1963—Kurt Wolff was a pioneering force in European and American letters, and for nearly two decades now Helen Wolff has carried on the imprint alone. She retains her husband’s name on the books she produces, but even when he was alive her name had appeared first, to distinguish the imprint from “Kurt Wolff Verlag,” which had become well known in publishing and library circles around the world—as it still is. Today, she occupies an office at Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, on Third Avenue, and lives in a comfortable apartment in Turtle Bay, just a short walk away. During a recent series of visits I paid her there, Mrs. Wolff, a gray-haired, handsome woman, who speaks in well-formed, carefully edited sentences that occasionally search for *mots justes* in French, Italian, or German, told me, “I never felt that I was in my husband’s shadow; I always felt that I was in his light.”

Kurt Wolff started out as a publisher in 1912, in his native Germany, with Ernst Rowohlt Verlag, of Leipzig; he quickly recognized that the publishing of fine art books, the latest expression in literature, and translations of modern works as well as classics could not be limited by national boundaries. Eventually, he brought out works by Heinrich Mann, Franz Werfel, Romain Rolland, Rabindranath Tagore, Max Brod, and Franz Kafka; going farther afield, he published Maxim Gorky, Anton Chekhov, and Sinclair Lewis. (In a letter to his New York publishers, Alfred Harcourt and Donald Brace, Lewis wrote, “Wolff strikes me as being one of the most intelligent and promising publishers I have ever met, and I shall be glad if it is possible to make an agreement with him for ‘Arrowsmith.’ ” An agreement was reached, and later Wolff published other novels by Lewis, too.) In prewar Germany, Kurt Wolff Verlag became the literary center of the new movement called Expressionism, which attracted the angry young writers and artists of the era who wanted their words and images to break with the past and inspire reforms.



Wolff was Kafka's first publisher. During a visit to Leipzig in 1912, Brod had shown Wolff and Ernst Rowohlt, then Wolff's partner, specimens of Kafka's writings, and these and additional pieces formed what became "Meditation." In 1913, when Wolff established his own firm, he wrote to Kafka in Prague: "Herr Franz Werfel has told me so much about your new novella—is it not 'Die Wanze' ["The Metamorphosis"]?—that I'd like very much to read it. Would you send it to me?" Wolff ultimately published most of Kafka's books. Each respected the other's talents. The self-deprecating Kafka once said, on taking leave of Wolff at the Leipzig railway station, "I would be much more grateful if you would send me back the manuscript [of "The Metamorphosis"] than if you published it." After delays, "The Metamorphosis" was published in 1915. Two years later, Kafka wrote, "I do hope that you, dear Herr Wolff, will not quite desert me, provided, of course, that I halfway deserve your kindness. In the face of all the uncertainties of the present and the future, a word from you at this point would mean so much to me." Wolff replied, on August 1, 1917, "Most sincerely and most gladly I declare my readiness to give you, now as well as after the war, continuous material support." Such respect for the quirks of the creative process, assurances of personal regard, and practical advice concerning the details of publishing consistently characterized Kurt Wolff's relationship with his authors. That tradition has been carried on by Helen Wolff. To her, the high reputation of Kurt Wolff Verlag, and its successors in this country, represents not a burden but a warrant of faithful publishing. Mrs. Wolff is now a historic figure in her own right, bringing out books by authors who worked with her husband as well as authors of her own choosing. Her way of working relies not on a formula but on an approach. "I like to publish authors, not just books," she told me. "I don't like to take a book as a single entity. One finds an author who has an exceptional talent, and then builds him up, little by little." She does not have to add that her viewpoint is uncommon in today's mercurial marketplace.

The Wolff imprint operates in marked contrast to commonplace book publishing in the nineteen-eighties. Because of mergers and acquisitions by conglomerates, many once independent houses have lost their individuality and their daring. Group vice-presidents, mainly from the marketing or administrative ranks, dictate to publishers and eventually to editors which books they ought to bring out and promote, and which they ought to bury, in order to meet three- or five-year profit projections. This is done not crudely, by singling out specific titles, but, rather, through the indirect and far more sweeping message of the bottom line. As a result, economic self-censorship in the publishing houses, and a consequent lowering of literary standards in selection, has caused mediocrity to float on the best-seller lists. Influential agents, lawyer-agents, and in-house marketing men play a large part in determining what gets into print; books by the most commercially adept authors are encouraged and receive the promotional attention and budgets. The mass-market-paperback houses are also very influential in the hardcover houses' editorial decisions. In fact, some of the popular authors sell their rights to the paperback houses first, and these houses lay off books on the hardcover houses, which are only too happy to become partners in such presold package deals. In addition, most of the major paperback


Baccarat. Why say more?
At selected stores and BACCARAT 55 E. 57 St. N.Y.C.

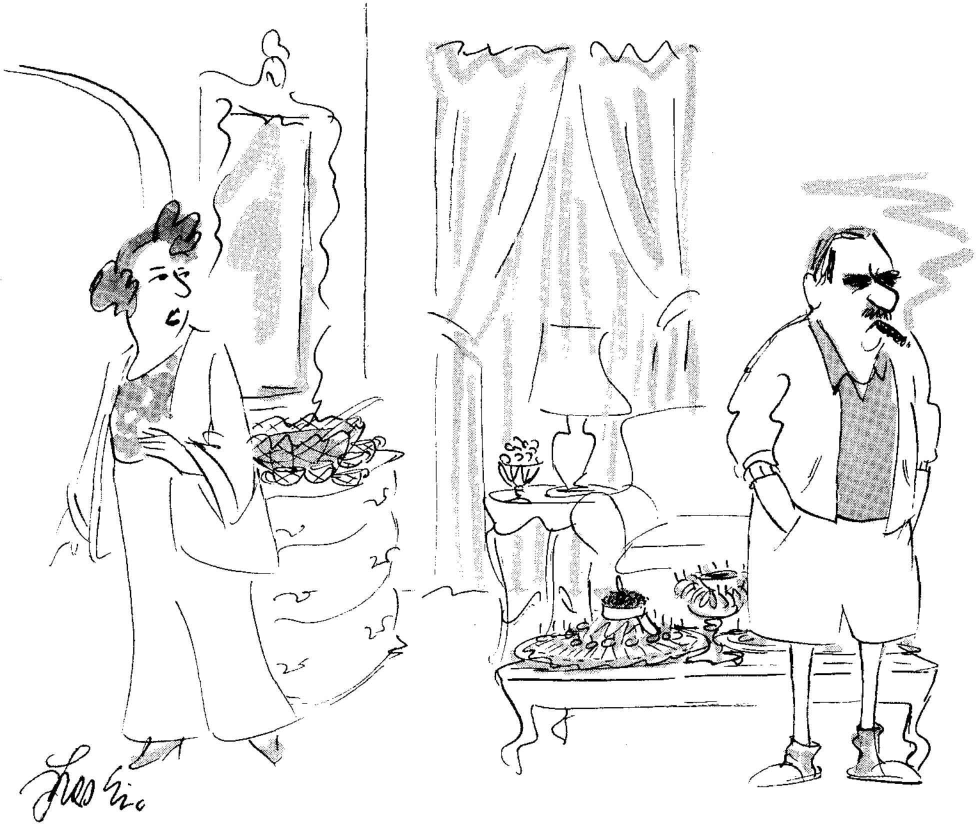
houses have their own hardcover imprints, to bring out titles designed to go after the big numbers. All these practices have caused turbulence in publishing houses, but the conglomerate influence, especially, has been deplored by the Authors Guild. Regularly, editors who have bought manuscripts are gone by the time the books are produced, having been replaced by new editors or by executives unwilling to promote someone else's guesses about what will make it in the marketplace. Acquisitions editors who bring in commercial winners are far better paid and respected than old-fashioned line editors who have the ability to improve manuscripts with their minds and pencils. There are still, of course, some dedicated editors and publishers, who fight for their books and authors, but the struggle against the commercial powers is an unequal one. Opposing this normal state of affairs, Helen Wolff is exceptional—a symbol of another standard of publishing.

"My husband and I were of a different generation," Mrs. Wolff says. "He was better educated and evidently had more leisure, which is necessary to get a certain cultivation. In some ways, we grew up in a far more stable period. We sought authors whose works would last, and some became popular successes, too. You can fall in love with people's minds the same way you can fall in love with people's bodies. Of course, at my age"—she laughed—"it is safer to fall in love with people's minds. You know, I see myself mainly as a practical woman, not a great intellect or anything of that kind. With books, this means putting the necessary effort into the various phases of publishing—presenting the books in such a way that people who pick them up will have an idea of what they are holding in their hands. It requires a special effort to put European authors on the map here, but it takes a special effort for the reader, too. Very often, I feel that I am swimming against the stream." If so, her authors prefer to join her in that strenuous endeavor, rarely leaving to go to another house. They include, among others, Günter Grass and Jurek Becker, of Germany; Giorgio Bassani and Italo Calvino, of Italy, and Leonardo Sciascia, of Sicily; Georges Simenon, the Belgian who lives in Switzerland and has set most of his stories in France; Jorge Semprun, of Spain; Stanislaw Lem, of Poland; George Konrád, of Hungary; Max Frisch, of Switzerland; and Amos Oz, of Israel.

GORDON'S
GORDON'S
DISTILLED
LONDON DRY
GIN

100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 80 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO. LTD., LINDEN, N.J.

It's crystal-clear.
It's a bit more expensive, but for a crisp Gin & Tonic,
the world comes to Gordon's®



"I'll get the door while you put on your company manners."

• •

Her best-known American author is Anne Morrow Lindbergh.

Over the years, I have encountered most of these writers abroad or in Mrs. Wolff's office or apartment, and I recently asked several of them to define their present relationship with her. A common thread or two ran through their responses: awareness that their novels or short stories required careful translation, and that Mrs. Wolff's knowledge of languages insured the integrity of their meanings; and trust in the editorial imprint "A Helen and Kurt Wolff Book." None of them ever mentioned advances, royalties, subsidiary rights, or deals as reasons for switching their allegiance from other houses or for remaining with her from the start.

Italo Calvino, the author of "Invisible Cities," "Cosmicomics," and "Italian Folktales," said how impressed he was when, a few years ago, he came across a first edition of Kafka's "The Metamorphosis," published by Kurt Wolff Verlag. Calvino's books have been brought out by Helen Wolff since the late nineteen-sixties. "Before, some translations of my work had been published in the United States and not badly received, but it was only since the moment I made my appearance under the Wolff flag that American literary people paid special attention to my books," he continued. "The most important thing for me is Helen's extraordinary editorial care. I met her personally for the first time in New York, in 1975. She speaks Italian to me and I speak English to her, and we do the same when we write to each other. My books are translated by a good friend, William Weaver, who is the best translator from the Italian. Between Bill's skillfulness and Helen's sensitive revision, I can—as the Italian saying goes—'sleep between two pillows.' "

Georges Simenon talks of Mrs. Wolff "*de tout cœur*"—a phrase they use when they write to each other. Every year, four hardcover and two paperback Simenons are published here, drawn from his œuvre of hundreds of books and including novels of psychological suspense as well as his Inspector Maigret stories of detection. "I have been tied by an affectionate and trusting friendship with Helen Wolff for far too long not to realize that any homage that did not first address itself to Kurt Wolff would be likely to hurt her," he said. "I have known them together, faithfully sharing life and work, and, in the years since the accident that ended Kurt's life, the names of both continue to appear on the books published by Helen. Kurt was an exceptional man, of universal culture, and what surprised me the most was the assurance with which he judged the weight of an idea, of a work, or of a man. He was an editor by spirit, and, like Helen, his closest collaborator, he published only what he considered worthwhile, refusing to compromise or be diverted by commerce. This simple attitude brought them the devotion of their authors and made them the most astonishing couple in the world of publishing."

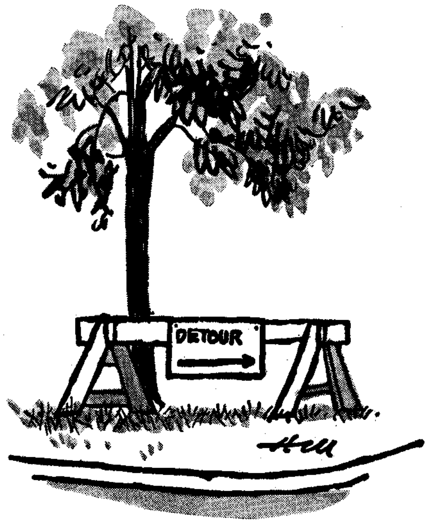
Günter Grass, the author of "Dog Years," "The Flounder," and "Headbirths," recalled that he first met the Wolffs in 1959, in Zurich. Both had read proofs of Grass's first novel, "Die Blechtrommel" ("The Tin Drum"), and had expressed a wish to meet him. "At the time, Kurt Wolff was certainly the dominant figure, but anyone who came close to them soon realized how large a role Helen played in their joint publishing," Grass said. "It hardly came as a surprise that she succeeded in sustaining their activities on an equal level." Grass recommended the Wolff imprint to other German authors, including Uwe Johnson, Hans Joachim Schädlich, and Jurek Becker. When Mrs. Wolff is in Germany, she visits Grass in Berlin, or they meet at the Frankfurt Book Fair; in New York, Grass stays at her apartment and hangs his hat in her office. "When our friendship began, the Wolffs were still associated with Pantheon Books, where 'The Tin Drum' was published," Grass said. "After they moved to Harcourt, Brace, I followed suit—and I have never regretted that step."

Giorgio Bassani, the author of "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis," which was originally published here by Atheneum, in hardcover, in 1965, was never quite satisfied with the first English translation of his novel. "I felt betrayed by the translation as it first appeared," Bassani said. "There were a number of mistakes, and it lacked subtlety and elegance." In 1977, a paperback edition of the book was published under the Helen and Kurt Wolff imprint. It is rare to have a hardcover book, especially one that has been well received, retranslated for a paperback edition, but, says Bassani, "Helen Wolff agreed to my request to have Bill Weaver, a mutual friend, who lives in Italy, translate it into English all over again. Weaver and I visited Ferrara and saw the garden wall and the cemetery that are important in the novel, and I even sent him to the tennis matches to pick up some pointers, since tennis is also an element in the story. The difference between the translation in the Atheneum edition and the one in the Helen and Kurt Wolff edition is the difference between prose and poetry. Helen has published all my books since 'The Garden of the Finzi-Continis,' and I think of her as my publisher, ally, and friend."

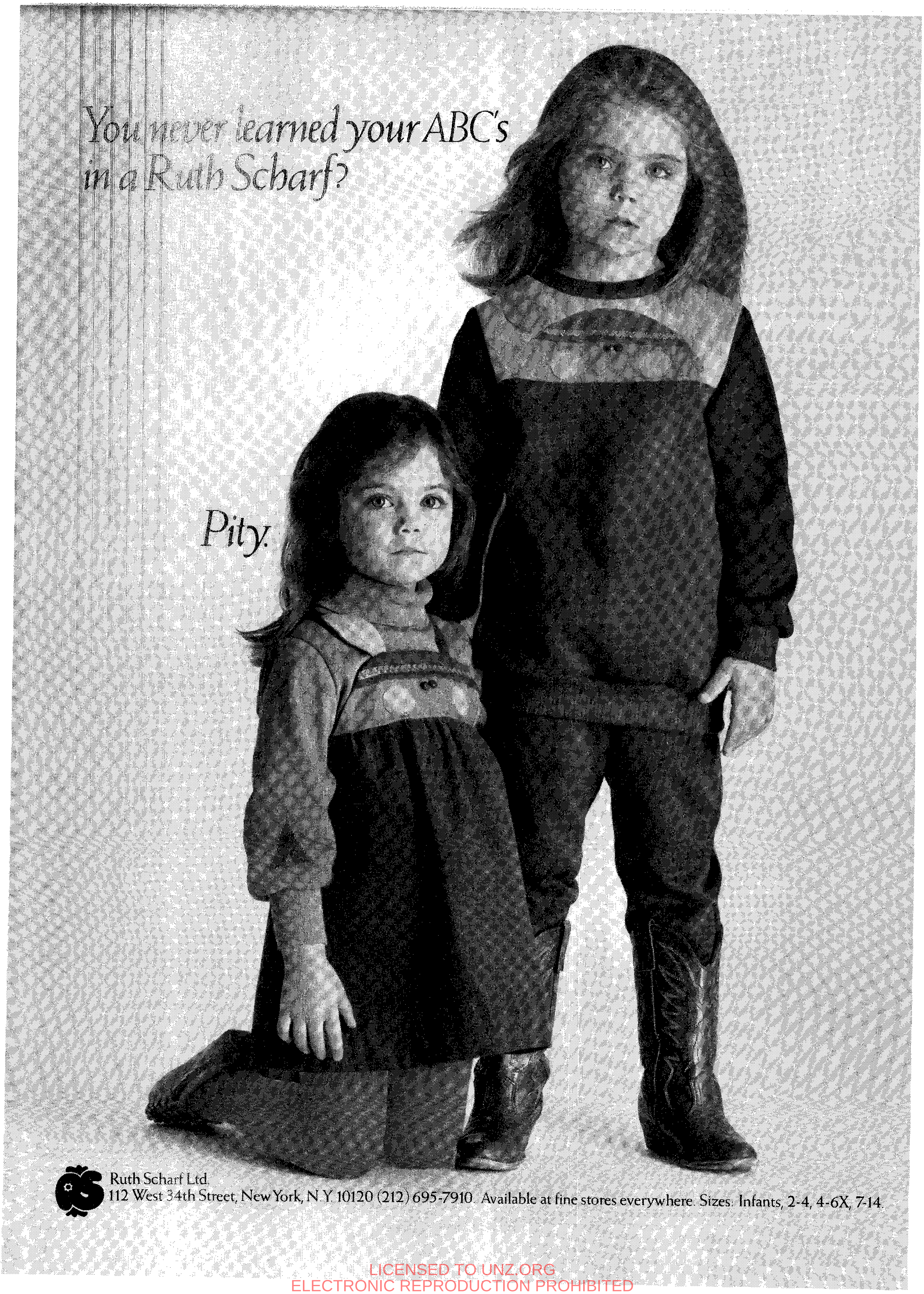
Among the reasons that Mrs. Wolff is regarded on the Continent as an ideal publisher are her ability to nurture talent and her skill in altering the public perception of even a seasoned writer. After the publication of "The Third Book About Achim," Uwe Johnson wanted to gain a working background for a novel, "Anniversaries," set in the United States. He said, "I mentioned my wish to her, and she smiled a bit absently, as if showing me the politeness of a dinner hostess. But I soon discovered that she never forgets anything. Within a week, she helped to get me a job, so that I could learn what it is to cope as a working New Yorker." Leonardo Sciascia was regarded by American critics as just another mystery-story writer, while he was recognized in Europe as a writer of metaphysical and political mysteries and was considered in his native Sicily to be in the tradition of Pirandello. In 1979, Mrs. Wolff became his publisher, bringing out "Candido or A Dream Dreamed in Sicily," which helped to refocus his image here closer to the European perception. Amoz Oz, the author of "Elsewhere, Perhaps," "My Michael," and "Unto Death," wrote me from Kibbutz Hulda, "When my beloved Helen Wolff publishes one of my books, it isn't a routine matter, it is a love affair."

Max Frisch, the Swiss playwright and author of such books as "Homo Faber," "Montauk," and "Man in the Holocene," said, "Before meeting Helen Wolff, in the early nineteen-seventies, in New York, I had two other publishers. They were all right, but sometimes you are in the wrong church. Helen, Hannah Arendt, and I often spent time together, not on business terms but as social and intellectual friends. Eventually, Helen became my publisher for the States. I write in German. Since that is her language, she has a real understanding of German literature and is very careful first in choosing the translator and then in checking the translation. She provides more—a real spiritual companionship. And she doesn't take only older writers, like me, but the young ones, too. When one of my books is a success, I'm happy for myself and also happy for Helen. In German, we would say that Helen is *vorbild*, which means an ideal figure. 'A Helen and Kurt Wolff Book' is a Légion d'Honneur for Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. To put it another way, 'A Helen and Kurt Wolff Book' has the same meaning as the phrase '*Mis en bouteilles au château*' on the finest wine: bottled in the château."

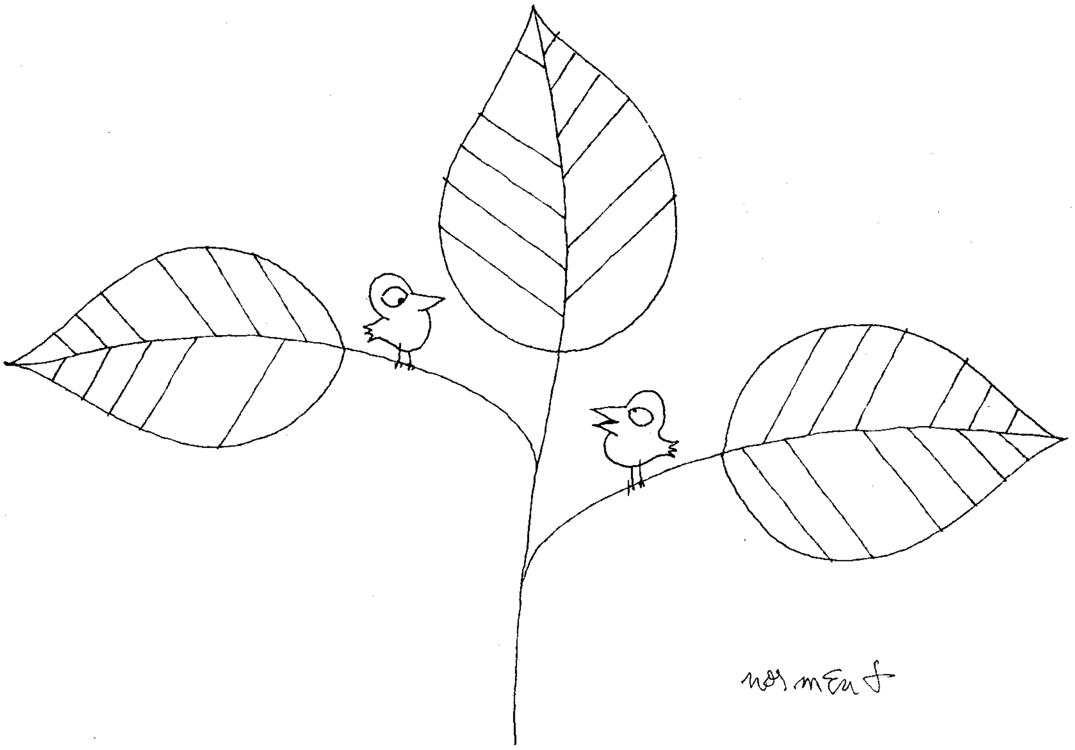
By birth and upbringing, Mrs. Wolff can be regarded as an internationalist, though in her case the label is more literary and historical than political. She was born Helen Mosel, in 1906, in Macedonia, the ancient region on the contested Balkan peninsula, where cultures collided and nationalities dissolved, in the period before the First World War. In Macedonia, it was a moment of ominous calm, preceding the death of kingly alliances in the Balkans and all Europe. "I often think that a certain tolerance comes from that background, because there was such an extraordinary mixture of peoples and religions," Mrs. Wolff told me one day. "Macedonia was then known as European Turkey. There were not only Turks there but Greeks and Albanians and Yugoslavs—who at the time were still known as Serbians. The name of the town where I grew up was Üsküb. The town was taken over by the Serbs during the Balkan Wars and became known as Skopje. The next time it gained a certain fame was in 1963, when a severe earthquake partially destroyed the town. I remember earthquakes there in childhood. One time, part of the ceiling in my nursery fell down, but, luckily, my bed was not directly below. Üsküb was a river town —the Vardar River flowed through it—and there was a fortress, too. Üsküb was the seat of the Turkish government in that region of Macedonia. My parents lived there for ten years, and my brother and my two sisters were also born in Üsküb. My mother was Viennese, my father was a Rhinelander, from Bonn. Turkey was being electrified at the time, and my father came there as a representative of Siemens, a German electrical-engineering firm that is still in existence. My father's background was totally German, while my mother's was multinational—her mother had been Hungarian, her father had been Austrian, and, of course, they were considered Austrian nationals, because of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.



"Actually, I thought I had a wonderful childhood, but I can assure you it was like living in the Middle Ages. We had kerosene lamps. There was no such thing as an automobile. Every summer, we children waited anxiously for the first outbreak of cholera, not because we were afraid of it but because our lessons stopped—we had what were known as cholera vacations. Whenever we went for walks, my mother would first look out the window with her opera glasses to see if there was anybody hanging from the town gallows. At that time and place, murderers and thieves were hanged, and if any bodies were visible we were not permitted to go beyond the railroad tracks. Accordingly, we would take our walks in other directions. As a child, you take everything in stride, but my mother thought it would be somewhat traumatic to see men on the gallows. Anyway, we wandered around in Üsküb with a good feeling of freedom and space. There is one thing I have to mention, even if it will bring down the Armenians on me—the Turks were extremely kind to children. I was always warmly welcomed in their houses and given Turkish sweets. Later, when we came to Europe—proper Europe, not Turkish Europe—I felt that children were oppressed compared to what we had known. When my mother took us to Vienna to stay with an aunt, I found it odd that people could live in the same house without belonging to the same family. I had never seen an apartment house before, and thought it barbaric that people downstairs could complain


You never learned your ABC's
in a Ruth Scharf?
Pity.

Ruth Scharf Ltd.
112 West 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10120 (212) 695-7910. Available at fine stores everywhere. Sizes: Infants, 2-4, 4-6X, 7-14.



"I sing of the forest primeval."

because children upstairs made noise. In Üsküb, we had our own house and garden, and my parents had a good private library.

"I was brought up with books, and started to read when I was four years old—and I've been reading ever since. At first, we were taught at home by private tutors, because my parents were afraid that we would be exposed to cholera at the Eisenbahn Schule—the railroad school—which had been established by the large Austrian element in Macedonia. At home, we learned German, but I also spoke Turkish and Serbian. Children are like sponges. By the time Christian, my son, was seven, he could speak French, Italian, and English. I have no Turkish anymore, but the sounds are familiar. Both my parents were book people, and we were encouraged to read in their library. Both were also regular correspondents for German newspapers, reporting what was going on in Turkey. My mother was particularly gifted, and I still have clippings of her articles. One of her pieces was called 'Cross or Crescent?' She was absolutely appalled when the Balkan nations—Bulgaria, Serbia, and Greece—occupied Üsküb, in 1912, and mistreated the Turkish population. She wrote that the adherents of the Cross were far more cruel than those of the Crescent. That was not true later on, when the Turks exterminated the Armenians. But there was much physical violence in our town. I remember looking out the window of our house and seeing the Turkish prisoners being pricked by bayonets. That was another sight that my mother wished to spare us, and I particularly remember it because we were pulled back from the window. I admired her very much. She had the great quality of tolerance. Her most frequent admonition was *'Kinder, seid nicht so unduldsam'*—telling us not to be so intolerant. That thought has remained with me."

When the Balkan Wars broke out, just before the First World War, the Mosel family had to flee Üsküb, carrying little more than suitcases. Mrs. Wolff recalled, "The situation repeated itself when we came to the United States after the outbreak of the Second World War. I never saw my childhood home again, so I can consider myself one of the first displaced persons." She sounded half amused at the notion. Her father went to Constantinople in an attempt to set up a new home, she continued, and her mother, with the four children, went to join members of her family in Vienna. The separation continued through the war. Her father became a member of the German consular service in Samsun, on the Black Sea. The children attended normal school in Vienna. In 1916, because of food shortages and in order to communicate more easily with her husband through the Foreign Office, Mrs. Mosel moved with the children to Berlin.

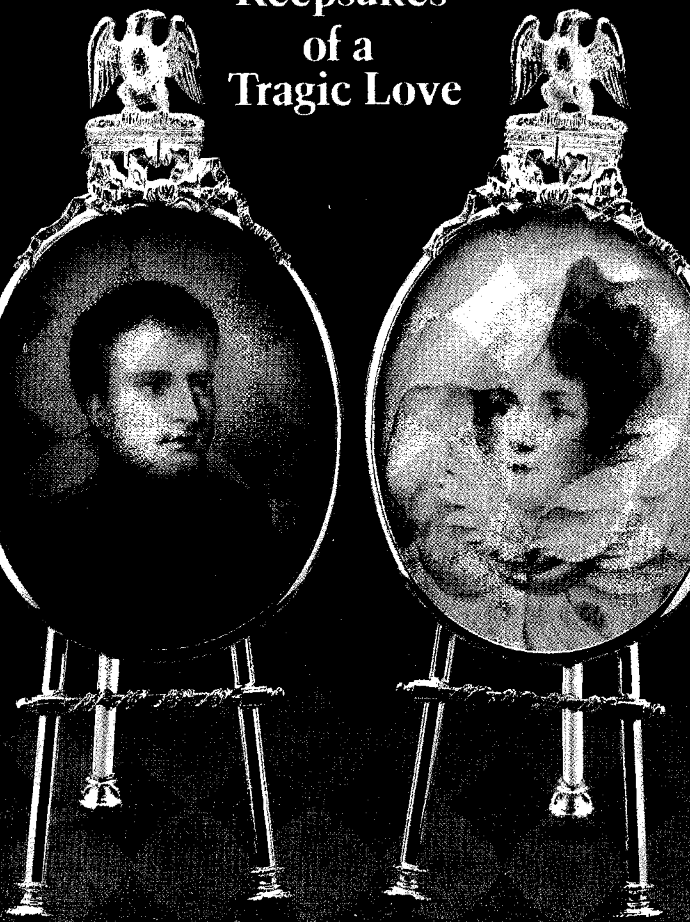
"My entire childhood was under the sign of food," Mrs. Wolff said. "Yet my mother imbued us with the idea of sharing. Once a beggar, an alcoholic, came around to our door and asked for help. Someone said to my mother, 'But you realize he is a drunkard,' and my mother replied, 'If I were a beggar, I would also drink, because begging is a very hard profession.' That is how she thought and acted—quite differently from those people today who talk about the deserving poor. While we were in Berlin at the end of the war, my mother heard that one of the few places in Germany where you could still find food was in Oberammergau, in the Bavarian Alps. And so we moved there, until 1920. Obviously, there was not much schooling available in the countryside. My mother brought along with us a woman called Fräulein Albrecht to be our tutor. She looked like Dante in long skirts, but she was very strict and a good teacher. One of my sisters and I were her only pupils. When you get private tutoring, you learn nothing or a great deal. I owe a lot to Fräulein Albrecht—that is how I got my English to begin with. She also taught us French and the piano. My brother attended a one-room village school, but there was not much to learn there. For my brother's sake, my mother then moved us to be near the Schondorf School, a boarding school on a lake in the Bavarian countryside. It still exists, and is a very good school. I was enrolled as a day student in this all boys' school. I was fifteen years old at the time. My brother was five years younger. It was quite a harrowing experience to be surrounded by teen-age boys. Because of my private tutoring, I was ahead of the boys in French and English, so I was moved up two classes. I was much slower in geometry and mathematics. I was best in languages, especially in German composition. In a letter I wrote to a classmate, I quoted Stendhal, Baudelaire, and Oscar Wilde. I defended Wilde against accusations that he was decadent and immoral. My fellow-student felt otherwise."

While Helen Mosel was still attending the Schondorf School, she decided that, more than anything else, she wanted to enter the field of publishing. It seemed natural, because of her gift for languages. On a Saturday afternoon not long ago, after we had talked about life and literature for hours, Mrs. Wolff said quite casually, "You know, I should explain that there may be another reason I turned to publishing. I was born with one leg shorter than the other."

I said I'd noticed that she had a slight limp, but assumed that it had been caused by an accident. "No. When I was born, the delivery was unassisted, and somehow I had a shorter leg. What this meant was that I could not indulge in many sports activities. I could not go mountain climbing with my sister. So, naturally, I turned to reading books instead of taking on strenuous sports, and that led me into publishing."

Helen Mosel's opportunity to enter the world of books came through the intervention of Leila von Meister, the mother of one of her classmates. Mrs. von Meister learned of Helen Mosel's dream of getting a job in publishing, and offered to speak to the one publisher she knew—Kurt Wolff. His response was favorable, more or less—an offer of a job as a trainee, without pay, in the editorial, production, and other departments, on a trial basis. If she made a good impression, it would lead to a regular job. "Well, Helen, you have three months to make yourself indispensable," Mrs. von Meister said. And so in 1927 Helen Mosel went to Munich as a trainee at Kurt Wolff Verlag, which had moved there from Leipzig. She plunged into work on an international art series, called Pantheon, which involved translating texts from French into German, and from German into French, Italian, and English. Several publishers joined in the enterprise; as it happened, the American distributor of the English-language editions was Harcourt, Brace. The series—produced by Wolff as part of another firm he had founded in Florence, in 1924, called Pantheon Casa Editrice—was printed in Verona, by Giovanni Mardersteig, who designed his own typefaces, and he and the young trainee soon became

NAPOLEON & JOSEPHINE
Keepsakes of a Tragic Love



The stormy tragic love of Napoleon and Josephine, Emperor and Empress of France, was enshrined in companion miniatures by the French Court Painter, Jean-Baptiste Isabey. Wellknown English miniaturists have now recreated these masterpieces based upon the larger originals by Isabey in the *Wallace Collection, London.* Treasures of Europe are proud to offer these exquisitely hand-painted miniatures presented in handmade solid silver oval frames 3" × 2½", goldplated and hallmarked, suspended from superb tripods 6" high made in the same materials to an original design of Carl Fabergé, crowned with the Imperial eagle. Because every piece is handmade this Treasures of Europe offer is limited worldwide to 500 pairs. Each pair is priced at $2832.00.*

TREASURES OF EUROPE
by **CLIVE MAIN LIMITED**
1255 POST STREET SUITE 625
SAN FRANCISCO CA. 94109

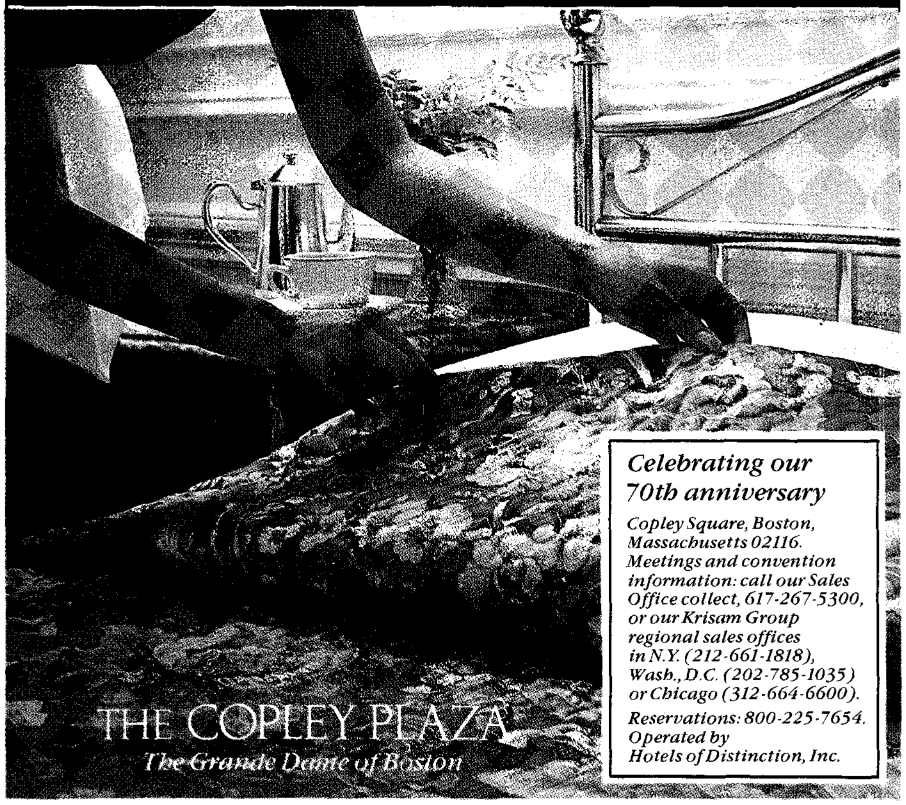
Please send me . . . . . . Napoleon & Josephine miniatures at $2832.00 per pair.*
*California residents please add $170.00 Sales Tax
☐ Enclosed herewith my check for $ . . . . payable to Clivemain Limited
☐ Please send me brochure giving more detailed information.
Or call Toll-free 800 227-1617. In California 800 772-3545 (ask for ext. 168).
Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City/State/Zip ____________________
Please allow 60 days for delivery. **1.BSA.1**

friends. ("His son still does some printing for us in Verona," Mrs. Wolff said.) During her apprenticeship, she learned how to turn a manuscript into a finished book. She handled all the correspondence on her own. At night, after working all day, she translated into German art books by such scholars as Marcel Aubert and Paul Vitry. By the end of her tryout period, she had become indispensably in charge of the art series and a full-time employee of Kurt Wolff Verlag. "There was nothing between Kurt and me at the time," she told me. "He was safely married, with a son and daughter, and also he was twenty years my senior. Let's put it that I didn't make myself indispensable that way."

In 1929, currency regulations and the start of the Depression had begun to complicate the idea of international publishing, and the Pantheon series was encountering problems. It was sold to one of its participating publishers—John Holroyd-Reece, an Englishman who lived in Paris, where he ran Pegasus Press. Helen Mosel accompanied Pantheon to Paris. "I was part of the deal, because I had been with the series almost from its inception," Mrs. Wolff said. "So I can only say that I was sold with it." Pantheon became an imprint within Pegasus, but the firm faltered. "It became very difficult for me to remain with Pegasus, because my loyalty was to Kurt, who had put me in publishing," Mrs. Wolff said. "So when an opportunity arose, I left publishing for a while and went to work for the Institut International de Coopération Intellectuelle. It was a branch of the League of Nations, in Paris, somewhat similar to Unesco today. You had to have very good French to work there. I did a lot of translating. My mother and sisters were living in Munich at that time, and I lived alone, quite modestly, on the Boulevard Saint-Michel. Kurt and I kept in touch, and we would see each other when he came to Paris on business. He was divorced in 1931. Two years later, we were married in London, very quietly, and in 1934 Christian was born."

After their marriage, the Wolffs lived in Nice. "Kurt saw what was coming—he was very intuitive, and he despised the whole Nazi movement," Mrs. Wolff explained. "He dissolved Kurt Wolff Verlag in the early thirties and left Germany a few weeks after Hitler took over. Don't forget, he had been publishing a lot of avant-garde writers—leftists and so-called degen-

To stay in Boston is to stay at The Copley Plaza.



Celebrating our 70th anniversary

Copley Square, Boston, Massachusetts 02116.
Meetings and convention information: call our Sales Office collect, 617-267-5300, or our Krisam Group regional sales offices in N.Y. (212-661-1818), Wash., D.C. (202-785-1035) or Chicago (312-664-6600).
Reservations: 800-225-7654.
Operated by Hotels of Distinction, Inc.

THE COPLEY PLAZA
The Grande Dame of Boston

[illegible] excitement of spring in Petite Fleur by Villeroy & Boch. [illegible] of the afternoon. Bursts of flowers, on a cream china body. Undeniably European. It's the look most found in the fashionable households of France, Belgium, Germany, and more and more in America. Send for fully illustrated tabletop folios and the name of your nearest shop. Write Villeroy & Boch, 41 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10010, USA

Crystal: Milano

CONTINENTAL
Villeroy & Boch

erate artists—many of whom were Jewish. Also, as you can imagine, Kurt's family background didn't help. Although he was brought up as a Protestant, in Hitler's Germany it was quite apparent that he was half Jewish, because of his mother's maiden name—Marx—and background. In his family, the main interest was not religion but music. Although he wasn't a professional musician, he was very musical and played the cello. My family was Roman Catholic on both sides. I still have the missal that my mother gave me for my First Communion. It was a matter of geography—if you belonged, as my mother did, to the Austro-Hungarian monarchy you were Catholic. The Hapsburgs had no sympathy for the Reformation, and the Rhineland, where my father came from, was always a Catholic part of Germany. My extraordinarily tolerant mother even had some leanings toward Islam, and we actually read the Koran at home—I still own a copy of the Koran myself. It struck me as very curious when Kurt and I came to the United States to see Catholics looked down upon as socially inferior. I had lived only in countries where Catholicism was the dominant religion. Since so many of the refugees who arrived in New York when we came were Jewish, it sometimes surprised my friends that I came from a Catholic background. Anyway, in 1933 Kurt and I rented a house in a small town above Nice called Gairaut Supérieur, and we stayed there until 1935. We were kept busy, with our son and with many visitors. A lot of our friends were trying to get out of Germany, if only for a few weeks, to breathe freely. At one point, Thomas Mann planned to rent the house next to ours. Heinrich Mann and Franz Werfel, both of whom had been published by Kurt, were around Nice for a while. At that time, we had no intimations of danger in France. The French were used to all sorts of people—tourists, particularly, in the South—so foreigners were accepted, and we never felt threatened. Of course, we were insecure later, when the war drew closer."

In 1935, the Wolffs moved to Italy. They realized that they would never go back to Germany (and in fact, after the war was over and some refugees returned to their homeland, they did not). They thought they could best conserve their resources by buying a small place where they could be more or less self-sufficient. With the help of friends who had been affiliated with Pantheon Casa Editrice, they found what they were looking for in the village of Lastra a Signa, conveniently situated west of Florence. The house had several acres, a garden and loggia, a vineyard and fruit trees. The Wolffs reconditioned a smaller house on the property and rented out apartments to help with the upkeep. "We were quite popular in the village," Mrs. Wolff recalled. "If you had a car, the local people depended on you for help. If someone took sick, for instance, or fell off a ladder, we would drive him to the hospital. If a neighbor appeared at the door and said that Signora So-and-So had some problem, please feed her, it was taken for granted that we would. I remember that I took an old woman to the hospital, and afterward her son came and brought us a whole almond tree, in full bloom. You have to realize that some areas of Italy were still quite feudal, in a way, though the people were very civilized. Anyway, my husband was always willing to help, and the mayor knew we were decent." The mayor's opinion turned out to be important. What the British historian F. W. Deakin has called the "brutal friendship" between Hitler and Mussolini began to develop in 1934, when Hitler visited Italy, and in the following years, to impress his partner, Mussolini intensified his own campaign against the Jews. "We were warned by the mayor that any aliens or refugees would be put away during the visit, so we left literally overnight," Mrs. Wolff said. "One of our neighbors, a German writer, was caught in the roundup and put in jail. They treated him very nicely, but jail is jail even when it is called protective custody. At that time, Florence was full of Gestapo agents. Anybody who was a German refugee was considered a threat to Hitler, obviously. Afterward, we came home to Lastra a Signa briefly, but it was clear that the time had come to move on again."

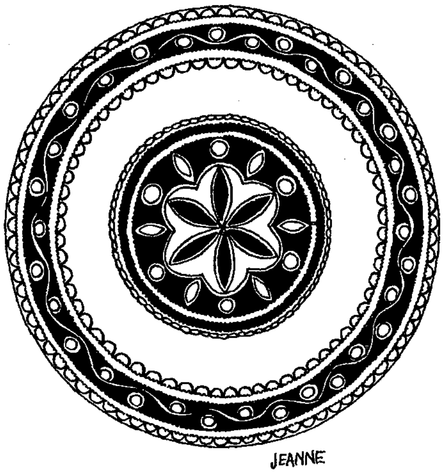
The Wolffs returned to France after living in Italy for three years. They stayed in Nice for a while, and then decided to settle in an apartment in Paris, on the Quai des Grands-Augustins, facing the Louvre. Later, they realized that it would have been more sensible to try to emigrate, but even in 1939 emigration posed difficulties. They moved into their apartment in August; at the beginning of September, war broke out. Kurt Wolff was picked up by the French police and held in the Stade de Colombes, a Paris sports stadium. Posters had warned all German nationals to present themselves for questioning and detention, but at that point women and children were excluded from the police roundup, so Helen Wolff and Christian were able to remain in the apartment. Through the intervention of an acquaintance—the French chargé d'affaires in Munich—Kurt Wolff was allowed to leave the stadium and return home.

Paris was crowded with refugees, among them many Jewish friends of the Wolffs'. A number of them had been professors, and they would sit around and discuss the definition of suicide: If you jump out the window when the Gestapo are at the door, is this suicide, or simply your own choice of how you die? The Wolffs and their friends knew that concentration camps existed and could become extermination centers. One of their close friends, a Jewish philosopher from the Rhineland named Paul Ludwig Landsberg, who was married to a non-Jewish woman, suffered multiple tragedies. His mother threw herself under a train because she would no longer be able to see her son; his wife went out of her mind and was institutionalized. Landsberg declined a chance to come to the United States, because his wife, as a mental patient, could not be admitted. Instead, he went underground, was caught in the South of France, and, after being tortured, died in a concentration camp. The Wolffs were close to two professors from the universities at Nancy and Strasbourg, who, as a gesture of friendship, offered to shoot them if the Germans came to Paris. "We never thought we could survive an occupation," Mrs. Wolff said. "In May, 1940, when a friend of ours told us that the Germans had broken through at Sedan, Kurt and I decided to get Christian out of Paris. We sent him to a convent school at La Rochelle, which is quite an important shipping center on the Bay of Biscay. At that time, we had no idea that the

Germans would occupy it. We had a good neighbor on our landing in the apartment house who took him there. We could not risk travelling ourselves. Some members of my family had moved to South America, and we gave the convent their address, since they were beyond the reach of the Nazis, in case anything happened to us. There was no weeping; we made absolutely no fuss about Christian's leaving. We told him that he was going off to boarding school, and he accepted it. He was six years old. Our idea was that no one would throw a child out of an institution.

"Once again, enemy aliens were rounded up in Paris, and this time my husband was sent to a camp, Le Cheylard, in southeastern France. Now came the moment when events touched me, too. I was alone, so I took Paul Landsberg's wife into my apartment. She was already going over the edge. Then the French started to round up women. I was sent to the Vélodrome d'Hiver, on the Boulevard de Grenelle—a covered arena where they normally had bicycle races. This was three weeks after Kurt went to Le Cheylard. At the Vel d'Hiver, I presented myself to the gendarme who was processing the women. He said to me, 'Well, Madame, the next transport is leaving tomorrow. Why don't you go home, have a good bath, sleep in your own bed tonight, and come back tomorrow?' I thought that was typical of the French. The next day, after my bath, I reported back. We were put on a train and shipped south, to the Pyrenees. Then trucks transported us to Gurs, a camp that had been used for Loyalists in the Spanish Civil War. There were many German-Jewish refugees in Gurs, but I was put in a barracks inhabited mainly by peasants from Lorraine. They were the staunchest French patriots, and were in Gurs quite by accident. Most of Alsace and part of Lorraine had become part of France after the First World War, but the Germans had occupied the region. The population had largely remained loyal to France—though, technically, many were still considered Germans. The Lorrainers in the barracks with me were lovely people. They kept the barracks neat, they combed and braided their children's hair, and, being peasants, they had brought their own food to the camp. You could suddenly see what civilized behavior is. I was there only for ten days, when the armistice between France and Germany was declared, in June of 1940. Some people stayed. I decided to leave, and nobody stopped me. I was afraid that the Germans might come there, too."

With her husband in an internment camp in southeastern France and her son in a convent on the Atlantic coast, Helen Wolff now had to find some place of relative safety in the still unoccupied part of the country. She began to walk along the crowded roads outside Gurs. Hitchhiking, she was picked up by cars and trucks driven by French Army, Air Force, and Navy personnel. In Gurs, an acquaintance had suggested that a certain Austrian countess in a town called Auch might be able to put her up. Riding in an Army vehicle, she suddenly saw a signpost that read "AUCH." She told the driver to stop—that this was her destination. As she started to walk toward Auch, a gendarme asked her where she was going and said that a bus would be along soon to take her there. The bus let her out at Saint-Lary-près-Auch, in the sparsely populated hills west of Toulouse. A long, narrow road up a hillside led to what appeared to be a castle, and at the portal of a medieval château she was warmly greeted by a strikingly attractive woman. This was Berthe Colloredo-Mansfeld, who was indeed an Austrian countess, and who was living here luxuriously, out of the wartime limelight. Berthe, as her friends and nonpaying guests called her, was descended from the Romanovs and bore herself regally. She hated the Nazis. Among the refugees she was sheltering was one whom she referred to affectionately as her *Hausjude*—among the great families of Central Europe, a Jewish functionary who kept the accounts. Her "house Jew" had already served time in a concentration camp. The Countess cautioned Helen Wolff, who was assigned a sofa in the huge living room, not to wander out of sight, because also quartered at the château was a group of French officers whose primary interests were food and sex. Helen Wolff's only interest was to reunite her divided family.



"My main aim in life at that moment was to have an address," Mrs. Wolff recalled. "Some place where Kurt could reach me. A friend of ours, Baron Curt von Hardt, was living outside Geneva. I decided to write and tell him where I was, hoping that Kurt would also try him. A few weeks later, I received a letter from Hardt saying that he had heard from Kurt, too, and had sent him my address. Kurt had not had any trouble getting out of his internment camp after the armistice. The French had no interest at that time in handing you over. If you wanted to leave, they let you go. So now I sat waiting for him, like a damsel in a castle, looking down the only road, and one day I saw him coming up that road. We were grateful to the Countess for her generosity, and I could have stayed there forever. But Kurt said that the château was too bewitching—that we had to go to some place that we would want to leave, and that was near an American consulate. And so we left the château for Nice, which we considered our home base. Later, I sent a Jewish friend of mine to the château, and she was housed there all through the war. The Countess was an altogether remarkable individual.

"Now our next problem was how to get our child out of the convent. La Rochelle was under German occupation. We had a friend, Tina Vinès, who worked at the Louvre. She had a very exalted position there—she was in charge of evacuating the art treasures for safekeeping. The Louvre had stored most of the major works in the Loire castles. Some of the castles were in the Occupied Zone and some in the Unoccupied Zone. Tina had a laissez-passer to travel between the zones. Somehow, we got in touch with her—you could write postcards, after a while, between the zones—and she let us know that she would try to smuggle our child out. She went to the convent in La Rochelle, and she and Christian spent that night in a Loire château. The next morning, he was hidden in a peasant's cart and smuggled across the border. And that's how we got him back. Don't forget, we had one enormous asset: our child was born in France and was a French

The ultimate working environment.
Business Week Industrial.

Every issue of Business Week Industrial provides the ultimate business information for management in industry. And the ultimate advertising environment for you.

Because every issue of Business Week Industrial is packed with the award-winning editorial of regular Business Week coverage—including Corporate Strategies, Economics, Information Processing, and International Money Management. *Plus* exclusive Industrial news coverage as well. More than 400 articles a year ranging from Industrial Production, Distribution, Industrial Law, Industrial Marketing, and more.

No other demographic edition does this.

Business Week Industrial speaks directly to management decision makers, with the kind of special coverage they are attentive to. So it's only natural that advertisers' messages work harder in such an enriched editorial environment.

The result is advertising that commands attention even beyond the pull of the prestigious selling power of Business Week, to the ultimate working environment of Business Week Industrial.

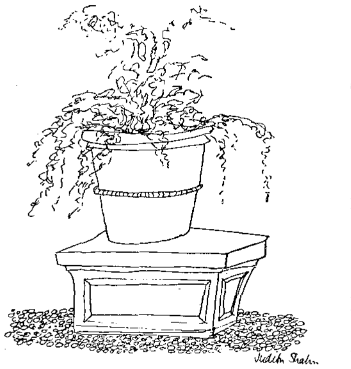
Find out more about this *extra*ordinary demographic edition. Call your Business Week representative today.

BusinessWeek

The world's leading business magazine.

©1982 McGraw-Hill, Inc.

citizen. You had a choice under the law: if you did nothing, the child took the nationality of the parents, but if you wanted to you could go to the town hall and declare him a French citizen. Naturally, we did not wish him to be a citizen of Nazi Germany. As the mother and father of a French child, we had certain privileges. I think this was the reason both Kurt and I were let go. The idea was that a French child needs his parents, and we declared our loyalty to France through him. So, in a sense, our son may have saved our lives.”



The Wolffs were now set on going to the United States. Nice and the Mediterranean coast were in the Unoccupied Zone, but no one could predict when the Germans would cross the arbitrary line of demarcation and overrun the rest of France. For the refugees, it was a race against time. In the autumn of 1940, Kurt Wolff started immigration proceedings. The documents required included an exit visa from France, a transit visa through Spain, and an American entry visa. Through the bureaucracy, however, you could not get one unless you already had the others. Many refugees could not risk the wait and crossed the Spanish border illegally. Once again, as in the case of the Countess Colloredo-Mansfeld, a stranger came forward to help—and this stranger eventually helped hundreds of other artists and intellectuals, too. He was Varian M. Fry, an American scholar and editor, who volunteered to take a month’s vacation in the summer of 1940 in order to work on behalf of the Emergency Rescue Committee. This was a New York-based group supported by the New School for Social Research, labor groups, and German intellectuals who had managed to reach the United States. He set up an American Aid Center in Marseilles, and his vacation stretched to thirteen months. Eleanor Roosevelt used her influence with the State Department to encourage the granting of visas to the émigrés, and Fry used his resources to buy the necessary documents or have them forged, and helped to organize an escape route across the Pyrenees to Lisbon. On one occasion, Fry was arrested by the French police, at the request of the Gestapo, on charges of being “pro-Jewish and anti-Nazi,” and on another he was placed on board a prison ship, but was released after four days. Kurt and Helen Wolff went to see Fry in Marseilles several times, and he helped them to obtain their exit papers. But they also needed someone in the United States to vouch that they would not become public charges. By cable, they enlisted the help of Dr. Thea Dispeker, a former director of music for children at the Central Institute of Education, in Berlin, who had emigrated to the United States in 1938. (She has since become an artists’ representative in the classical-music field.) She had met Helen Mosel in 1928 at Kurt Wolff Verlag in Munich, and had known the publisher even longer, through their shared musical interests. Dr. Dispeker, who was establishing herself as an agent, did not have enough funds to satisfy the visa formalities, but she enlisted help. A friend of hers, an architect and regional planner named Robert C. Weinberg, provided the necessary affidavits; he did not know the Wolffs, but he took Dr. Dispeker’s word for it that they were responsible people.

Shortly before the war closed in on Paris, Kurt Wolff had bought two gold bars, worth several thousand dollars, anticipating that there would be currency problems if the Germans crossed the border into France. When he had reason to believe that he was about to be shipped to the internment camp at Le Cheylard, Wolff entrusted the gold bars to Albert Fuchs, a professor of German literature at the University of Strasbourg, who was a French citizen. Now Wolff sent a message to Fuchs from Nice. At no small risk, Fuchs carried the gold bars from Strasbourg to Nice and returned them. The French government had no prohibition against individuals’ owning gold, so Wolff was able to go to a bank in Nice and exchange the bars for dollars, the most valuable currency at that moment. Most of the dollars went to pay for the trip to Portugal and then the cabin on the Serpa Pinto, which carried the Wolffs to New York. Like so many acquaintances and strangers along the route to freedom, Fuchs and his friend Robert Minder, another professor of German literature, exemplified courage and loyalty in Nazi-occupied Europe. It was they who had offered to shoot the Wolffs rather than let them fall into the hands of the Gestapo.

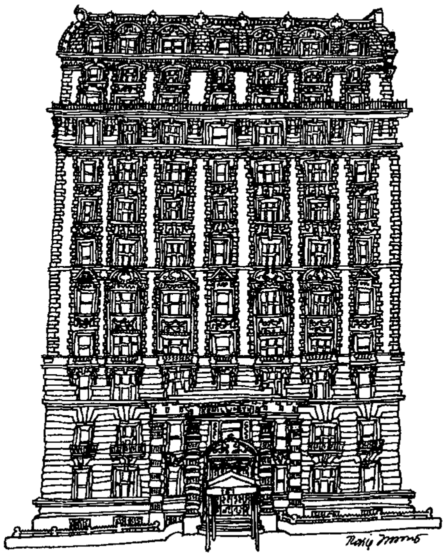
AFTER the “uneventful” March passage on the Serpa Pinto—during which not a single hot meal was served—the Wolffs and their son were met at the Staten Island dock by Dr. Dispeker. She and her mother set them up in two rooms in a hotel on Columbus Avenue. Kurt Wolff had been in the United States in the nineteen-twenties, in connection with his international publishing ventures, but his English was poor. For Helen Wolff, the West Side of Manhattan was her first encounter with America, but she was able to handle the language. (At age fourteen, she had begun reading Shakespeare, and, as a student in Oberammergau, she had made short work of the multilingual library in her family’s home.) In New York, the Wolffs were now refugees, and later in the year, after the United States joined the war against Germany, they again became enemy aliens.

“That meant we had certain limitations,” Mrs. Wolff recalled one afternoon. We were again talking in her Turtle Bay apartment, whose book-lined walls are punctuated by a Guardi, a Matisse, and other works of art, all of which have personal associations for her. She had just served a lunch of French and Italian cheeses, salad, bread, wine, and freshly ground coffee. “Before you left your residence to go on a trip, you had to obtain a permit,” she continued. “However, if it was a business trip, and some delay in waiting for a permit might cause you a hardship in your work, all you needed to do was write a postcard and say where you had gone. It was such a rational way of doing things. Even though we were enemy aliens, no one wanted to hamper us in our effort to make a living. At first, we did not grasp this American principle—that the main thing was not to put people into prisons but to see to it that they were allowed the possibility of work. Kurt and I were stunned by this attitude, which we thought was a beautiful one for a government in wartime. I think that the government was far more strict with the Japanese. On a personal level, the attitude was quite different from what it had been in Europe: nobody offered us an apartment, let us say, or invited us to stay. In Europe, one took in friends. However, once they saw that we had a chance to rebuild our lives, people were very helpful and encouraging.”

In the spring of 1941, the Wolffs were trying to learn what the country was all about and how they could fit in. “When we discussed the future,” Mrs. Wolff said, laughing, “my husband realized that the only thing he knew how to do was be a book publisher.” He visited several of the authors whose work he had published, including Franz Werfel and John Erskine, and received guidance concerning the book trade here from Warder Norton, of W. W. Norton, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sheed, of Sheed & Ward, among others. Then Wolff went to Cambridge, Massachusetts, to see an old friend, Curt von Faber du Faur, who had founded the publishing firm of Karl & Faber, in Munich. He had come to the United States in 1939, bringing with him a rich collection of German baroque literature, and was affiliated with the library at Harvard. Von Faber advised Kurt Wolff to try to form his own publishing company in New York. To that end, he wrote a letter that Wolff could show potential investors to help raise the necessary money, which Wolff estimated to be fifteen thousand dollars. Von Faber and his stepson, Kyrill Schabert, pledged seventy-five hundred dollars if Wolff could bring in another seventy-five hundred. Under the terms set forth in the letter, Wolff would receive no remuneration at all until the venture proved profitable, but he would be the head of the firm.

The Wolffs were almost penniless: the several hundred dollars remaining from the gold bars was almost gone, and all their accounts in Europe were frozen. Wolff explained his plight in a letter to Barclays Bank, in London, early in 1942, and, despite the war, the bank released a few thousand dollars. “That managed to get us through our first year here,” Mrs. Wolff said. Wolff then persuaded three investors to contribute the needed seventy-five hundred dollars: Robert Weinberg, who had vouched for him to emigrate; Gerald Neisser, a friend of Helen Wolff’s brother; and George Merck, an American who was related to Wolff’s first wife. Thus, in February, 1942, Pantheon Books was established, continuing the name that Wolff had used in 1924 for his international publishing house.

“It was totally a shoestring operation, which we ran out of our apartment, at 41 Washington Square,” Mrs. Wolff said. “The rent was seventy-five dollars a month. I had a budget of a dollar a day for food. Our office was in the living room, and we did everything there, including shipping. I remember a paper salesman coming around and saying that he could not believe his eyes—there was a woman addressing envelopes, there was a young boy licking stamps, and there was a small dog. That was Pantheon Books—not even a cottage industry, an apartment industry. Of course, we could not afford an office. Kurt was working for nothing, and I received a salary of twenty-five dollars a week. Years later, Christian, who is now a professor of classics, music, and comparative literature at Dartmouth, was asked whether he wanted to be a publisher, like his parents. ‘Absolutely not,’ he replied. ‘I would not want to devote my entire life to nothing but work, work, work.’ I had never realized that that’s what our life looked like to him. It had never struck me as work, because of our consuming interest in what we were doing. In the first two years, we went into the public domain for books. Kurt and I spent many hours in the New York Public Library to see what German books were unavailable in English. We brought out Jakob Burckhardt’s ‘Force and Freedom: Reflections on History,’ Hermann Broch’s ‘The Death of Vergil,’ Erich Kahler’s ‘Man the Measure,’ and Charles Péguy’s ‘Basic Verities,’ translated by Ann and Julian Green. Primarily, we looked for books that had not been translated in the United States and that represented our own preoccupations—political, moral, and historical. We published some books in bilingual editions, such as a volume of Stefan George’s poetry. In 1943, we were joined by Jacques Schiffrin, who had founded La Bibliothèque de la Pléiade in Paris and had begun to publish in French under his own name here. He brought many fine books to Pantheon, including Vercors’s classic ‘Le Silence de la Mer,’ several manuscripts by André Gide, among them ‘Pages de Journal,’ and, later, Albert Camus’s ‘L’Étranger.’ After about a year, we were doing modestly well. There was no problem selling good books—our main problem, because of the wartime paper shortage, was to keep the books in print. Still, each time we brought out a new book our heads were on the block. We had no margin of safety. I remember Kurt’s coming into the bedroom one day—I can still see him, standing there in the doorway, looking elegant and elegiac—and saying, ‘Helen, do you realize how close we are to bankruptcy?’ But we also had several strokes of luck, proving that even good books can be commercially successful.”



Pantheon’s first success was “The Complete Grimm’s Fairy Tales,” from a translation by Margaret Hunt, which was revised, corrected, and completed by James Stern. The book had an introduction by Padraic Colum and hundreds of illustrations by Josef Scharl, and it was issued in October of 1944. It helped to put the new publishing house on the map with the critical community. On page 1 of the *Times Book Review*, W. H. Auden wrote, “It is hardly too much to say that these tales rank next to the Bible in importance. . . . The book is a beautiful job of publishing.” In *The New Yorker*, Edmund Wilson wrote, “I have just been through a dozen of the new Christmas specials, and the only thing I can really recommend is the splendid edition of ‘Grimm’s Fairy Tales’ published by Pantheon Books.” Around this time, Helen Wolff assumed still another job in her living room—that of a children’s-book editor. As soon as the news crossed the Atlantic that Kurt Wolff was publishing in New York, Herbert Read, the British poet and art critic, sent words of encouragement. Eventually, he compiled “This Way, Delight,” a book of poetry for the young, illustrated by Juliet Kepes, which ranged from the Elizabethans to Emily Dickinson, T. S. Eliot, and E. E. Cummings. Long before çat books became standards on publishing lists, Pantheon brought out, under Mrs. Wolff’s guidance, “Cats Cats Cats Cats Cats,” by Beatrice Schenk de Regniers, with drawings by Bill Sokol. It was labelled as suitable for all ages.

Ever since Kurt Wolff founded Pantheon in Florence, his imprint had been known for its beautiful art books. That reputation led to an important turning point in the fortunes of the present Pantheon Books, when Paul and Mary Mellon, the philanthropists, contracted with Wolff to publish the Bollingen Series, named after a village in Switzerland near which Carl Gustav Jung had built a rural retreat. The subsidized Bollingen Series consisted of handsomely produced scholarly volumes in the arts, humanities, and psychology; a number of them dealt with the concepts of Jung. At the start of the arrangement, in 1943, Pantheon received two hundred and fifty dollars a month, plus ten per cent of the sales income from the books; in 1945, this was changed to twelve hundred dollars per title, plus ten per cent, for each volume that Pantheon produced for Bollingen, with a minimum of five titles per year. Among the more ambitious projects launched under the Pantheon imprint were "The Collected Works of Paul Valéry," in fifteen volumes, edited by Jackson Mathews, and "The Collected Works of C. G. Jung," in twenty volumes, co-edited by Gerhard Adler, Michael Fordham, and Herbert Read. The Bollingen books provided Pantheon with a steady base for its own publications.

The Wolffs acquired a small circle of friends in New York, including some who had had the same experience of seeing their intellectual world perish under Nazism. None was more valued than Hannah Arendt, the philosopher and author, who had fled Germany for Paris in 1933 and arrived here in 1940. "Kurt and I did not know her in Europe," Mrs. Wolff told me. "We met her for the first time in the mid-nineteen-forties, when she was working as chief editor at Schocken Books." They discovered links in their earlier lives: Dr. Arendt was responsible for publishing the Max Brod edition of the Kafka diaries; as Kafka's European publisher, Kurt Wolff knew his work intimately. "The three of us would have lunch regularly at the Grand Ticino Restaurant, on Thompson Street, around the corner from our office in Washington Square," Mrs. Wolff said. "Schocken was her first experience with business matters—she had never drawn a contract—and she would ask Kurt for practical advice.

The hotel that's known by the comments it keeps.

If you can take a moment to fill-out this comment card, it will be read and you will receive a personal answer from me.
Sincerely, Leona M Helmsley
LEONA M. HELMSLEY, PRESIDENT

Comments: My wife and I thought you made a mistake on our bill—your summer rate of $65 for this room is fantastic—Thank you—

The Park Lane
A Helmsley Hotel
36 Central Park South, N.Y., N.Y. 10019
*All rates are for single or double-occupancy, effective from June 25 to Sept. 5, 1982. Taxes and gratuities not included. By prior reservation only.

Sun.-Thurs. from $85*, Fri.-Sat. from $65*
For reservations call toll-free: **800/221-4982.**
In New York, **212/888-1624.** TELEX: **640-543.**
Or call your travel agent.

SOME COFFEES YOU SAMPLE. OURS, YOU LOVE.

That sample costs only $10.50, a remarkable price for three pounds of one of the world's finest gourmet blends and roasts, Cap Saurage's Community Coffee—a taste that has led three generations of customers to savor and enjoy particularly flavorful lives. We will send you this selection of three one-pound packages along with our gourmet coffee book, so you may experience the finest Brazilian Santos, Colombian Medellin-Armenian and Mexican Altura coffees: an introduction to the pleasures of different roasts from a subtle light medium to the peak flavor in our dark roasted coffees.

Call Toll Free 800-535-9901 (with your Visa or Mastercard number ready) or send $10.50 with your name and address to Community Coffee Company, P.O. Box 3778, Dept. NY12, Baton Rouge, Louisiana 70821-3778. Specify choice of whole bean, regular or filter grind.

Community Coffee
BRAND ®

Kurt knew the academic life—his father had been a professor—and they would talk about Spinoza. Sometimes we were joined by Jacques Schiffrin, our French partner, who was very witty. It's hard to imagine Hannah as an employee—she dominated our conversations, otherwise—but she had some problems working for Schocken, and we would talk them out. When we were together, we spoke only German. You express yourself better in the language of your youth. You get more nuances and reverberations, and you are sure to be fully understood. Hannah knew a great deal of poetry by heart—Goethe in particular—and sometimes she would throw in a half sentence from a lyric poem. We felt a great openness with each other. After Kurt's death, she would sometimes ask me about contractual matters concerning her books. She was extraordinarily generous. After I was alone, she suggested that I move into the apartment house on Riverside Drive where she lived, so we would be near each other, but I didn't want to leave my own home. Hannah was greatly interested in many things, including what was going on in the world. When we had dinner together, she always arrived after watching the television news. 'The banality of evil'—the phrase she used in her report on the Eichmann trial for *The New Yorker*—has become part of the language. We talked a lot about politics, naturally, during the Vietnam and Watergate period. She saw through Nixon, and she considered Kissinger shallow. The week before she died, in 1975, we had dinner together. She was ill then. Suddenly, Hannah put down her knife and fork and said, 'Once you and I are dead, will there be anyone left who knows what love is?' I was so struck by what she said that I wrote it down immediately afterward. The concept of love preoccupied her always. I have often thought about what she said. I believe she meant the capacity for *devotion*—not only to a person but to what you do with your life. I'm sure she meant more to me than I to her."

Mrs. Wolff paused for a moment. "In 1949, we were able to afford an office at 333 Sixth Avenue," she continued. "We shared a floor with New Directions, which published there until a few years ago. It was a sort of warehouse-workshop, with marvellous views of the Hudson. My office was triangular, similar to some of those in the Flatiron Building. I

Classics of Distinction to wear assuredly, anywhere. Newly softened braid trimmed jacket and easy cluster pleated skirts in wool flannel knit. A gentle cascade of ruffles on the polyester georgette blouse pulls this contemporary look together.

Hooper
ASSOCIATES LTD.

FOR NEAREST STORE, WRITE HOOPER ASSOCIATES, 1451 BROADWAY, NY 10036
In Canada: 4200 Blvd. St. Laurent, Montreal, Quebec, Canada.

THE GRAND TRADITION OF
TAHOE LAKEFRONT ESTATES
RETURNS FOR
A PRIVILEGED FEW.

Now you can become a respected part of a very personal, very private lakefront estate of just 48 owners. Owners like yourself who appreciate our meticulous attention to personal enjoyment.

Private marina with full complement of sailing and motorcraft, tennis courts, swimming pool, summer restaurant, and year around security are, of course, included. Capturing unsurpassed Lake views, the limited selection of remaining condominium residences reflects the necessary balance of elegance and comfort.

For complete particulars please call or write, Stillwater Cove:

NORTH LAKE TAHOE
Crystal Bay, Nevada 89402
702/831-5400

SAN FRANCISCO
415/788-4488

LOS ANGELES
213/474-7791

Full Broker Cooperation

STILLWATER COVE

Tierra Corporation — Developer.
Stillwater Cove Real Estate Company.
A Licensed Real Estate Broker NAV 820101

was a vice-president, but I didn't even realize it. Actually, I was a maid of all work. I did editing, copy editing, proofreading, advertising, and publicity, and I ran the juvenile department. Whenever Jacques Schiffrin was sick, I also did production. Kurt always said, 'Helen, in her crazy way, does all these things.' For many years, I didn't have a secretary—I got one only in 1955. I typed my own letters. In the nineteen-fifties, we never had more than twelve people working for us. I always liked advertising—thinking of ways to sell something you liked. We never had a rigid budget policy—we used the income from one book to help another we believed in."

The nineteen-fifties saw Pantheon expand into several new areas. The firm published historical novelists, including Mary Renault, Zoë Oldenbourg, Alfred Duggan, and Bryher. Mary Renault's "The Last of the Wine," in 1956, was an immediate success, and Helen Wolff dipped into the coffers to advertise it strongly. In quick succession came two other Renault best-sellers, "The King Must Die" and "The Bull from the Sea," and both were Book-of-the-Month Club selections. The Wolffs were also interested in Oriental cultures (Helen having grown up in Turkish Macedonia), and became among the first in the United States to publish books on Zen Buddhism. Alan Watts, the author of "Behold the Spirit" and "The Way of Zen," has recalled how he happened to come to Pantheon, and what it was like being published by Helen and Kurt Wolff. "It was in 1945 or 1946 that I received a publisher's announcement from the new firm of Pantheon Books in New York," he has written, "and was at once struck by the sophistication of its typographic layout. It may seem uncanny, but typographic style is as revealing to me as handwriting to a graphologist, and I knew at once that I would like my own books to be published by this firm. My instinct was corroborated by its list of titles and by the physical appearance of the books themselves, and it was thus that, without any introduction, I sent the manuscript of 'Behold the Spirit' to Pantheon, and so came to know Kurt and Helen Wolff. How could I have guessed that Helen was profoundly interested in Catholic mysticism and Oriental philosophy, an interest shared by her husband, Kurt, who also represented for me all the virtues of high European culture—German, French, and Italian? They evoked all those childhood feelings . . . of the glamour of Continental Europe, and though their offices were as dreary as most offices their apartment on Washington Square was in faultless taste, from the Canalettos on the walls to the design of Kurt's scratch pad by the telephone. Helen—a woman of striking, intelligent beauty—has a sort of motherly way of flattering one's insight without insincerity, implying that you and she are, after all, in the know and belong to an unspecified Western élite."

In the nineteen-fifties, the Wolffs brought out two of the phenomenal best-sellers in American publishing history—Anne Morrow Lindbergh's "Gift from the Sea," in 1955, and Boris Pasternak's "Doctor Zhivago," in 1958. "Gift from the Sea" has sold over six hundred thousand copies in hardcover, exclusive of book clubs, and continues to sell more copies than any other hardcover Pantheon book; "Doctor Zhivago" has sold about a million copies in the Pantheon edition and almost six hundred thousand more through the Book-of-the-Month Club. The success of these books put the company "awash in money," as Mrs. Wolff phrases it, but also gave rise to emotional tensions within Pantheon Books. "We never thought we would become Anne Lindbergh's publisher," Mrs. Wolff said, "since Harcourt, Brace had published her earlier books. This is how it came about. In 1948, Kurt had gone to the Aspen bicentennial celebrations for Goethe, and there he met Mrs. Lindbergh. It was a kind of convocation of European and American intellectuals paying homage to Goethe. Kurt was interested in meeting the people who attended, some of whom he had known earlier, and Mrs. Lindbergh was interested in following the mainstream of European thought after the war. I did not go to Colorado, because someone had to mind the store in New York. Evidently, Kurt and Anne had a stimulating talk there. Later, the Lindberghs asked us to dinner, and we continued to see each other from time to time. Then one day, in 1955, she brought the manuscript of 'Gift from the Sea' to us. It was as simple as that. We recognized, besides, a potential classic, and we were very pleased to be publishing an American author—she was one of our first. The following year, we published her 'The Unicorn and Other Poems.' She and Kurt had conversations and correspondence about a novel that examined several marriages. She called him a brilliant critic and literary mentor, whose criticisms were always constructive, and he encouraged her to follow her own intuition and her own sense of perfection. That book, 'Dearly Beloved,' was published by us through Harcourt Brace & World in 1962, after we had left Pantheon."

Never had the Wolffs had a stronger commitment to publish faithfully and protectively than with Boris Pasternak's "Doctor Zhivago." A letter marked "Confidential," sent to Mrs. Wolff by a friend of hers at the Harvill Press, in London, outlined the situation: "We want to mention a book to you about which it is vitally important that the greatest discretion, in fact, secrecy, should be maintained. We know that, coming from Europe, you will appreciate the fact that any indiscretion might endanger the author's life. The facts are as follows: Pasternak, who may, I suppose, be regarded as the best living writer who is writing in Russian, has completed the main work of his life. It is a very long novel and extremely good. He has written exactly what he felt like writing without any consideration of the consequences. Having completed the work, he submitted it in the ordinary way to the State Publishing House. The result was a major crisis, thirty writers were co-opted to condemn its publication; it is fair to say that [Ilya] Ehrenburg stood up for it. But anyway its publication was prohibited. Pasternak however went on quietly saying that if the book could not appear in Russia it must then appear first in translation."

Helen and Kurt Wolff moved quickly to obtain the rights to publish the novel in the United States. Mrs. Wolff told me, "As Pasternak's American publisher during the Cold War period, we were in honor bound to play up the book's literary importance and play down the sensational political implications. It was because we were supposed to understand this fully that the book had been mentioned to us in the first place. We tried not to betray this trust. Jacket copy, press releases, and advertisements stressed the literary accomplishment. The advertisements were of the simplest. Al-

THE SELFRIDGE HOTEL

"The best London hotel I have stayed at. Central location, beautiful, quiet rooms, and efficient but unrushed service."

Executive Travel and Leisure Magazine 1982.

You will notice the difference as soon as you enter the front door.

A wonderful hotel of beauty, providing relaxation and good food – you will experience something special. Superbly decorated public rooms, a touch of luxury and a gracious style which the rest of the world has forgotten.

Like an oasis in the West End with Mayfair, Oxford Street and the American Embassy only steps away. With an elegance and an atmosphere in which you rightly believe that you are the most important person in the world. You'll find the service attentive, courteous and obliging.

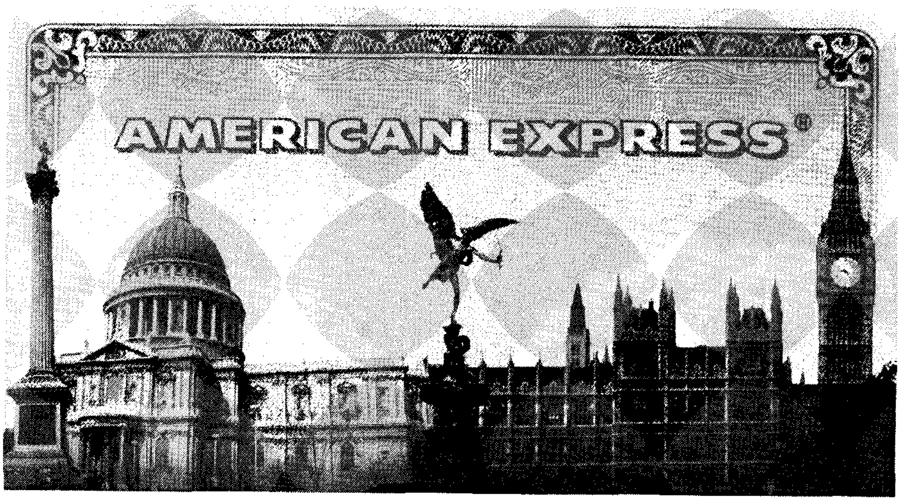
What's more, you couldn't be made more welcome if you carry the American Express Card. It says more for you than even money can and ensures you the kind of respect and attention you are accustomed to – in Britain as in America. Don't leave home without it.

The Selfridge Hotel, Orchard Street,
London W1H 0JS.

For further information and reservations call your Travel Agent or Thistle Hotels: N.Y. (212) 689 0217. elsewhere 800 847 4358.

Thistle Hotels, one of Britain's largest hotel groups, offer 42 quality hotels in prime locations throughout the United Kingdom.

Thistle Hotels
We put you first



IN 1892, A TRIP TO DENVER MEANT STAYING AT THE BROWN PALACE. IT STILL DOES.

Modern travelers love our traditional, highly personalized service. Such as turned-down, triple-sheeted beds. Perfectly-prepared meals. Fresh table linen and silver service. Pastries and breads baked on the premises. Concierge service to take care of your personal needs. And 650 attentive, well-trained employees.

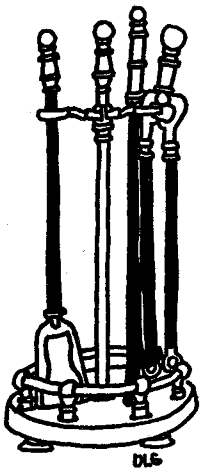
Experience the elegant suites and guest rooms, newly redecorated in the magnificent tradition of The Brown Palace Hotel—Denver's Grand Luxury hotel. Located in the heart of Denver's financial/business/shopping district. No other hotel even comes close.

The Brown Palace Hotel
17th & Tremont Place
Denver, Colorado 80202
(303) 825-3111

Toll Free: (800) 323-7500
Illinois: (312) 953-0505
Alaska: (800) 323-1707
Canada: (800) 661-1262

Member: Preferred Hotels Worldwide/All major credit cards accepted.

ways, under the headline 'Tribute to Greatness,' they reproduced substantial passages of comment by some of the foremost literary critics—men of the stature of Edmund Wilson, Isaiah Berlin, and Albert Camus. Every effort was made to keep anti-Red propaganda out of the promotion of the book. In fact, our first press release said, 'If this book is read only for its political implications, it will be read for the wrong reasons. It deserves to be read as one of the rare masterpieces that grow out of the anguish, love, and courage of a great mind.' Kurt sent Pasternak a copy of the press release, in English, and he added, 'And that's what we sincerely believe.' Kurt also wrote to Pasternak in a more personal way, noting that he, too, had studied at the university in Marburg, a year before Pasternak did, reading Plato with the same professor, a famous philosopher, Hermann Cohen. Their correspondence developed into a warm friendship. Pasternak wrote endless letters. Some we did not get." Mrs. Wolff stood up and reached into a drawer for mementos of publication, including news stories and advertisements. It was evident that she felt particularly close to the Pasternak novel—the translation of which had been done in England by Max Hayward and Manya Harari—and had been fully aware that the book had to reach American readers as a work of literature, not as a political document.



When Pasternak was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature for his forbidden novel, a new challenge arose for his publishers. "Pasternak was hounded by the Soviet authorities and forced to reject the prize," Mrs. Wolff told me. "A Moscow news story reported that he had left his home in Peredelkino, and then all news about him stopped. At the time of his disappearance, Harold Macmillan, the British Prime Minister, was visiting Nikita Khrushchev in Moscow. We knew that the visit would be front-page news in the *Times*, and that that part of the newspaper would surely be scrutinized carefully by the Soviets. So, by an extraordinary effort on the part of our advertising agency and of the *Times* people, we were able to insert, at very short notice, an advertisement carrying a statement by Albert Camus on the inside page that continued the story of Macmillan's visit. Camus said, 'This great book of love is not anti-Soviet, as we are being told, it belongs to no party, it is universal. Pasternak's genius, the nobility and goodness of the man, far from harming Russia, on the contrary will contribute to Russia's prestige more than any propaganda. Russia will only begin to suffer from it in the eyes of the world from the moment when a man will be persecuted who today is universally admired and particularly loved.' In another advertisement, I myself contributed a line that read, 'Boris Pasternak rejects the prize, retains the honor.' We did what we could to help him. Nobody knows whether our efforts did help. But they could not have harmed. Pasternak died a year or so later, of an illness, at home. Not every relationship to an author can be sustained at this level, nor could every such relationship withstand repeatedly this kind of excessive strain. But for those months Pasternak was in the forefront of our thoughts and efforts."

Mrs. Wolff's links to the European publishing houses and her abilities as a scout and a linguist resulted in still another important acquisition—"The Leopard," by Giuseppe Tomasi di Lampedusa, a Sicilian nobleman. It had first been published by Feltrinelli, in Milan, and Mrs. Wolff had read it in Italian. Her report for Pantheon is a model of literary perception and publisher's enthusiasm: "This is not a historical novel in the accepted sense. It is rather, in thinly fictionalized disguise, the portrait of an actual family very close to the author. . . . The book is broken into chapters that, in reality, are each a separate panel with a new picture of a significant moment or event. There is no 'plot.' In that sense, the book is 'modern,' and one critic has compared it to E. M. Forster (though it has more vitality, is less thin-blooded than the Forster novels). It reads extremely well. . . . Every figure . . . is magnificently realized, as is every detail of Sicilian life, itself by nature violent, dramatic, irrational. But there is more to this book than surface brilliance. There is a sense of fate, of the human condition, of people and history that only a very civilized, a completely mature philosophical mind can convey. . . . The writer, himself one of the last aristocrats, plainly considers the greatest sin to be boring. The style is superb, sober, clear, with precise turns of phrase and all the color of Sicilian folk speech wherever it belongs. . . . It seems a book of unique distinction—unfortunately, the first and last of this extraordinary mind, since the Prince of Lampedusa, who wrote it at the age of sixty-two, died soon after its completion, and it is published posthumously. (One has a suspicion that the Prince, in the tradition of Montaigne, would have considered publication vulgar.) 'Il Gattopardo' (the leopard is the heraldic emblem of the Salinas family in the novel) should be assured of major critical attention if handled right. It is a feather in any publisher's cap."

"The Leopard" was published in 1960, and went almost immediately through a half-dozen printings, but by that time the Wolffs had left the United States to live in Switzerland. As Pantheon had grown and prospered, the stresses within the house had increased. Occasionally, credit was taken by others in the firm for what were essentially the Wolffs' achievements. Kurt Wolff had a bad heart, and both he and his wife felt that his health would be better away from New York. In May, 1959, they moved into the Esplanade, a hotel with a huge, parklike garden, in Locarno, on Lake Maggiore. Italy was a short distance down the lake; Locarno was accessible to their European authors. The Wolffs were still affiliated with Pantheon, though they had sold their shares to the firm. They were kept busy at the Esplanade, working on manuscripts and maintaining their contacts with authors, agents, editors, and publishers.

During this period, the Wolffs acquired Joy Adamson's "Born Free." Helen Wolff's report for Pantheon foretold its success: "This book is an extraordinary document, in text and in enthralling, moving pictures, of a unique relationship between a woman and a lioness. She gave it the bottle until it was twelve months old. This love and protection created a bond between lioness and men stronger than all atavistic instincts. . . . The same animal whose claws just tore a water buffalo to pieces embraces its human mother in a hug that is all tenderness. . . . A book that is irresistible, to anyone of any age." A special closeness developed between Helen and Joy Adamson, who before going to Kenya had lived in Vienna. In Locarno, too,

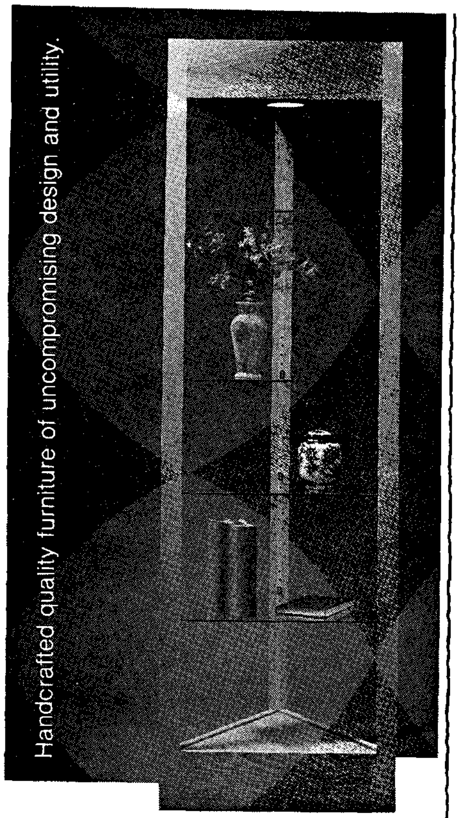
It may not please you to learn that the world's best address is now Ten Five Sixty.

The grand opening of Ten Five Sixty challenges the position and prestige of every other residential address. This news may not comfort those complacent souls who have stopped making an effort to acquire the best of everything. But it should certainly stimulate the imaginations of those who are always ready to discover new horizons, entertain new ideas and welcome new friends. This unique twenty-two story condominium tower now welcomes you to a collection of highly important single level, townhome and penthouse residences. Featuring extraordinary security and life safety systems. Valet parking, concierge and other services. Maids' quarters. Social and physical fitness facilities. With every possible amenity and panoramic views. From one-half million dollars, the best address on Wilshire speaks for itself.

By appointment only. Telephone (213) 859-0606.
Ten Five Sixty Wilshire Boulevard,
Los Angeles, California 90024.

Agent: Merrill Lynch Realty/Sandler-Adler
Offer void in states where prohibited by law.

TEN FIVE SIXTY
The Address on Wilshire Boulevard


Handcrafted quality furniture of uncompromising design and utility.

THOS. MOSER
CABINET MAKERS

catalogue $3.00
One Cobbs Bridge Road New Gloucester, Maine 04260

the most beautiful tours of Italy ever created

Italia Adagio

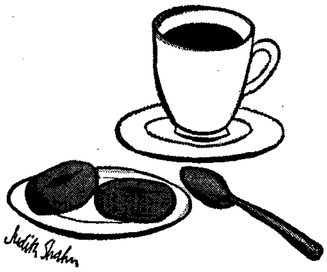
Leave the forced marches of conventional travel and explore the cities of central and northern Italy where mass tourism cannot go.

Designed and directed by the American painter, Frieda Yamins, whose second home is Florence. For the discerning traveler who enjoys the diversity of Italian culture, the charm of castle hotels, and the fine Italian art of exuberant dining!
Rome, Tarquinia, Orvieto, Todi, Assisi, Gubbio, Urbino, Sansepolcro, Arezzo, Siena, San Gimignano, Florence and environs (five days), Venice, Padua, Asolo, Maser, Verona, Sirmione on Lake Garda.
Limited space still available on Sept. 9, Oct. 7, 1982.
23 Days - Land Arrangements $2590. Air fare extra.

Detailed brochure available from:
Italia Adagio
162C Whaley Street
Freeport, New York 11520
(516) 868-7825

Kurt Wolff had the idea of doing a book by Jung in the form of an autobiography, for the pioneering psychoanalyst, then in his eighties, could not be expected to live much longer. Spurred on by Wolff, Jung dictated large sections of the book to his assistant, Aniela Jaffé, and Helen helped bring it to fruition. "Memories, Dreams, Reflections" was not published until 1963, but Jung had completed it before his death in June, 1961. It became an important text in the field of psychoanalysis.

Eventually, the long-distance arrangement between Locarno and New York ceased to work well. The Wolffs resigned from Pantheon in 1961. Later that year, Random House bought Pantheon Books, and in 1962 André Schiffrin, the son of the Wolffs' partner, joined the firm and shortly thereafter became its managing director. Kurt Wolff still kept in touch with the Bollingen Series editors and remained on the Bollingen board, which he had joined in 1960. "We thought this was more or less the end of our publishing career," Mrs. Wolff recalled. And then something surprising happened. Wolff described it in a letter to a friend: "The great miracle of my later years: A man whom I had never met before, younger than Niko [his son Nikolaus, by his first marriage], suddenly turns up and seduces Helen and me (the 74-year-old!) to a coöperation which is . . . fully satisfying, [for he] turns out to be a personality of exceptional intelligence, vitality, enthusiasm, openmindedness, integrity, and noblesse. . . . For me THE American miracle." The miracle worker was William Jovanovich, the president of Harcourt, Brace. Recently, I asked Jovanovich how it had come about. He described this sequence of events: "What impelled me to write the Wolffs was a comment by a paper salesman named Elmer Cole. Paper salesmen used to—maybe they still do—carry news from one publishing house to another as they made their appointed rounds. Cole said that the Wolffs were not engaged in publishing any longer. Was I interested in their work? Of course, I had heard of both Helen and Kurt, and I knew the Pantheon list of fine books quite well, but I'd never met them—or, indeed, anyone who knew them intimately. I did something rare for me: I wrote a postcard in longhand, from my home in Westchester. I asked, 'Would you like to publish with me?'



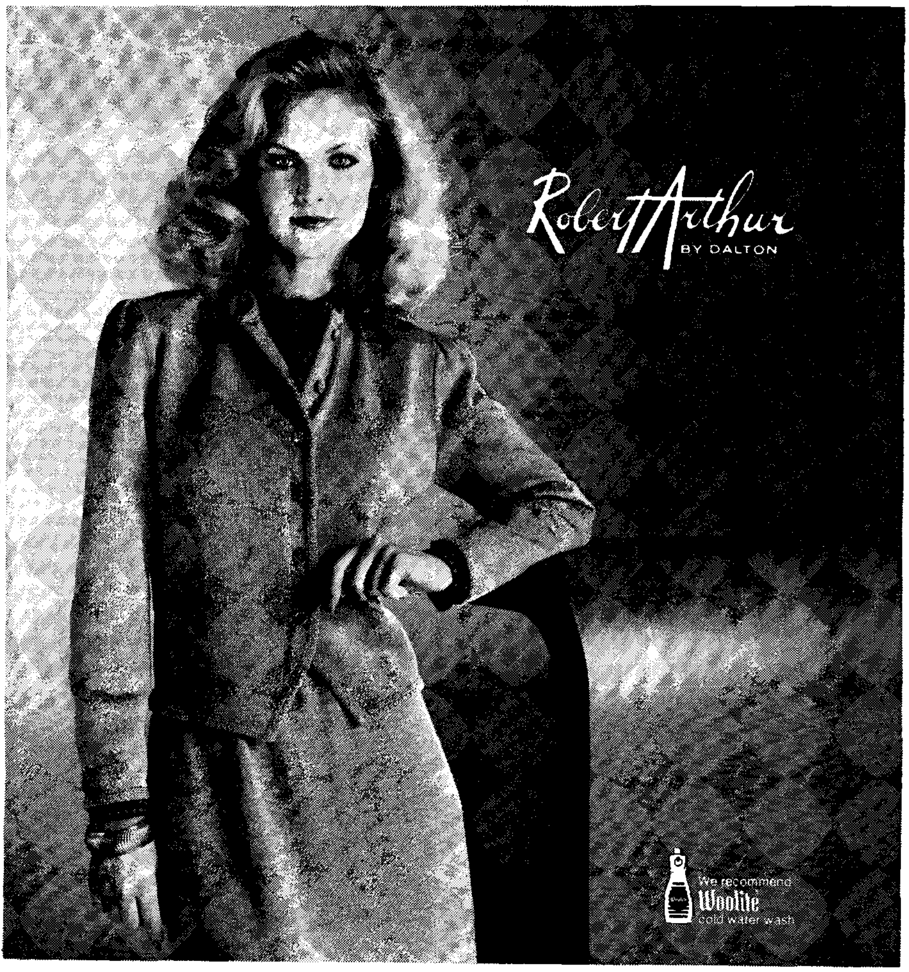
"It turned out, as I discovered later, that the word 'publish' was central. Several publishers, among them John Sargent, of Doubleday, who travelled to Locarno to see the Wolffs, had approached them on becoming 'scouts' or 'European editors' for an American house. Kurt Wolff answered immediately, to say that I was welcome to visit them in Locarno if I was to be in Europe any time soon. His letter indicated a certain urgency, the nature of which I didn't know then. This exchange of correspondence took place in October and November of 1960. My wife and I left for Switzerland in mid-January of 1961—a trip made solely for the purpose of meeting the Wolffs. We met in the old hotel, the Esplanade. I recall that the Wolffs were intensely curious about my physical appearance and, when my wife joined us, in what might be called my 'married style.' Helen, many years later, said they'd hoped my wife was not a 'show girl,' an ornamental lady who maybe wouldn't be interested in their intensely bookish life. The talks went well—so well, indeed, that Helen was momentarily depressed. She said later, 'I felt fearful when Kurt immediately began talking to you as if you were a lifelong friend.' Men, she implied, are sometimes too quick to find a commonality. After three days of talks, I declared I was going to London and my wife was returning to New York, and I added that I would return to Locarno the first day of February. Helen says she wasn't at all sure that I'd return. The 'urgency' I read into their initial letter to me simply had to do with Kurt's age. He was eager to begin work again. I did return to Locarno, and brought with me a handwritten contract, which we quickly agreed to—we signed it much later, after it was put into proper legal form. I do believe that this was the first true 'co-publishing' agreement in modern American publishing. The Wolffs became co-publishers with me directly—not with H.B.J. as an institution—and they had full authority to sign up authors, contract for books, pay for reports and translations. Moreover, they received a share of all sales of books bearing their imprint and a share of all subsidiary rights gained from those books. It is significant that 'profit' or 'net profit' did not enter into this arrangement. In short, the co-publisher received income from every book, even if the book proved to be a loss to the publisher. The contract specified that they had access to me personally and could not be overruled on any matter except by me. In point of fact, I have never used my veto power."

Mrs. Wolff recalled that initial encounter from another perspective: "When Jovanovich left for London, I turned to Kurt and said, 'If you believe we are ever going to see him again, you are mistaken. He would be out of his mind to spend part of his vacation in Locarno.' When he did return, we invited Anne and Charles Lindbergh to meet him. They were in Switzerland at the time. Somehow, if you are a European you do not know how to evaluate Americans. We wanted Anne to size him up, because if we signed up with Jovanovich he would then be her publisher, too. At dinner, Charles and Bill got along formidably well—actually, the rest of us need not have been there at all. Bill was totally familiar with 'The Spirit of St. Louis'—he virtually knew Lindbergh's book by heart. There was an instinctive rapport between them. At one point, Bill turned to me and said, 'Helen, you look so worried,' and I replied, 'I am worried. You can afford to make a mistake, but we can't.' The next morning, Charles told us, 'By all means, go ahead; he's a first-class person.' From that point on, the situation changed, and we felt safe. When I first saw Jovanovich, he looked very familiar to me. I soon realized why: I had seen faces similar to his in the part of the world where I grew up. We talked about the Balkan past we shared. His father had emigrated from Montenegro. He snatched my passport from me when I told him that I was born in Macedonia, and checked the coincidence for himself. I think it made it easier for him. And so the first joint imprint was invented."

Under the arrangement worked out in 1961 for "A Helen and Kurt Wolff Book," published by Harcourt, Brace, the Wolffs planned to remain in Locarno, with occasional visits to New York. Helen went to New York for sales conferences, presented their books, and remained for three weeks to coördinate publication with the Harcourt staff. Right from the start, the

Jolson kept time with Platinum.

Rich and lustrous. Deep white. Most precious of precious metals. No wonder Al Jolson kept time with a Platinum watch. Shouldn't you wear Platinum? View the Platinum collection at your jeweler's, or write: Johnson Matthey Inc., Malvern, PA 19355

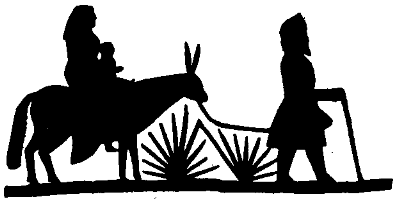


Wonderful on a chilly night in Denmark... a mug of glogg... warm red wine spiced with cinnamon and raisins. And wonderful on a chilly night anywhere... a fabulous fur from the cozy shop of Birger Christensen.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN

38 Østergade·Copenhagen·Denmark

By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court



a catalogue
of the best

More than 1,000 presents – Museum silver, crystal, porcelain, sculpture, jewelry, scarves, prints, books, cards.

For the Museum's 116-page Christmas catalogue* send this coupon with your name, address, and zip code together with $1.00 to cover mailing cost.

*Mailing date September 1.

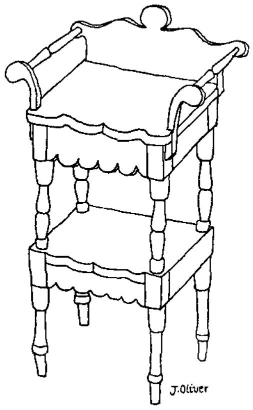
N312

The Metropolitan
Museum of Art

255 Gracie Station
New York, N.Y. 10028

Wolffs had books and authors to bring in. Mrs. Lindbergh finished "Dearly Beloved" while Helen was on her first trip to New York. Kurt had published Bernard Berenson under the Kurt Wolff Verlag banner in Germany; now the art critic's "Sunset and Twilight," based on his diaries, was put in the works. Günter Grass came through with "Dog Years." Some authors not only had options with Pantheon but had already delivered their manuscripts. Karl Jaspers' "The Great Philosophers," a two-volume work edited by Hannah Arendt, had been turned in to Pantheon. But Dr. Arendt retrieved the books, saying that she had edited them for Kurt Wolff, and now that he was back in action they belonged with him. "Hannah would not have taken no for an answer," Mrs. Wolff said. The effort did not always work. W. H. Auden and Elizabeth Mayer had translated Goethe's "Italian Journey," and they wanted to withdraw their contract from Pantheon, but the production of the book was too far advanced.

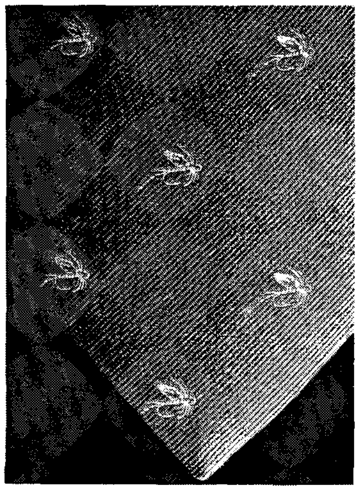
From their hotel base in Switzerland, the Wolffs informed Jovanovich of what books they wished to publish and why. Helen wrote detailed critical reports, in the process revealing attitudes toward literature and toward taking risks with comparatively unknown writers. In 1961, they took on the first book by Peter Weiss ("Leavetaking"), who later became famous for his play "Marat/Sade," and a novel by Piotr Rawicz, "Blood from the Sky," which is today considered one of the finest books about the Holocaust. He never produced another work of fiction. Concerning Weiss's novel, Mrs. Wolff wrote, "This, a short autobiographical novel (about 34,000 words), is quite extraordinary. Written without any break—no paragraphs at all—it is meant to be read in one sitting, as it were in one breath, and holds with that kind of spell. . . . In proposing this book for publication, one does not think of a potential best-seller. But it is a book of high literary quality, by a young author of great promise. Psychiatrists will be fascinated by it, and so will be literary critics, and young people. Though the setting and some details do not apply to America, the parent-child relationship is universal in its problematical aspects. A really first-rate translation is needed to carry over the vigor and intensity of the style . . . An English co-publisher could easily be found." About the Rawicz novel, she wrote, "This is not a perfect, but a very impressive book, one of the few that really try to transmute unspeakable horror into an at least remotely adequate expression. . . . What the author has tried to do is to tell the tale as if he were a traditional storyteller, and at the same time to suggest what becomes of a mind inhabited by such memories—the mind of a highly civilized, hypersensitive, overbred Jew. . . . The book is nourished no doubt by what is best and most spiritual in Jewish intellectual tradition—though I am not erudite enough to put my finger on the various sources of its philosophy. . . . This is catastrophe on a cosmic scale, and the implication is that the most 'spiritual' among the victims experienced it as such. . . . Whether such a book will have a substantial sale is another question. It will receive critical attention, of that we are sure." (It was more a critical than a commercial success.)



The special relationship that made the Wolffs independent co-publishers continued for almost three years. In October, 1963, they attended the Frankfurt Book Fair, then shortly thereafter went on to Ludwigsburg, planning to visit the Schiller-Nationalmuseum, in nearby Marbach. On October 21st, while walking across a street in Ludwigsburg, Wolff was struck down by a truck, and he died a few hours later. Helen Wolff was alone when it happened, but by midnight her stepdaughter had arrived from Munich, and the next day her family came to comfort and assist her. She decided to bury her husband in the cemetery in Marbach, the town where Schiller was born, and where German literary archives are maintained by the West German government. At the funeral service, she was joined by her son and stepson, who had flown over from the United States. William Jovanovich, who had continued a warm relationship with the Wolffs, also attended the funeral, and Helen was consoled by his presence and that of many other friends. In giving the news of Kurt Wolff's death, the London *Times* eulogized him as "a great publisher, the embodiment of all that is best in European culture, a man of wide interests and many enthusiasms, of great taste and discrimination and knowledge," and continued, "But he had one special quality that is very rare: his gaiety, intelligence and cultivated learning were so freely imparted that when one was with him one felt one was equally (or almost equally) gay and intelligent and learned, so sympathetic and understanding was his approach to his guests."

Mrs. Wolff now says, "I didn't know how the authors would react—Kurt *was* the main attraction. While I was still in shock from grief, a number of the authors showed remarkable generosity. James Morris, the author of the 'Pax Britannica' trilogy, made it known that he expected the management in New York to 'treat Helen right,' as he put it. Georges Simenon received me with great warmth at his home in Switzerland. 'I trust you; I expect you to carry on,' he told me. He had recently signed with us, and we wanted to establish him for what he was and is—a great writer, and not just a mystery writer. We had devised a publishing plan whereby for a few years his novels, beginning with 'The Bells of Bicêtre,' would appear, and then his Inspector Maigret stories. The plan proved sound—he was taken seriously and was strongly reviewed. The Lindberghs, too, were very helpful. I spent the Christmas after my husband's death with them. I'll never forget it. At breakfast Christmas morning, Charles got up and said that nothing would change. He promised to help in any possible way, including editorially, and he lived up to that promise. When Anne and I worked on her diaries, he read the material and supplied facts from his own recollections. He was more than kind—he was thoughtful. Not everyone behaved so nobly. The piranha fish moved in from the other publishing houses to try to get some of our authors. I remember one letter that came in addressed 'Mr. Grass, care of Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.' I had not yet had time to establish a human relationship with Grass. He told me, 'When Kurt was alive, one never had a chance to get near you.' It was an attitude of wait and see. Later, he recommended the Wolff imprint to other German writers, including Uwe Johnson and Hans Joachim Schädlich. I cannot think of a major writer whom we knew personally who

Resilio. Since 1906.



Vanner's Exchequer Club

Resilio's longstanding association with Vanner's, Britain's master silk weavers, has resulted in this extraordinarily wearable tie. Our Vanner's Exchequer Club marries an exquisite fabric with traditional design motifs to achieve an impeccably harmonious unity of style and quality.

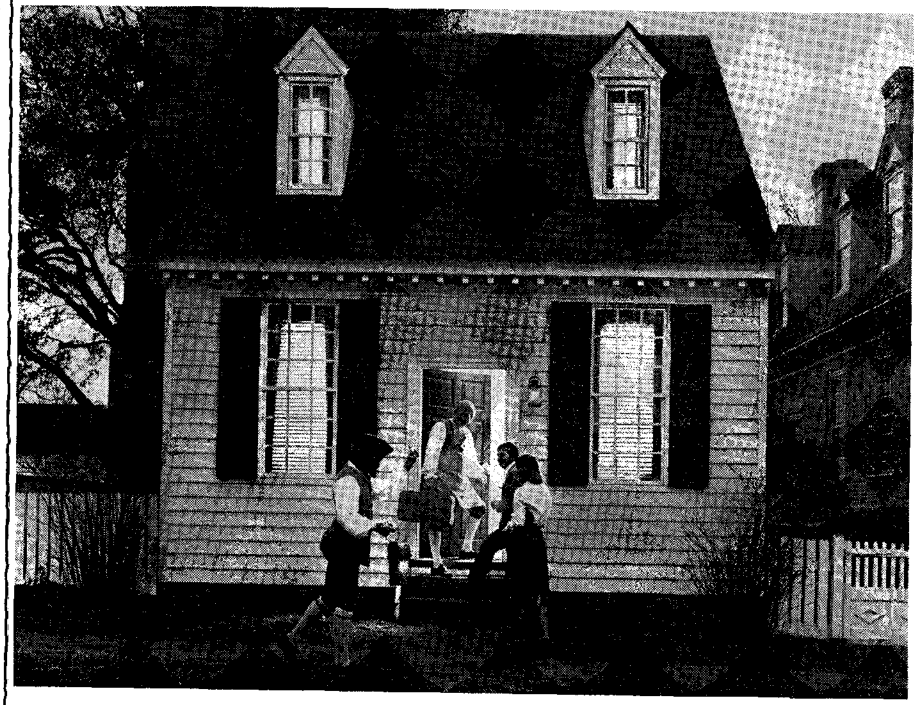
Since 1906, men who value traditional quality have worn Resilio.

Write us for your free 16-page color handbook on traditional neckwear.

Resilio

Resilio Neckwear, 966 South White Street, New Orleans, Louisiana 70125

A Hillcrest Production © Resilio Neckwear 1982



Spend the night in the 18th century.

Spend your days in Colonial Williamsburg getting to know men and women who still live in the 18th century. Sample their peanut soup and Virginia hams. Let them show you the historic places once visited by Washington and Jefferson. Then spend the night in the only accommodations right on the grounds of Colonial Williamsburg. For reservations at our colonial homes, the Williamsburg Inn, the Williamsburg Lodge or The Motor House, or for more vacation information, call toll-free 1-800-446-8956. The number in Virginia is 1-800-582-8976.

COLONIAL Williamsburg WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA

GREEK FISHERMAN'S CAP The traditional headgear of Greek fishermen and a favorite of pleasure-craft sailors. Fully lined wool/nylon fabric stands up to sea spray and sun. Richly embroidered in Mediterranean style. **Sizes:** 6¾-7¾. **Colors:** Black, Brown or Gray. **$13.95** postpaid.

Order Today! Money Back Guarantee!

Here is my check or money order for $_______
(Add sales tax for shipment into CA, CO, D.C., IL, MI, PA, WA).
RUSH my **#1984 Greek Fisherman's Cap**
Size__________ Color__________
Name__________
Address__________
City__________
State__________ Zip__________
☐ **Send me your FREE color catalog of quality outdoor apparel and equipment.**

Eddie Bauer®
Dept. CKY, Fifth & Union, Seattle, WA 98124

NEW "Just ONE HAND" TROY-BILT® for Small Gardens

- **Turns on a dime**
- **Fits in a car's trunk**
- **Weighs just 125 lbs.**
- **Now at 20% "OFF-SEASON" SAVINGS**
- **Perfect for small gardens**

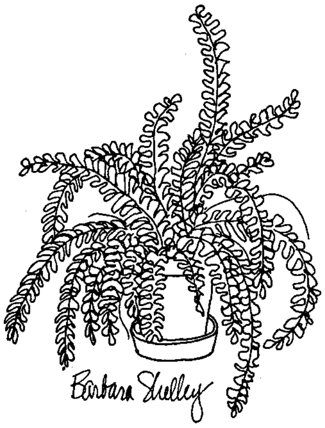
At ½ the Price of our Larger Tillers

Now you can have all the famous TROY-BILT features in a compact-size tiller...at half the price of our larger models! Power-driven wheels and rear tines. Two speeds forward plus reverse. Multi-purpose bolo tines. 3½ HP Tecumseh-Lauson engine. Perfect balance for Just-ONE-HAND operation. Tills 14" wide, up to 8" deep.
©1982 Garden Way Inc.

TROY-BILT® Roto Tiller-Power Composters
Dept. A1438
102nd St. & 9th Ave., Troy, NY 12180
☐ Please rush FREE information.
NAME__________
ADDRESS__________
CITY__________
STATE__________ ZIP__________

left us of his or her own volition."

Two months after Kurt's death, while Jovanovich was accompanying Helen Wolff on a visit to Günter Grass in Berlin, he asked her to continue the imprint by coming to New York and setting up her own office at Harcourt, Brace. She did so in February, 1964, using the publisher's facilities and taking on a staff of two—a manuscript editor and a secretary. She began to add to her list of authors. Aware that Konrad Lorenz's "On Aggression" had not been published in the United States, she wrote to him and discovered that he was somewhat annoyed because his former American publisher had made no effort to have that book translated into English. From then on, Lorenz was published under her imprint. Friends at Gallimard, in Paris, called her attention to Louis Aragon's "Matisse," and it became "probably the most beautiful book that I've ever done." Joy Adamson, who through Pantheon had made Elsa the world's best-known lioness, now came to New York to work with Helen on "The Peoples of Kenya." It was a major undertaking, for it was to include many paintings and photographs. Author and editor went through six thousand slides to make a selection for the book. "I kept a box of fine chocolates in my desk drawer," Mrs. Wolff said. "Whenever Joy got too excited, it would lighten the atmosphere if I gave her a chocolate. She was addicted."



Season after season, the familiar authors remained and new ones were added—recommended by those who had already been published by Helen Wolff. Her self-confidence grew as authors, European agents and editors, and even translators decided that a certain book should be published only as "A Helen and Kurt Wolff Book." Amos Oz, the Israeli novelist, at one point had offers from other editors, including one who was half Mrs. Wolff's age. Mrs. Wolff cabled Oz telling him that she would understand if he decided to switch to an editor closer to his own age. Oz immediately cabled back, "I prefer experience to innocence." Mrs. Wolff says she has no secret formula, except that "you really must *care*," and she adds, "I've found you can't fake care." Care, she says, means paying attention to an author, listening, answering letters and inquiries promptly; when that attentiveness is lacking, writers, who work alone, feel left out in the cold.

In one of our conversations, Mrs. Wolff said, "I'm often thought of as primarily a publisher of German books, but that is not the case. I confess that I have a weakness for playfulness of the mind—in any language or country. It happens that I dream in French, and I'm really a passionate Francophile. How can one not admire a people that is chock-full of bibliophiles, of loving collectors—collecting books not as investments, mind you, but out of serious love? And where they teach Descartes in high school? Where else does one have such a sense of history and continuity?"

She also found playful minds in other places, East and West. There was the Hungarian novelist George Konrád, who wrote "The City Builder," a story that is as much surrealistic as political. Stanislaw Lem, the Polish essayist, novelist, and science-fiction writer, got the special Wolff treatment. "One of the first Lems I published was 'A Perfect Vacuum,' a satire, because I wanted to get him out of the science-fiction category," she says. "It was similar to what we did in publishing Simenon's straight novels before his mysteries. This is how I happened to publish Lem. A friend in Europe alerted me to the fact that Lem, for reasons of his own, wanted to change publishers. I was given the name of his agent in Vienna—and, as you know, I am half Viennese. Lem also asked his translator about the right publisher for him in the States, and was given my name. So Lem heard about our imprint from more than one source. It was never a question of money. Later, of course, we brought out his science-fiction tales. You know, one of the drawbacks of American publishing is its insistence on categorizing. Leonardo Sciascia was thought of as a writer of mystery stories, but when he switched to our imprint, after leaving Harper & Row, we published 'Candido' for what it was—an ideological clash in Sicily between church and state for the souls of men, patterned somewhat after Voltaire's classic. I recall that, back in the Pantheon years, when we published Eugen Herrigel's 'Zen in the Art of Archery' it turned up in the bookstores on the sports shelf. No, our notion all along has been to publish authors, not categories."

Nevertheless, one of the "categories" that particularly interests Mrs. Wolff, and that she has expanded on her list, is nature books. "I suppose that, like literature, nature appeals to me because there are no national boundaries," she says. "And nature writers happen to be very good writers, because they have original minds, and they are pleasant to work with. Their books usually are very successful. I have published Uwe George, the German naturalist, who wrote 'In the Deserts of this Earth;' and Gordon Wasson, the banker turned scientist, who wrote 'Soma: Divine Mushroom of Immortality;' and several books by Karl von Frisch, who discovered the language of the bees. After we published von Frisch's 'Man and the Living World,' Kurt and I visited him at his country home, in Brunnwinkl, on Lake St. Wolfgang, in Austria. He had been collecting specimens of the wildlife in the surrounding countryside and had a little museum on his property. We asked him if any book existed on the architecture of animals, and he said, 'No, but I would like to read such a book.' Of course, we encouraged him to write it. Ten years later, in 1973, he turned in the manuscript—the very year he won the Nobel Prize for his study of animal behavior. I published 'Animal Architecture' in 1974 and acquired and sold the world rights. The book will have quite a long life. In the foreword, he graciously acknowledged that the idea originated with us."

One of Mrs. Wolff's authors has described her as unique—a "mother-editor." But even a mother sometimes has to say no. "I remember a book commissioned on the strength of an outline and a sample chapter—always a tricky business," Mrs. Wolff told me. "It sounded like a foolproof project, and the author had a considerable reputation. Everybody in our office was excited about it. With all this excitement, the contract was signed and a sizable advance agreed upon. The final manuscript, alas, did not live up to expectation and reputation. The treatment of a rich subject turned out to be skimpy, the facts alarmingly in-

The American Stanhope
A Small Luxury Hotel

The American Stanhope Hotel, located at the foot of Museum Mile in New York City, is a welcome neighbor to the new American Wing at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Each newly redecorated room is furnished with original 19th Century American art and antiques. *Saratoga* (the restaurant); *Red Jacket* (the bar); and *The Furnished Room* (for tea) provide a romantic oasis in the midst of hectic New York—reminders of a bygone era—calm, serene pampered. Also included are *Santa Fe, Topeka* and *Atchison* for private parties and meetings, and *The Terrace,* New York's first and most unique outdoor cafe. *Complimentary mid-town limousine service weekdays from 7:30-10:30 A.M.*

AMERICAN STANHOPE

995 Fifth Avenue, across from the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, N.Y. 10028
212-288-5800 • Cable Address: Hopestand • Telex: 224244
a Judson hotel

San Diego's Golf/Tennis Holiday Unlimited
7 Days/6 Nights — $518.00
Per Person — Double Occupancy

Unlimited Golf! Unlimited Tennis!
Unlimited choice from the gourmet menus of two marvelous restaurants for breakfast and dinner! Deluxe accommodations with private patio! Elegant resort with excellent new facilities and renovations! Complimentary transportation to and from San Diego Airport! Extra nights available @ $84.00 per person.

Rancho Bernardo Inn
And Country Club
17550 Bernardo Oaks Drive, San Diego, California 92128
Telephone: (714) 487-1611, Toll Free: 1-800-542-6096
Outside California: 1-800-854-1065

L.L.Bean®
Bean's Blucher Mocs
(For Men and Women)

Tough, long-wearing and perfectly comfortable. True moccasin construction with hand sewed toe piece and blucher style lacing for snug fit. Oil tanned leather uppers. Rubber sole with molded arch support for walking comfort. Brown with Brown Soles. Whole and half sizes. Men's sizes: 6 to 13 (no size 12½), Medium and Wide. Women's sizes: 5 to 10, Narrow and Medium.

Please Ship Postage Paid 100% Guarantee
___#4817W Women's Blucher Mocs @ $37.75
Size_____Width_____
___#3421W Men's Blucher Mocs @ $39.75
Size_____Width_____
☐ Check Enclosed ☐ Master Card
☐ VISA ☐ American Express
Card No._____
Exp. Date_____ ☐ SEND FREE CATALOG
Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____Zip_____
L. L. Bean, Inc.
842 Casco St., Freeport, ME 04033

Aruba's Champagne Free Spree from $157* per person, double occupancy
8 days/7 nights
Offer valid 4/16 - 12/17, 1982

This package price buys your clients a fun-filled vacation in Aruba with a host of exciting extras.

• Welcome bottle of champagne • Basket of Dutch cheese and tropical fruit • Free entrance to Watapana Summer Street Festival • $20 in casino chips • Free T-Shirt • Bonus discount booklet for watersports, diving and shopping • 3 Free cocktail parties every week • Up to 2 children (under 12 years) free when sharing a room with parents • Plus a weekly treasure hunt with an opportunity to win a free hotel stay in Aruba the following year!

For reservations, see your travel agent or consult the Yellow Pages for a listing of our 24-hour toll-free numbers.

Best Western WORLDWIDE LODGING
Talk of the Town
Manchebo Beach
RESORT HOTELS IN ARUBA

*For more information on the Free Spree Package at the Best Western Talk of the Town & Manchebo Beach Resort Hotels in Aruba, call or write Ralph Locke (NY), 315 E. 72nd St., New York, New York 10021, 800-223-1108.

NAME ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP

accurate, the general tone one of condescending flippancy. I showed it to a colleague who had originally been the most encouraging. His reaction was crushing: ‘*Helen, you are in deep trouble.*’ After I had absorbed the blow, my first step was to draw up a list, chapter by chapter, of what did not work. My second, to go to the author, rather than beg her to come to me. The bearer of bad news had better be considerate. Next, I asked the author to spend another six months on a book she had considered finished. She was virtually on her way to Europe, so this was quite a blow. I also suggested that we discuss each rewritten chapter as it came out of the typewriter. In one case, a chapter was expanded from four to twenty-four pages, giving it the integrity and substance it had lacked. As we worked together, I became aware of various strengths and weaknesses—no sense of place, a great sense of people. We proceeded to discard entire chapters that had never come to life. She added some that were more in tune with her gifts. In the meanwhile, facts and names were discreetly checked. My worry throughout was how to keep her spirits up, through the tedious process of rewriting. I can still see the stacks of manuscript, corrected in various inks, cut and pasted, shuffled, reshuffled, retyped. Maddening though the work was, I considered myself lucky. I was dealing with an intelligent, coöperative professional, not with a bundle of nerves. Eventually, this book was published, was widely and favorably reviewed, and more than earned its advance, which had caused me many nightmares. The author and I still exchange *sincerely amiable* Christmas greetings. Not all such stories have a happy ending, of course. Sometimes a manuscript is unsalvageable, and then the cord has to be cut and a friend most likely lost in the process. I still smart from a recent shaft. ‘*Kurt* would have published it,’ I was told in a voice of grief and fury. Unanswerable, I thought, and not entirely fair, but understandable. At such moments, one feels like a killer, no matter how much of a mercy killing one thinks it is.”

In a list that includes eighteen or twenty books a year, such rejections are exceptional, because great care is taken before an author is signed up. Mrs. Wolff takes risks, but only in fields she is familiar with. She rarely publishes poetry from abroad, for she feels that the nuances are seldom translatable. She rarely publishes novels written by Americans, for others are in the game of guessing what the paperback reprinters and book clubs consider commercial fiction. And she does not indulge in the process of self-deception that any number of publishers go through, telling themselves that by putting out a somewhat shoddy mass-market book to make money they will be able to underwrite several “good” books that are not likely to show a profit. She does not avoid popular appeal—every publisher hopes for the best—but each one of her books is selected for its own strengths, rather than to support or round out her list.

Standing by her authors has led Mrs. Wolff to more than the continuing publication of literature; it has led to lasting friendships. Writing is self-revealing; editing means entering another person's intimacies and dream world. The extension from author to friend developed in a remarkable way in her relationship with James Morris. Over a twenty-year span, the Wolffs had published a dozen of Morris's books. After Kurt died, Morris took Helen Wolff into his family by asking her to be the godmother of his newborn daughter. “Then, one day in 1972, I found him waiting in my office, unannounced, and uncharacteristically nervous,” Mrs. Wolff continued. Would I have dinner with him that night at the Algonquin? He had something important to tell me. How does one react when a favorite author, father of four children, with a charming wife, reveals over cocktails that he, a noted travel writer, is about to embark on a mind-boggling trip—to Casablanca, to have himself surgically altered from a man to a woman? I knew that he was anxiously watching me. The whole thing was indeed passing strange, but the person sitting next to me was still the same engaging, high-spirited, talented human being I had known and cherished for many years. What fascinated me in the tale was the sense of an extraordinarily powerful urge—I couldn't say whether psychological or biological—that pushed this balanced, basically cheerful person into a fearful and risky ordeal. All one could do was treat the potential woman no differently from the male friend. We did not then talk about a

"Introducing Helmsley Hotels' Midsummer Night's Dream from $27.50* per person."

—Leona M. Helmsley, President
Helmsley Hotels

Manhattan in the summer is a magical fantasy that can become a reality for you, when you stay at a Helmsley Hotel. Because this summer two can stay for the price of one at any Helmsley Hotel, with even lower rates on weekends. All my hotels are close to the theatres, the museums, the famous stores, and summer events like Shakespeare in the Park.

So, share the fantasy of midsummer nights with someone special at a Helmsley Hotel. Then watch Manhattan work its magic, from the deck of a ferry, from your seats in a Broadway theatre, from any sidewalk café, and from the most popular hotels in New York. We're going to be your favorite hotels.

The Helmsley Palace

455 Madison Avenue
(at 50th St.)
Sun.-Thurs. from $115
Fri.-Sat. from $95

The most opulent realm of luxury in New York. And the only Palace in the world where the Queen (Leona Helmsley) stands guard.

The Park Lane

36 Central Park South
Sun.-Thurs. from $85
Fri.-Sat. from $65

Where guests are always impressed by impeccable service from a staff who never overlook even the smallest detail.

St. Moritz

50 Central Park South
Sun.-Thurs. from $80
Fri.-Sat. from $60

Distinguished by its European ambiance and continental manners; and home of Rumpelmayer's and its famous Viennese pastries.

Harley of New York

212 East 42nd Street
around the corner from
the U.N.
Sun.-Thurs. from $80
Fri.-Sat. from $60

A great hotel with all kinds of extra touches (like a bathroom phone and remote control color TV).

Windsor Harley Hotel

58th and Avenue of the
Americas
Sun.-Thurs. from $80
Fri.-Sat. from $55

With views of Central Park only a block away.

Middletowne Harley Hotel

148 East 48th Street
Sun.-Thurs. from $80
Fri.-Sat. from $55

A nice family hotel with a full kitchen in every room.

*Per night, double occupancy. All other rates shown are for single or double occupancy and are effective from June 25 to Sept. 5, subject to availability and by prior reservation.

Helmsley Hotels

For reservations, call toll free 800/221-4982.
In New York, 212/888-1624. TELEX: 640-543.
Or call your travel agent.

dimension

"Bell put reduced operating costs at our fingertips."

If you've got a business, the Bell System has a way for you to reduce operating costs. By installing a Dimension® PBX from Bell, you gain control over many features of your communications system.

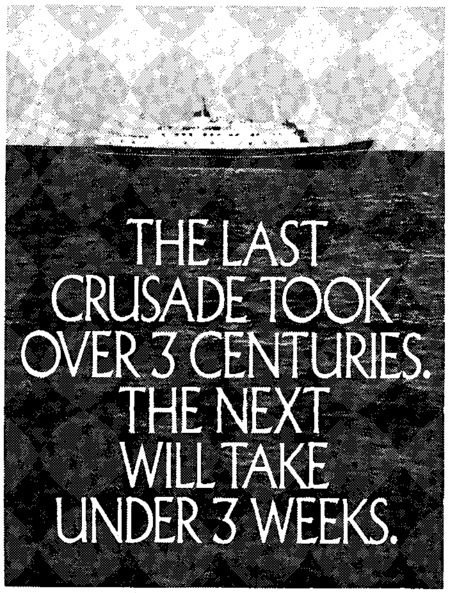
You will be able to assign your own extension numbers, which means that an employee can change offices and keep the same number. Any member of your staff can transfer a call without involving your operator. Any call can be turned into a three-way conference call, with callers speaking from three different telephone numbers. Any employee can instruct the system to direct his or her calls to another telephone. Special rings distinguish outside calls from inside calls.

You can assign special features to specific phones. You can limit which phones have access to long distance calling. You can print out your own record of calls for individual phones.

But you won't be entirely alone. Bell will continue to check your system to identify problems before they develop. In many cases, repairs will be made remotely.

Turn your telephone system into a productivity resource. Call your Bell System Account Executive.

The knowledge business


THE LAST CRUSADE TOOK OVER 3 CENTURIES. THE NEXT WILL TAKE UNDER 3 WEEKS.

From October 20th through November 7th, the Greek luxury liner SS Stella Maris II will follow the path of the Crusaders along the exotic coasts of the Mediterranean.

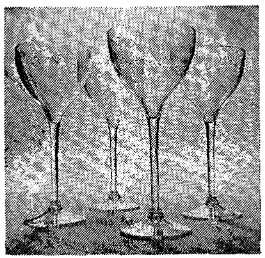
Surround yourself in shipboard splendor as you serenely cruise from Venice to ports of call in Yugoslavia, Greece, Turkey, Rhodes, Israel, Crete and Malta, while enjoying the company of Guest Lecturers who will entertain you with their delightful wit and wisdom.

Operated by Serenissima Travel Limited of London. Brochures and reservations available *through your travel agent or General Sales Agent:* Hartours, Inc., 20 Providence St., Boston, MA 02116; (617) 482-0076.

SERENISSIMA·TOURS
THE·ART·OF·TRAVEL

BASEBALL ART
The Pitcher
featuring Tom Seaver
Neil Kettlewell, Sculptor

The Cincinnati Reds, a baseball club steeped in tradition, have taken another step into the field of fine art. A limited edition of 100 bronze casts are available to the public.
The sculpture, *The Pitcher,* features Tom Seaver, destined to be one of the greatest pitchers in baseball history. Sculptor was Neil Kettlewell of Missoula, Montana.
Numbered 1 thru 100. One-sixth life-size and stands 12" high. One piece casting, solid and mounted on walnut base 14" x 8".
**Price . . . $1250 for bronzes 1-30 (SOLD); $1450 for 31-65; $1650 for 66-100.*
**Price subject to change after Oct. 1, 1982*
For details write or call: The Cincinnati Reds Gift Shop, 100 Riverfront Stadium, Cincinnati, Ohio 45202. Phone: (513) 421-4510.



Civilized drinking in our high strength acrylic stemware by Epic. Dishwasher safe, perfect for boat, pool, and patio. Set of four 8 oz. glasses, $11.00 ppd. Via U.P.S. Visa and M/C accepted. Calif. res. pls. add 6% sales tax. Satisfaction guaranteed.

creative cookware etc.
1975 Diamond Blvd.
Concord, CA 94520 (415) 687-2274

book—it would have been in the worst of taste at that moment. But I won't hide the fact that I instantly *thought* about it. And a few days later James Morris himself said, 'There's a book in this.' By the time the book was written, James Morris had become Jan Morris, and her story was public property. When she came to New York from London—very pluckily, I thought—to help publicize her book, I constantly felt on mined ground. Man or woman, Morris was first and foremost a writer—in the words of Rebecca West, 'perhaps the finest descriptive writer in our time,' a statement diluted, however, by the addition 'of the watercolor kind.' So everything concerning the book, which was appropriately called 'Conundrum,' had to be kept under strict control. Morris was willing to make appearances on televison, but as a *writer*—not, as she put it, as a freak show. Which ruled out most of the commercial programs. One of Harcourt's disgruntled salesmen told me, 'Remember, we have to sell that book in Kalamazoo.' But we defended book and author against the curiosity seekers, even if it meant fewer sales."

BOTH Jovanovich, of Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, and Helen Wolff, of "A Helen and Kurt Wolff Book," have remained in place—something rather unusual in today's world of publishing conglomerates—and their relationship is unchanged. "I believe that Helen and I are so tuned to each other's sensibilities and beliefs that we do not depend on regular procedures or on frequent business meetings," Jovanovich said recently. "A note from Helen tells me what I want to know, and if I agree, as I generally do, I reply within twenty-four hours. She is careful about not bothering me with details, but she is generous in sharing the triumphs and pleasures of good publishing. In turn, I don't waste time on the obvious terms and conditions. We both know the risks and opportunities. Occasionally, we plan a large work together, such as the two-volume 'Cosima Wagner's Diaries' or the six-volume Trask translation of Casanova. Sometimes I've asked Helen to take on an author she hasn't signed up who requires her special handling. Probably no one knows as well as I that she is almost fanatically meticulous in editing literature. It's more than overseeing translations—she checks the nuances of every suspiciously transmogrified phrase. And she is one of the few remaining line-by-line editors. Helen has made many books better than they had a right to be."

Mrs. Wolff divides her time between her office and her home, editing, seeing authors, conferring with the Harcourt staff about the books that bear her imprint. She is not visible at the fashionable restaurants frequented by editors and publishers; lunch can be at the nearest quiet restaurant or at her own oak dining table. On holidays, she visits her son and her stepson (a chemist who is a management consultant) and their families—at their homes in Hanover, New Hampshire, or they visit her. One grandchild or another is sometimes parked in the spare bedroom. In the evenings, Mrs. Wolff may attend a cultural event at a nearby European consulate especially if one of her authors is being honored. Once in a while, there is a cocktail party in her apartment to celebrate the publication of a book. Visitors notice two photographs standing on the ornate desk that once belonged to her husband—Kurt Wolff and Hannah Arendt. No one has ever replaced either of them in her life; both represented excellence, of manner and of mind.

Maria Campbell, a young woman who is the literary scout in New York for Mondadori, the Milan and Verona publisher, and several other European houses, has said, "When I first began in publishing, Mrs. Wolff was one of the few people who took me seriously. I looked upon her almost as a godmother. She knew everybody who mattered—authors, translators, foreign editors, scouts—and she was fluent in all the languages spoken in her living room. I felt honored to be invited to one of the small receptions in her apartment. I had the feeling that I was inside a European salon, surrounded by intellectuals. You looked around the room at the guests she had invited, and suddenly you became aware that there were no agents or lawyers or book-chain managers—only literary people who loved books."

Mrs. Wolff goes to the Frankfurt Book Fair every fall. In contrast to many of the American publishers, who "work the floor," frantically searching for the hot titles that will justify the trip, she checks into the Frankfurter Hof, where Room 300-A is reserved for her year after year. The world's publishers come to see her there. Her calendar is filled weeks in advance. Every hour is taken: an Austrian agent who represents Mr. Lem; a meeting with an editor from Gallimard; a translator sent by S. Fischer Verlag; an Israeli book publisher; a London editor who wants to discuss a co-production; and many of the European publishers who originally published the works of her translated authors. They drop off manuscripts in French, Italian, and German, and, if necessary, she reads them before she leaves Europe. One of the reasons she goes to Frankfurt is to be "sensitized," she says—to see the latest ideas in print. Afterward, she usually spends a few days with relatives somewhere in Germany or with authors elsewhere on the Continent. At last fall's Frankfurt Book Fair, Mrs. Wolff informed her European publishing friends that in the future she would be spending most of her time in Hanover, New Hampshire, to be near her family, but that she would still maintain her apartment in Manhattan, to be near Harcourt Brace Jovanovich's offices there, which the Company plans to maintain even after its move to the West Coast. Trusted aides now handle the daily production details, but Mrs. Wolff comes to New York often, to look out for the concerns of her longtime authors, whose books will continue to bear the Helen and Kurt Wolff imprint.

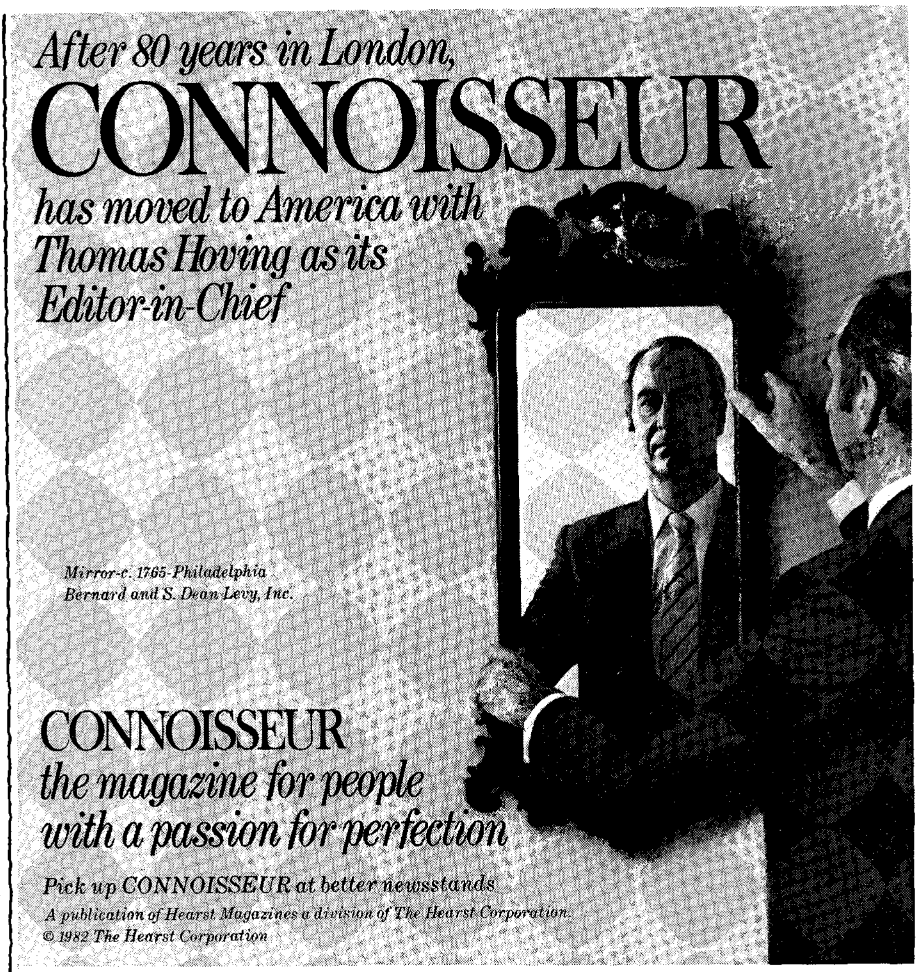
IT was dusk on the last Saturday of our series of talks. The lamps cast a golden glow over the books and paintings in her Old World living room. I asked Mrs. Wolff, "Do you ever plan to write your memoirs?"

She laughed, and said, "No—and I will tell you why. If one writes oneself, one closes out the writing of others. I've never been able to understand editors who could also write. You have to keep yourself open for the creative efforts of authors; you must be totally receptive. It's like being a priest, and I don't think priests should be married. Nor do I think editors should write. Kurt and I found our creativity and our life in editing and publishing." —HERBERT MITGANG

•

ANIMAL SYMPATHY CARDS. An ethical but personal expression of sympathy from the veterinarian for his client on the loss of a pet. Designed by a veterinarian's wife and used successfully by veterinarians throughout the United States. An excellent practice builder!—*Adv. in Modern Veterinary Practice.*

Just send the bill, please.



After 80 years in London,
CONNOISSEUR
has moved to America with Thomas Hoving as its Editor-in-Chief

Mirror-c. 1765-Philadelphia
Bernard and S. Dean Levy, Inc.

CONNOISSEUR
the magazine for people with a passion for perfection

Pick up CONNOISSEUR at better newsstands
A publication of Hearst Magazines a division of The Hearst Corporation.
© 1982 The Hearst Corporation

"They recognize that people with a little money have a highly developed sense of what to expect in return."

The Montauk Yacht Club & Inn.
We do not claim to be inexpensive,
but rather to be worth the expense.

MONTAUK
YACHT CLUB
& INN

Managed by Conference Environments Corporation.
Tennis, golf, biking, sailing complimentary. Executive Conference Facilities Available.
The Montauk Yacht Club & Inn, Star Island/Montauk, New York 11954 (212) 895-6446, (516) 668-3100

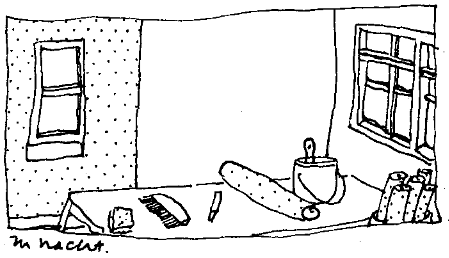
LETTER FROM EUROPE

PARIS, JULY 19

THIS is the season of a Paris ritual called *les grands départs*. Neighborhoods empty overnight. Stores close with funereal ceremony. Léon Blum's *congé payé* has given way to François Mitterrand's five weeks with pay for every French family—which, with a little fiddling, a little arranging, turn easily into six. Parisians now spend the first half of July eating their way through expensive and emotional farewell lunches and farewell dinners with people whom in all likelihood they have not considered with such desperate affection since the last *départs*. They spend the second half of July leaving town. My butcher and his wife left the other day for the Auvergne after a feast at the best restaurant on the street. They reserved a sidewalk table, and all the neighbors saw them, scrubbed and chubby, and saw their new shoes and their new haircuts, and were thus informed that for the next month or so it would be lamb chops from the Bon Marché or pasta. The old couple who run the *poissonerie* left for their cottage in the Finistère, near the ocean and the familiar fishy smells of ocean air. The proprietor of the hardware store on the corner locked his door and rolled up his awning and stood outside receiving customers, shaking hands, sending his anxious respects to everybody's parents and grandparents and maiden aunts in the provinces. Mme. Gonçalves, my concierge, left for Portugal.

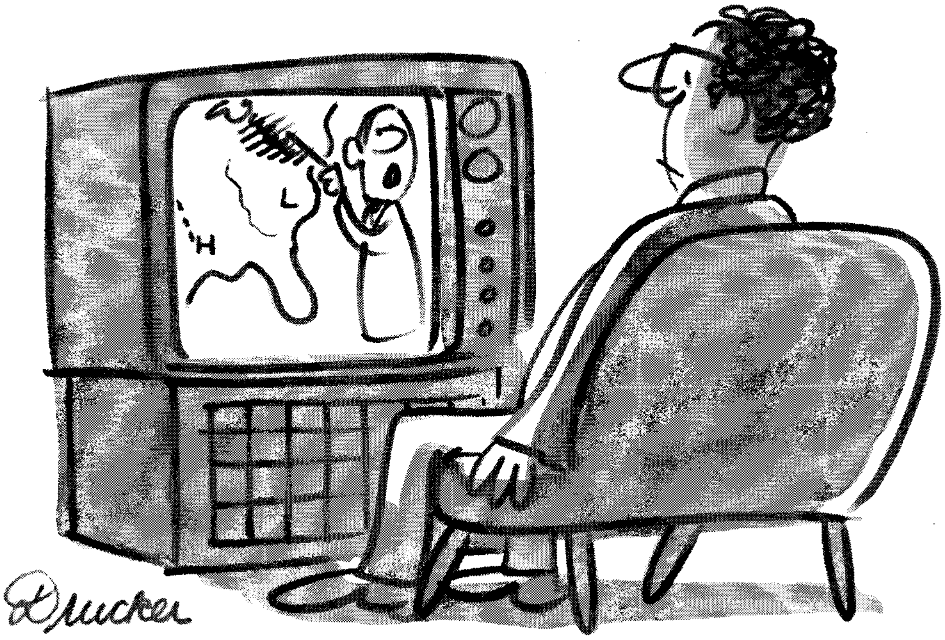
A FEW weeks ago, I was in Portugal. The country seemed sleepy again, almost the way it had before April 25, 1974—which was the day more than a hundred and fifty thousand soldiers and sailors, sick at heart from thirteen years of colonial war in Africa, put carnations in their rifles and quietly took over Portugal and its dissolving empire to the refrain of a beautiful Resistance ballad called "Grândola," played on the state radio. April 25th was a friendly and courteous revolution, and for a time it inspired a friendly and courteous sort of liberty. People in Lisbon never stopped talking. It was the first chance most of them had ever had to speak their minds or argue politics or make a speech without getting arrested. Today, they are exhausted. They seem not so much to have regressed as to have settled back into the kind of daze that the Fascists who ran the country for nearly fifty years used to romanticize, at their convenience, as the radiant simplicity of *o povo*, the people of Portugal. The people in fact complain, saying that it is as if everything and nothing had changed since their revolution. The Portuguese have survived the loss—in wealth and self-esteem—of what was the last great colonial empire. They have pulled "Portugal" back into the same thin slice of Iberia it was in 1497, when Vasco da Gama sailed out from Lisbon looking for India. They have come through two attempted coups d'état (one from the right and one from the left), seventeen failed governments, and eight years of economic catastrophe with their new democracy more or less intact. But by now the effort of democracy seems to have worn them down nearly as much as the oppressions of António de Oliveira Salazar wore them down during his thirty-six years as the dour impresario of Portuguese Fascism. They are still talking all the time, in their villages and their factories and their party clubhouses. At two in the morning, chic little Lisbon bars like the Procopio and the Snob are still full of people arguing. The trouble is that their conversation is the same conversation, and they are bored with it by now.

This spring, a kind of "people's party" composed almost entirely of well-heeled Lisbon intellectuals with liberal foreign educations threw a big dinner, and all the intellectuals formally, tearfully, parted company. In 1974, the Movimento da Esquerda Socialista, as the group was called, was the center of conversation in Lisbon. Now, for the people who used to spend their time at MES, the fun is over. For some of them, the fine promise of April 25th is over, too. Foreigners notice things like this: The graffiti are fading in Lisbon. The flower venders who used to hawk the red carnations of April 25th are hawking clay pots of basil in honor of São Antonio, the patron saint of the city. The blind beggar who spent the first year of the revolution on the Avenida da Liberdade crying "Help me, help me! I am the last unhappiness in Portugal!" has died of old age and a winter cough, which was not much helped by the fact that so many of the country's doctors left for Rio and São Paulo that year. Mme. Goldstein, who turned a convent on the Rua das Janelas Verdes into a famous Lisbon *pension* called York House and in 1974 was housemother to every important Portuguese dissident returning from exile, has "sold to the Arabs," or so people in Lisbon say. There are tourists at York House now instead of French television crews and visiting Brazilian revolutionaries and American university professors with a specialty in Marxist economics; honeymooners have replaced the spies whispering under the trees in Mme. Goldstein's palmy courtyard. The young commandos who used to strut through town in their snappy camouflage, proud of themselves and their revolution, have all gone home.



The three young "captains" (two of them were actually majors) who planned the revolution of April 25th are getting on. The youngest of them, Vasco Lourenço, has put on weight and looks like one of those stocky wooden soldiers that Portuguese peasants carve in two pieces, front and back, and sell to tourists as paper-napkin holders. Lourenço had really wanted to be an insurance salesman, not a hero, as he confessed last spring, when the three captains got together at lunch for a newspaper interview. Vítor Alves, who is usually credited with having been the brains of April 25th, is restless and ambitious, and will probably go into politics once the military Council of the Revolution that was set up in 1975 to look after the interests of the revolution is dissolved this year, under a new Portuguese Constitution. The third "captain," Otelo Saraiva de Carvalho, has already been in politics. He ran for President of Portugal in 1976 and managed to get seventeen per cent of the vote even though he was under house arrest for encouraging an uprising of "workers, soldiers, and sailors"—a sort of populist revolution within the revolution—the year before and was forbidden to travel farther than ten kilometres from his house without special permission. Otelo, as he is always called, ran again in 1980. Irrepressible and kindly, he now sits in the offices of a new workers' party tending three red carnations, which will never wilt, being plastic.

General Carlos Fabião was commander-in-chief of the Portuguese Army in November of 1975, when Otelo's friends tried to take over the revolution. He was relieved of his command for (so the charges went) "refusing to interfere" with his soldiers; for practical purposes, that meant refusing to give them any orders to fight. He was arrested along with Otelo, confined to Lisbon, and eventually freed in a general amnesty, and today he runs an Army recruiting office in Lisbon and spends a lot of his time reading Lamartine. Fabião takes a long, and possibly accurate, view of the Portuguese revolution. "Look at it this way," he says. "Two hundred years ago, I would have been burned alive. A hundred years ago, I would have had my throat slit. Today, I am a general without a command. I am talking to you and drinking *vinho verde*. In historical terms, this is an achievement."



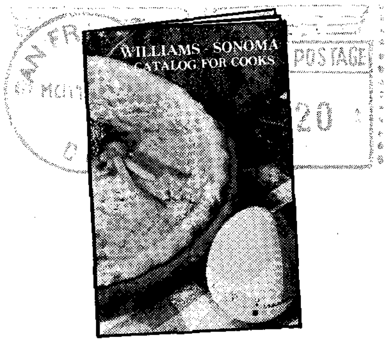
"We have a line of thunderstorms extending from the Great Lakes to Seventy-seventh Street and York Avenue."

• •

THE President of Portugal, General António dos Santos Ramalho Eanes, is reported to have described the country to a visitor by saying (no one knows exactly how he felt saying it) that in Portugal no grownup is a democrat. Certainly the Portuguese were able to shake forty-eight years of Fascism more easily than they are now able to shake the idea of themselves as incompetents who play at self-government but are too irresponsible, too emotional, too Latin to bring it off. A lot of them no longer care. They have taken up self-disgust as a kind of fashion. They say that six years of parliamentary farce and financial chaos have proved that they are all *o povo*, and that what *o povo* need is someone to protect their freedom from themselves. They talk about an endemic ineptitude that is particularly evident now that half a million *retornados* from Portugal's old colonies have settled down in the country and, like the *pieds noirs* in France, are showing up the locals with their frontier wits and their determination. They point to the million Portuguese workers who are in France earning the money to build houses of their own (that money amounts to half of Portugal's foreign-exchange capital) as proof that people who want to work still leave Portugal and always will. They quote the agricultural statistics, because Portugal is an agricultural country and it has to import more than half its food. Portugal was importing half its food before the revolution. Agricultural workers occupied more than a million hectares of farmland after the revolution, and Portugal still had to import more than half its food. It imports that food now that six hundred thousand hectares have been returned to their owners. The marketing of domestic produce is so Byzantine and so corrupt anyway that in most cases imported food is cheaper. (A Portuguese olive, say, or a Portuguese peach goes through so many middlemen that the housewife in Lisbon or Porto who finally buys it ends up paying at least five times what the farmer who grew it made.)

A writer I know in Lisbon compares Portugal to a cargo cult. He says that it sometimes seems to him as if the whole country is waiting for the ship and the sailor that will bring it beads and redemption in one miraculous delivery. Portuguese peasants have a legend about their sixteenth-century king, Sebastian, who sailed away to fight the Moors and never came back—and thus inspired a kind of political millenarianism in the countryside. They do not believe that King Sebastian died. They believe that he is waiting somewhere, vigorous and brave, to return to Portugal and save them, and they, for their part, wait for him. They describe their punishing lives as "waiting for Sebastian." *Sebastianismo* is a national habit—a convenient myth to cover a multitude of failures or presumptions. Salazar cultivated it, and for years there were peasants in the north who never doubted that the gloomy dictator in the black suit was really the cavalier they had expected.

João Cravinho, a Socialist deputy who is the director of an economics institute in Lisbon, says that people in Portugal identify more with this myth of the true Portuguese leader than with any notion of progress or modernity—which may be why, right now, there is such a feverish enthusiasm for the President. No one in Portugal can deny that it is mainly General Eanes who has held the country together for the past six years, but no one can deny, either, that Eanes is something of a caricature—a proper provincial Army officer out of a shelf of nineteenth-century Portuguese novels. Eanes is stern, virtuous, and rigorously unworldly, and when people in Lisbon who are worldly praise him for his "true Portuguese discourse" they are not so different from the peasants in Guarda who hang the President's picture on their kitchen wall and talk to it. Eanes started out in politics as the country's compromise with itself. He ran for President in 1976 because the Council of the Revolution could not agree on any candidate of its own *but* Eanes. All the obvious heroes of April 25th had too much "politics" of one sort or another attached to them; Eanes had the advantage of a kind of resolute anonymity. By the time he ran again, four years later, he was so pop-



A Catalog for Cooks

Discover what serious cooks have known for almost three decades. Williams-Sonoma offers the finest kitchenwares, household articles and specialty foods—many made exclusively for us. Our Catalog for Cooks abounds in practical gift ideas and is sprinkled with Chuck Williams's original recipes. Enclose $1—we'll rush you our current catalog and follow it with 5 more, including our 98-page Christmas book.

☐ Enter my subscription to the Catalog for Cooks. Enclosed is $1.

Name (please print)

Address

City

State Zip

WILLIAMS-SONOMA
Dept. 422, P.O. Box 3792, San Francisco, CA 94119

The Pig Shirt™

What's a fat pink pig doing on a classic polo shirt? Causing alligator tears, for one thing. 100% soft combed cotton, banded sleeves and extra long tennis tail for superlative fit. Piggy pink, navy or white. Men's S, M, L, XL. Women's S, M, L. $26 ppd. $1 for catalog.

☐ Chk ☐ MC/VISA Hog Wild!®

Faneuil Hall Market K42, Boston, MA 02109 · (617) 523-PIGS

All American Denim

Soft 100% cotton denim in classic indigo blue with red topstitch makes an easy everyday dress. Funnel collar, turn up sleeves, self tie belt and super side pockets. Below knee length. Gently machine wash.
Sizes S-M-L $54.95 ppd.
Size XL.... $57.95 ppd.

Write for color catalog

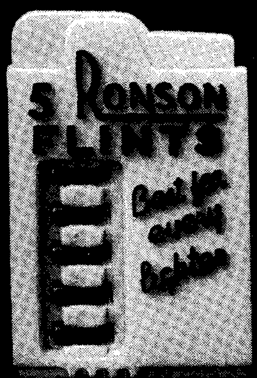
J. JILL LTD.

Dept. N 82
Stockbridge Road
Gt. Barrington, MA 01230

ular that well over half the country voted for him. Now he is the most powerful person in Portugal. And, with the Portuguese Parliament voting on changes in the Constitution that for all practical purposes will turn his powerful Presidency into more of a ceremonial function, he is being taken up by people on the left and the right as the only man in the country worth having.

General Eanes is a fairly mysterious character. He never smiles. He does not talk much—people say he is embarrassed by his thick Beira accent, but he may simply have noticed how bored the Portuguese got when other politicians started talking. He himself still has no politics that anyone can distinguish beyond the politics of his mandate, which is to guarantee Portuguese liberties as the present Constitution defines them. He takes that mandate to heart. He uses his veto to send back legislation that in his opinion contradicts what the Constitution calls Portugal's "socialist achievements." (It was written in 1976 to cover a transition to civilian rule, but it pays its respects to the revolution and its rhetoric.) He guarantees countless "irreversible nationalizations" and "conquests of the people." He is in some ways a man of the right committed to the authority of the left—and at a time when the right holds the balance of parliamentary power. The left prefers to think of Eanes as a convert—and that is one reason that the coalition of Social Democrats, Christian Democrats, and Monarchists running the government these days wants to write his power out of the new Constitution along with any "socialist achievements" that remain. The government accuses him of dealing fairly with Communists, and it is true that he has given the Portuguese Communists—they are a disagreeable group by anybody's standards—his protection. But nearly every weekend he goes off to the provinces making speeches and persuades the sort of people who despise Communists to trust him entirely. A lot of people do trust him. The doddering oligarchs of the old regime—those who are still around—trust him as a provincial who is not likely to speak foreign languages or read foreign books that might introduce him to alarming new economic strategies. The young businessmen court him because he is interested in Portugal's old colonies—an interest that has already got them nearly three hundred million dollars in contracts in Angola alone. The Church likes him because he is a serious Catholic. It is clear to everybody in Portugal that the Eanes family would never sunbathe naked on the beach near Cascais or show up with a wad of dollars or marks or Swiss francs at the casino in Estoril or disappear for weeks at a time in a libertine town like Paris or New York. It makes Eanes—for the people who do—irreproachably and authentically "Portuguese." The fact is that he has managed to salvage some of the dignity and resolve of April 25th. He soothes the pride and the disappointment of ten thousand wartime career officers who find themselves stuck in a small peacetime Army, waiting years for their promotions. (The youngest "captain" on the Council of the Revolution is in fact a captain.) He keeps those officers away from the centers of political decision, and at the same time he speaks for them with the people who make decisions and would like to forget that it was soldiers, and not politicians, who gave Portugal democracy. In a way, he is Portugal's security. The Portuguese like to say that General Eanes is looking after the country, whereas the past eight years have convinced them that their politicians are mainly looking after one another. No one seems to consider Eanes a politician, despite the obvious fact that he has run for President twice and won—the last time with fifty-seven per cent of the country voting for him. The people who *are* politicians do not forgive him this advantage. Mário Soares, the Socialist Party leader, was Prime Minister of Portugal from 1976 to 1978, and he wants to be the next President, whether or not the job has any power. Soares is a kind of political boulevardier in a country without boulevards. He likes talking about "my friend François" and "my friend Helmut" to people who have never left Lisbon. He enjoys playing European to their Portuguese. He wants to be admired as a statesman who gets invited to French inaugurations and goes to dinner at the Council on Foreign Relations, and he has never got over the fact that Eanes fired him in 1978 without so much as an apology.

The latest Portuguese Prime Minister is a forty-six-year-old newspaper


KEEPER OF THE FLAME.

THE NUMBER ONE NAME IN LIGHTER FUELS AND FLINTS.
RONSON® CORPORATION

SUN FILLED ADVENTURE ON A FLORIDA HOUSEBOAT

Pilot your own rented houseboat on the lovely lazy St. Johns River. Swim in warm crystal springs. Get hooked on some of the best fishing in the country. Water ski. Explore an unspoiled paradise one hour away from Disney World.

Houseboats accommodate from two to ten people. Each houseboat is luxuriously equipped with full kitchen, air conditioning and shower.

Send for our FREE color brochure.
SUNSHINE NY8, Holly Bluff Marina
P.O. 3558 DeLand, Florida 32720.
Or, call toll free (800) 874-7004 / in Florida call (904) 736-9422
SUNSHINE Line

THE HALF MOON CLUB
HOTEL, COTTAGES, APARTMENTS AND GOLF VILLAS
Home of All American Sports Tennis Clinics in Jamaica.
Heinz E.W. Simonitsch – Managing Director
Rose Hall, Jamaica, W.I.
GOLF · TENNIS · SQUASH · WATERSPORTS
SAUNA · MASSAGE · PRIVATE BEACH
See Your Travel Agent or Call
RR 800-223-6510 • JRS 800-327-5767

La Terrasse
Delightful French food with classical piano.
3432 Sansom Street, Philadelphia. 387-3778

publisher named Francisco Pinto Balsemão, who drives a Porsche and smiles a lot and gets to keep his paper—a weekly called *Expresso*, which for a time after the revolution was the most important paper in the country—because no one in Portugal seems to have considered conflict of interest as a concept. Actually, no one in Portugal expected Balsemão to be Prime Minister long enough for it to matter whether he owned a newspaper or not. He is agreeable, but he has no real aptitude for running anything but *Expresso*—he did that quite well. He had to resign about a year ago, during one or another of his arguments with Eanes, but there was no one else in the coalition willing to take over the government, and Eanes had to ask him back. His party is the Partido Social Democrata, and it is basically a liberal party, despite its uneasy coalition with the right, which holds it hostage to some of the most retrograde social policies since Salazar. Under Balsemão's predecessor, Francisco Manuel Sa Carneiro, who was Prime Minister for a year and then died in a plane crash, the Social Democrats started working out a fairly sound liberal economic program. By now, they have plans for leasing management concessions in moribund public industries like the Setenave shipyards, across the bay from Lisbon in Setúbal; plans for leasing state land to small farmers; and plans for converting the unpaid indemnification on factories that have been nationalized into government credits toward reviving factories that are still private. Eanes finds plans of this sort not quite in the spirit of a socialist constitution, and that is another reason the government is determined to write a new Constitution more to its taste. In Portugal, constitutions are partisan documents. No one expects any other kind.

A DIPLOMAT who has been posted in Lisbon for the past two years says that Portugal has reversed all his Weberian notions about the inevitable transformation of charisma into bureaucracy—that Portugal transforms bureaucracy into charisma. A lot of Portuguese, in their enthusiasm for the President, seem to have forgotten that they elected Eanes, that he is entitled to his job, that there are good democratic arguments for a Presidential state in Portugal rather than the parliamentary state they will be getting soon. They have a hard time with the idea of democratic authori-

L.L.Bean®
Outdoor Sporting Specialties

L.L.Bean Fall 1982

FREE Fall Catalog

Fully illustrated. Features apparel and footwear for men, women and children; camping, hunting, hiking and winter sports equipment. For 70 years L. L. Bean has offered practical and functional merchandise at reasonable prices. Our clothing and footwear is rugged enough to withstand active outdoor use, yet attractively styled and comfortable for casual wear. Many items are of our own manufacture. All are guaranteed to be 100% satisfactory.

☐ SEND FREE CATALOG
Name
Address
City
State Zip

L. L. Bean, Inc.
841 Casco St., Freeport, ME 04033

Jeeves
Your personal clothes care service.
Hand Finished Dry Cleaning, Leather, Suede and Fur Service.
Hand Laundering of Shirts and Fine Linens.
Alterations, Cold Storage, Collections, Deliveries.
Nation wide postal service
Send for a brochure
NEW YORK LONDON
JEEVES®
Jeeves of Belgravia
770 Madison Ave (66th St)
New York, NY 10021
(212) 570-9130
® Jeeves Logotype is a trade mark
© 1974 Jeeves International Limited

UNION-NATIONAL
Since 1901
fine bedroom, dining room
and occasional furniture

SECRETARY 42" wide, 22½" deep, 86" high.
Deck fitted with mirror and lights.

From our distinctive collection of
wall cabinets and breakfronts.
Send $3.00 to Department N for brochure
"Furniture for Gracious Living"
UNION-NATIONAL, INC.
P.O. BOX 1259, JAMESTOWN, N.Y. 14701

Belgian Shoes
HABANERA
$165⁰⁰
BROCHURE AVAILABLE
Belgian Shoes,
60 East 56th Street, New York 10022
(212) 755-7372
ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

PALM SPRINGS
Perfect Interlude
PRIVATE POOL VILLAS
Daily • Weekly • Season
LA MANCHA private club and villas
Call for Reservations (714) 323-1773
Outside California - (800) 854-1298

ty. They vote, but Salazar's legacy is such that in the end they believe mainly in the power of adoration or submission. Their nostalgia for April 25th has to do with the moments that gave them heroes; it distracts them from the difficult daily business of running a shabby, tender little country like their own. Eight years ago, they tried to love António de Spínola, the first President of the revolution, and then discovered that the grouchy general with the monocle and the walking stick was plotting a counter-revolution and, failing that, an early retirement in Brazil. Some of them loved Isabel do Carmo, the remarkable young doctor who was Madonna Misericordia to the soldiers who tried to take over the country in November of 1975. But in 1978, when Isabel do Carmo and ten friends from her Partido Revolucionário do Proletariado were arrested as the "moral authors" of a couple of bank robberies, they started to forget her. (She is still in jail. She will be released this month, because of a new law setting limits to preventive detention, but for the last three years she and her friends have been political prisoners—the only ones in Portugal—despite the amnesty that covered even the Fascist police, and despite the obvious illegality of the charges against them.) People loved Otelo, too. He was a genuine romantic. He ran a unit of commandos and paratroopers during the day and studied at night with visiting Latin-American radicals. He wrote a memoir of April 25th called "April Dawn" and took the time to help young filmmakers from abroad make 16-mm. movies about occupied farms. He had a vision of a happy Portugal where all good things were free and all bad things were kept at bay by an infectious satisfaction. He failed not because he was the wild man his enemies claimed he was but because he wanted a revolution that would cause no pain, no humiliation to anyone. He still believes in the old camaraderies of April 25th. When the other captains of April 25th came out this spring for their annual parade and Otelo tried to join them, Vasco Lourenço stopped him, and Otelo cried.

WHEN Francisco Sa Carneiro died, in December of 1980, *he* was the most popular politician in Portugal—something surprising for a man who looked like a ferret and had once had a fairly ferrety career, starting out with the token opposition in

Non-Allergic
100% Cotton
Socks
White Bottom
Black Top

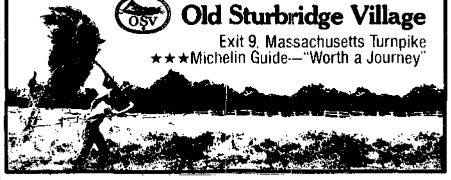
These socks with white feet and black tops are for men and women who cannot tolerate dyed socks on their feet and who find white socks inappropriate. This problem is solved by our 100% cotton socks with only black showing above shoes. 3 pairs for $8.25 *postpaid.*

Men's Shoe Size	—	7-7½	8-9	9½-10	10½-11	11½-12
Women's Shoe Size	6½-7	8-8½	9-10	—	—	—
Buy This Sock Size	10	10½	11	11½	12	13

Yours for the asking: 96-page catalog of more than 400 useful quality items.

4% Sales Tax on Items Shipped to Vermont
MAIL ORDERS TO The Vermont Country Store
Box 352-H, WESTON, Vermont 05161
OR PHONE 802-824-6932 using *Visa* or *MC*

THE VERMONT
Country Store®
STORES AT
Route 100 in Village of WESTON VERMONT
Route 103 2 mi. West of Exit 6, I-91. ROCKINGHAM VERMONT



Discover America's Heyday
The warm and gracious traditions of early 19th century New England await your family at historic Old Sturbridge Village. Meet householders and artisans who will share with you a quieter, simpler way of life. Chat with the blacksmith, shoemaker, cooper and potter as they produce dependable wares. Watch the farmer work the rich soil with his oxen. Stroll the Common, explore its homes and a new gallery of antique clocks, and stop by the Tavern for goodly portions of substantial New England fare. Select a reminder of your visit to an earlier America from handmade products in the museum's gift shops. A scenic daytrip, a visit to Old Sturbridge Village is a pleasant family outing. For free color brochures, lodging rates and map, write **Public Information, Dept. NY, Old Sturbridge Village, Sturbridge, Mass. 01566 or call (617) 347-3362.**
OSV **Old Sturbridge Village**
Exit 9, Massachusetts Turnpike
★★★Michelin Guide—"Worth a Journey"

The Sea Gull....
a Luxury Oceanfront Retreat
5 minutes to Atlantic City
Limited offer on INTRODUCTORY PACKAGES
and SPECIAL RATES for MOTEL GUESTS only.
phone (609-266-7459)
Brigantine Beach, N.J. 08203

MARCO ISLAND, FLORIDA. Beachfront apartment in lush tropical setting on Gulf of Mexico. Fully furnished. All resort amenities including pool, spas, outdoor bar. Available by the week. Call Eagle's Nest at (813) 394-7335.

a Fascist Parliament, and building a constituency, after the revolution, by haranguing Portuguese immigrants in places like New Jersey on the dangers of Communists' taking over the country. Sa Carneiro became a hero when he fell in love with a Danish woman named Snu Abecassis, who had married a Portuguese and been divorced from him, settled down in Lisbon, and become a book publisher. Mrs. Abecassis was an intelligent woman, a feminist, tolerant and open, and she seems to have changed Sa Carneiro. He was married to someone else—and, his wife being Catholic, he was permanently married—but he went to the President and formally announced his relations with Mrs. Abecassis, and then they started living together openly. They made an astonishing couple in Catholic, macho Portugal. They were so obviously devoted, so obviously happy that even little shops in the provinces that usually sell pictures of the Virgin started selling portraits of the Prime Minister and his lady. The President and his wife were scandalized. By all accounts, Eanes snubbed Mrs. Abecassis, and the Prime Minister despised him for it, and even entered a candidate of his own—a regrettably right-wing general—against Eanes in the Presidential campaign that year. Three days before the election, Sa Carneiro and Mrs. Abecassis had to fly to a meeting in Porto. Eanes and his wife went to Sa Carneiro's funeral, but they did not show up when Mrs. Abecassis was buried.

IN Lisbon, now, it is the Eanistas against the unbelievers. The Socialists are fighting among themselves, because some of the Socialist deputies in Parliament like Eanes, and Mário Soares wants those deputies to stop calling themselves Socialists. The Communists are trying to make *their* arrangements with Eanes. Even Social Democrats and Christian Democrats are quarrelling with their coalition leadership, saying that it cannot be very wise to insult a man as powerful as Eanes by trying to strip him of that power. Portuguese democrats were—reasonably—frightened by the idea of a strong Presidential state, and now that they are getting rid of the possibility they are frightened that Eanes will start his own party and run for Prime Minister himself when the government falls again, as it is bound to. No one, of course, can say what Eanes is planning. People do know that any party that Eanes leads will have little ideology beyond the persona of the general. It will mean populism again in Portugal—a kind of *personalismo*, as the Portuguese say—and in the Latin world that means a Perón as often as it means a gracious king voyaging home under golden sails. No wonder the Portuguese are exhausted.

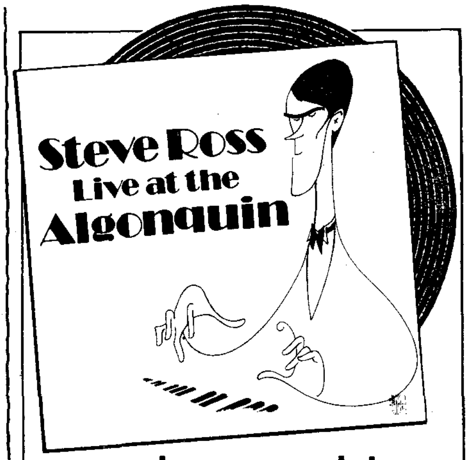
—JANE KRAMER

• •

LIDDY'S ORANGE

The rind lies on the table where Liddy has left it
torn into pieces the size of petals and
curved like petals, rayed out like a
full-blown rose—one touch will make it come apart.
The lining of the rind is wet and chalky as
Devonshire cream, rich as the glaucous
lining of a boiled egg, all that protein
cupped in the ripped shell. And the navel,
torn out carefully,
lies there like a fat gold
bouquet, and the scar of the stem, picked out
with her nails, and still attached to the white
thorn of the central integument,
lies on the careful heap, a tool laid
down at the end of a ceremony.
All here speaks of ceremony:
the sheen of acrid juice, which is all that is
left of the flesh, the pieces lying in
profound order like natural order,
as if this simply happened, the way her
life at 13 looks like something that's just
happening, unless you see her
standing over it, delicately clawing it open.

—SHARON OLDS



...and on record, too

"From country to Cole Porter, from Jerome Kern to Fats Waller...a musical chameleon whom I could hear all night." Glenne Currie, United Press Int'l

If you can't enjoy Steve Ross' piano and songs at the Algonquin tonight, send for this delightful new selection of his favorites. Recorded by RCA, NY.

Steve Ross,Live at The Algonquin.LP,$9.95. (Please add $1.50 for shipping and 82¢ tax if a N.Y. resident.) Make check payable to STOLEN MOMENTS.

Name
Address
City State/Zip

HOTEL Algonquin

59 West 44th St., New York, NY 10036

ORVIS®
World's Coolest™ Shirt
100% Cotton Madras

The extra fine yarn is woven by East India cottagers on hand looms . . . producing a slightly irregular loose weave . . . very cool, very attractive. Weighs a mere 4½ ounces. Tailored with short sleeves, regular collar, long square tails, two pockets. Specify blue, natural, or tan. Sizes S (14-14½), M (15-15½), L (16-16½), XL (17-17½).

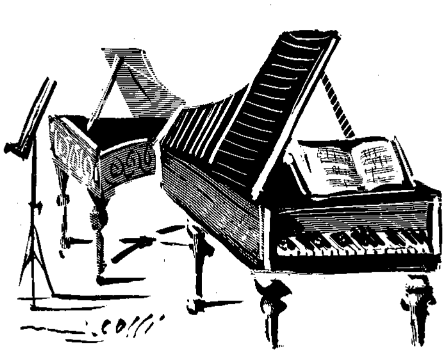
ORVIS®
129
10 River Road
Manchester, Vt. 05254

[ ] GB5029 – World's Coolest Shirt in size [ ], color [ ] @ $21.00 each (special price for Aug. - regularly $26 ea.)
[ ] FREE Orvis Catalog.
Name. . . . .
Address. . . . .
. . . . .Zip . . . .
[ ] Check Enclosed [ ] Master Card
[ ] Visa [ ] American Express
Card No . . . .
Expiration Date. . . . .
Issuing Bank No. . . . .
Signature. . . . .

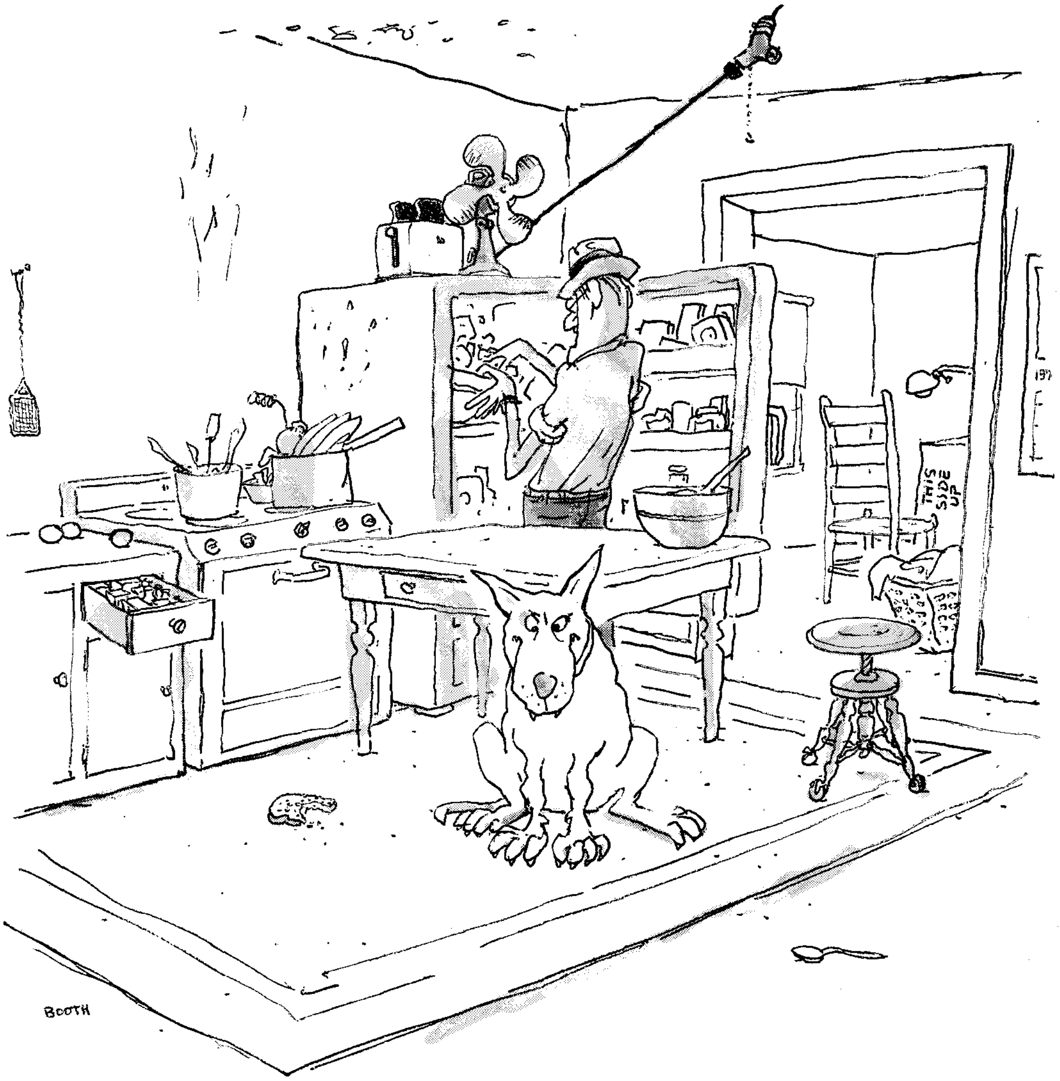
MUSICAL EVENTS

American Verismo

STEPHEN PAULUS's second opera—a full-length work commissioned by the Opera Theatre of St. Louis, which three years ago presented his first opera, the one-acter "The Village Singer"—is "The Postman Always Rings Twice," with a libretto by Colin Graham after the James M. Cain novel. Cain (who was managing editor for a while of this magazine) is a writer difficult to assess. "Postman" (1934), his first book, is a classical tragedy played out in Glendale, near Los Angeles. The characters are Nick Papadakis, owner of "a roadside sandwich joint, like a million others in California;" his wife, Cora, born in Iowa, an ex-waitress; and Frank, a young vagrant. The tale is recounted with the laconicism of a theorem. The prose is lean, careful, and deliberate. Emotions, if not exactly understated, are *plainly* stated (though there are some sudden hyperbolic flights). The setting, the persons, and their passions come to life. There is more to the "Agamemnon" than "WIFE SLAYS RETURNING WAR HERO; DEED PLANNED BY HER LOVER." There is more to "Postman" than "WIFE AND LOVER SLAY HUSBAND." For one thing, the plot continues. Wife and lover, chained by mutual vulnerability, live on in something like hatred until Fate, which let them get away with the murder, "rings" again: Cora is killed in an accident, and Frank, who was driving, is hanged for murdering her. It's very neatly worked out. So is Cain's next novel, "Double Indemnity" (1936), the exposition of a closely related theorem: again the Glendale setting; the murder by wife and lover, and their falling out ("I had killed a man to get a woman . . . and I never wanted to see her again"); a first-person narrative in the form of a written confession; a car-over-cliff crime; intricacies of insurance practice that are important to the plot. Cain worked his motifs hard. "Mildred Pierce" (1941), another Glendale romance, opens in almost the same "set" as "Double Indemnity" ("crimson velvet drapes, hung on iron spears . . . a crimson velvet coat of arms;" "red velvet drapes that run on iron spears . . . red velvet wall tapestries . . . a coat-of-arms tapestry"). It picks up from "Postman" a neon-sign motif. It amplifies with detailed—and not uninteresting—information Cora's references to the lot of a waitress in a Hollywood hash house. ("Two years in a hash house" is the burden of a song in Paulus's opera.) In a later novel, "The Institute" (1976), two episodes of a young woman's taking an older one by the wrist and forcing her backward to a seat sound a plain echo from "Mildred Pierce." Those four novels are the extent of my Cain reading. No doubt there are dissertations that deal with recurrent imagery in all eighteen of his books, and perhaps studies on such subjects as the significance of the cat motif in "Postman." A gray cat, a stray, aborts the first murder attempt; the gift of a gray puma kitten accompanies the final crisis; Frank calls Cora a hellcat; his defense lawyer is named Katz, and his prosecutor is named—a sort of sonic anagram—Sackett. And what that amounts to beyond a literary embellishment I have no idea. Nemesis stalks through Frank's life in various cat forms? There is a literary-exercise aspect to Cain's books. The sex scenes recall those of trashy novels. In Boston, "Postman" was prosecuted for obscenity. But it's not just a violent, sexy thriller. And it's not just—in fact, it's hardly at all—a "mystery," although categorized as one in a paperback reprint. (My local bookshop shelves Cain under "Mystery," not "Literature.") It's a bold attempt to make elements of cheap sexy romance, popular murder mystery, and tough-guy fiction serve a more elegant and ambitious purpose. By *Times* critics, his stories have been hailed as "the stuff of American mythology," and "Postman" and "Double Indemnity" as "a pair of native American masterpieces." There's something about the exercise at once arresting and disconcerting. The physical and emotional violence, characters everyday and credible yet as monstrous as Clytemnestra, and construction as trimly calculated as that of a crossword make a strange mixture. "Mildred Pierce," in conventional narrative form and twice as long, is more disconcerting. Long passages stay on a level that Cain, I suppose, aimed to start from and then transcend. The sentence blazoned on the paperback's cover—"No one has ever stopped in the middle of one of Jim Cain's books"—held true, but was I, I wondered, held by a classical tragedy played out in an exotic setting of Californian suburbia or by a housemaid romance with literary trimmings?



Graham, who chose "Postman" as an operatic subject, urged it on Paulus, and directed the first performance, in St. Louis this summer, made it clear in a program note, by his libretto, and then in his production what had attracted him: "the driving passion of the plot and its roots in classical tragedy" and "the fact that page after page (as in so much of Cain's writing) is full of music—whether literally, as in Nick's guitar songs, or figuratively, in the unselfconsciously lyrical outbursts of the two doomed lovers." He likens Cora to Wedekind's Lulu, but not without noting that Cora matures. (Lulu never changes.) St. Louis, I understand, wanted an opera with a *contemporary American subject*. Cain's "Postman," half a century old, is not exactly that but close enough. Librettist and composer were faced with what might, after a line in "Butterfly," be called the "milk-punch or whiskey?" problem: finding apt words and music for contemporary vernacular dialogue in a formalized medium that has more often than not set its subjects in the past. Both Graham and Paulus solved it. The words of the libretto are in large part drawn from those of the book, with little cuts, alterations, and repetitions that rhythmicize them. The amplifications needed for songs, arias, and other set pieces are deftly written. Cain's action is, by someone who knows his "Pelléas," "Wozzeck" and "Lulu," and "Peter Grimes," skillfully compressed, and shaped into twenty "numbers" (ten in each of the two acts), three of them instrumental interludes. (The first act lasts about sixty minutes, the second about seventy.) A few loose ends are left: the mute role of First Cop may be meaningless to anyone who has not read the book; Cora and Frank's marriage is omitted, and with it goes the motive that landed Frank with a murder charge. Maybe such things don't matter: opera can jump gaps, and, in any case—some may



"The bagels are stuck to the ice cubes."

argue—opera audiences, happy to attend dramas in tongues they don't understand, seldom follow opera plots in detail. Maybe they do matter. Cain's plots are as precise as balance sheets (sometimes he cooks the book with coincidences, but at least everything is accounted for); any item omitted upsets the total. He once declared that "suspense comes from making sure your algebra is right."

Loose ends or not, Graham's libretto is the work of an operatic expert. In his best productions—among them the Santa Fe "Lulu," the Met "Traviata," the English National "House of the Dead" and "War and Peace," the premières of Britten's church parables—he has combined theatricality with a larger spiritual vision and a feeling for the special significance of each individual work. The idea of using "The Postman Always Rings Twice," he says, "came in a blinding flash." In his operatic working of it, technique and emotion conspire. It has the raw effectiveness of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and the mythic, poetic quality of "Lulu."

Paulus is not a Mascagni or an Alban Berg. An adverb in the program note suggests that he needed persuasion to tackle the subject; Graham says that Cain's "lyrical quality transfigures what could otherwise be a tawdry tale, and it eventually hooked Stephen on the novel as a subject for his opera." The best operas, music history suggests, are made when the composer is suddenly and irresistibly seized by a subject—one that comes to him "in a blinding flash," seems positively to choose him, and, as Verdi once put it, drives him to cry "That's it! That's the one!" and rush to set down notes without delay. "Postman" does not have this inspired quality. "The Village Singer," I thought, did. But, like its predecessor, the new piece shows that Paulus is an uncommonly gifted opera composer. His vocal lines sing naturally. Vernacular inflections are made lyrical. His stage timing is effortlessly sure. His musical forms are shapely. His orchestra (a fairly small one, with six woodwinds and five brasses) is deftly handled. He brings Act I to an effective climax. The scene is strong in itself: Nick is murdered while carolling exuberant vocalise toward an echoing cliff ("He had a tenor voice, not one of these little tenors like you hear on the radio, but a big tenor, and on the high notes he would put in a sob like on a Caruso record"); suddenly the dead man's voice rings back to his murderers in echo. Paulus's music makes the scene stronger still. Nick's earlier, guitar-accompanied song seems to me miscalculated—too operatically intricate, not catchy enough, insufficiently a sung song with a sung drama. The non-realistic handling of the lawyers in Act II—in a cabaret duet, and a cabaret aria for Katz—is very effective, and suggests that Paulus might profitably (and Cain-like) have drawn still more freely on a wider range of popular idioms than the neo-verismo manner used for most of the piece. The Cora-Frank duets of Act II, which should carry the emotional burden of the drama, don't really get off the ground. Their music is aspirant but thin. There is too much reliance on ostinato figures and passacaglia basses. But it's intelligently and carefully worked, with a neat recurrence of characterizing themes. All in all, "Postman" is an impressive new opera, an excellent essay in American verismo, that difficult vein which Menotti, Carlisle Floyd, Robert Ward have worked in their different ways. I don't know what Paulus plans next but am eager to hear it, whatever it is. I still wish "The Village Singer" could be made the central panel of an American "Trittico."

The St. Louis performance, conducted by William Harwood and designed by John Conklin, was first-rate. Although the principals were cast against physical type—the Cora,

Original French Country Espadrilles
Only $10.00

The French have been in love with these simple shoes for more than 200 years. They're the perfect all-purpose casuals. Solid rope soles provide maximum comfort. Canvas uppers conform to foot shape. Sizes run snug, order accordingly.

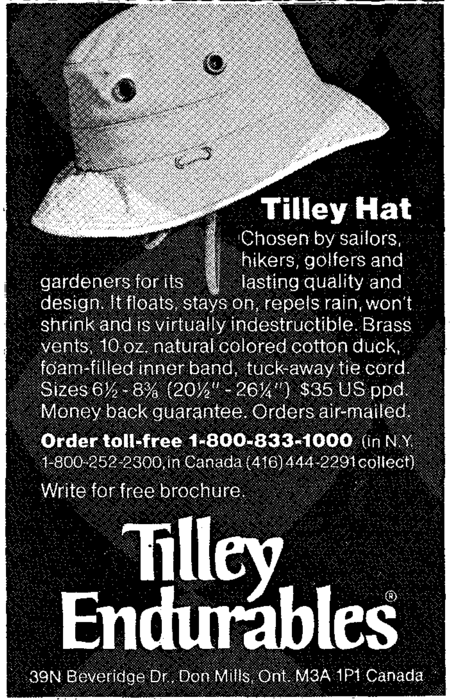
BIGA
The Originals from France

MDA, Inc.
PO Box 130
34 Troy Street
Auburn, Maine 04210
(207) 783-1461

Please send ______ pair @ $10.00 ea. plus $2.00 ea. postage/handling for a total of $__________.
☐ Check enclosed. Charge my ☐ Master Card ☐ VISA ☐ AMEX
Card #________________Exp. Date________
Signature ______________________

Quantity	M or F	Size	1st choice Color	2nd Choice

Available In: Women's — Red, Turquoise, Khaki, Navy, Cream, Pink, Burgundy, White, Fuchsia, Yellow, Blue Jean, Black, Light Blue, Tobacco. Whole sizes: 6-10.
Available In: Men's — Tobacco, White, Navy, Burgundy, Cream, Black. Whole sizes: 7-13.
01-5010
Name ______________________
Street ______________________
City______________State______Zip________
Please allow three weeks for delivery.



Tilley Hat
Chosen by sailors, hikers, golfers and gardeners for its lasting quality and design. It floats, stays on, repels rain, won't shrink and is virtually indestructible. Brass vents, 10 oz. natural colored cotton duck, foam-filled inner band, tuck-away tie cord. Sizes 6½ - 8⅜ (20½" - 26¼") $35 US ppd. Money back guarantee. Orders air-mailed.
Order toll-free 1-800-833-1000 (in N.Y. 1-800-252-2300, in Canada (416) 444-2291 collect)
Write for free brochure.
Tilley Endurables®
39N Beveridge Dr., Don Mills, Ont. M3A 1P1 Canada

Italy alla Bolognese
A Deluxe 2-week tour of Northern Italy's gastronomic and artistic delights.
Elegant, deluxe accommodations, specially-arranged gourmet dining, fine wines, chauffeured touring.
See Parmesan cheese being made in the morning and taste it on your pasta that afternoon.
October, 1982 • April, 1983 • Limited group size
Classic Italian Tours, Inc. (201) 736-3195
79 Edgewood Ave., W. Orange, N.J. 07052

Kathryn Bouleyn, was not Latin-looking, sultry; the Frank, David Parsons, was not lean and hard—they had the voices and the presence to suggest the sexual passion that makes them, like Isolde and Tristan, oblivious of right and wrong. Miss Bouleyn has become a radiant lirico-dramatic soprano—powerful, beautiful, and accurate of voice and eloquent in her phrasing. Michael Myers' Nick was fine. Carroll Freeman's Katz was brilliantly neat and witty. Mr. Graham's direction was masterly.

St. Louis in its seventh season maintained (on the whole) its high reputation for freshness, adventurous repertory, admirable young casts, and carefully rehearsed productions—all brought together in an atmosphere uncommonly cultivated, artistically serious, and enjoyable. It offers a true summer festival. Besides the première of "Postman," there was the American première (and world stage deuxième) of Prokofiev's "Maddalena," done on a double bill with Tomás Bretón's zarzuela "La Verbena de la Paloma;" a new production of "Così Fan Tutte;" and an "Elisir d'Amore" put on in sets borrowed from Washington. Not everything was good. The zarzuela was wretched. The "Elisir" was by St. Louis standards pedestrian, so-so, except in the pretty singing of Maria Spacagna as Adina. Nemorino's sporting a villainous scruffy beard was a new nastiness.

"Maddalena" is early Prokofiev. He composed it in 1912 but orchestrated only the start. In 1913, he began but did not complete a revision. He may have tinkered with it again later. In 1934, he left the score behind in Paris when he returned to Russia, and there it remained. A few years ago, Prokofiev's widow brought "Maddalena" to the attention of the conductor Edward Downes. He orchestrated the scenes Prokofiev had not ("some three-quarters of the whole," Downes says), translated it, and brought it to performance for the BBC. In 1979, it was broadcast, first in Russian and then in English. Last year, it was staged in Graz. It was well received. And "Maddalena" may perhaps be a stronger work than the St. Louis production suggested. There a new, smaller orchestration was used. The staging, by Lou Galterio, was tame. The libretto, written by "a young society lady more pleasant in her social behavior than talented in dramaturgy" (thus Prokofiev in his memoirs), is tushery influenced by Wilde's "A Florentine Tragedy." Stephanie Sundine, a pure, shining young Ariadne at the City Opera last season, seemed miscast as a voluptuous Venetian heroine. James Schwisow, as her husband, looked and sounded handsome but acted woodenly. Given Straussian richness of sound, glamorously uninhibited principals, and more energy and verve than the St. Louis conductor, Bruce Ferden, lent it, "Maddalena" might be effective. On this showing, I thought it only just worth exhumation.

"Così," directed by Jonathan Miller and conducted by Calvin Simmons, was sung—for the most part—in my translation, and so decorum prevents me from saying much about it. To say nothing would be hard on a remarkably well-balanced young cast: Ashley Putnam and Patricia McCaffrey as the sisters, Jerry Hadley and Thomas Hampson (a new baritone we must hear more of) as their lovers, Ruth Golden as Despina, John Stephens as Alfonso. It was a serious—unjokey but not unwitty—production, and the most emotionally precise I have seen.

—Andrew Porter

FURTHER EVENTS

Tuning the Skies

The Harmonic Choir, which recently gave a series of four concerts at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, is one of the most unusual performing groups in the city. A group of six singers, led by the composer David Hykes, produces wordless sounds based on the natural harmonic series; these are organized into compositions, partly structured, partly improvised. The singers sit clustered in an almost closed circle in the nave of the Cathedral; candlelight on their faces, along with some distant light on the altar, is all the illumination that the audience sees. The music impels concentration of a peculiarly hypnotic kind: either one can let it work in an instinctive way or one can attempt to follow the complex and highly original processes that create the sound. The group has adapted techniques used in certain Asian traditions. The singing reminded me most strongly of the chanting of Tibetan monks which I heard in concert in London several years ago. In that performance, long, low pedal notes, more a growl than a sound, set up a powerful vibrating pulse, within which higher notes that reflected the harmonic series of the low note were sung. One unearthly aspect of this music-making was that the monks appeared to be able to sing the two notes at once—to focus the low fundamental note in the throat and then, through the use of face and mouth muscles, to "place" a higher harmonic on top of it. This seems to be the point from which Mr. Hykes' group starts. He has added some procedures drawn from Mongolian *hoomi* singing, in which the higher harmonics are varied to produce melodies. (A modern transcription of a fragment of *hoomi* chant is included in the New Grove entry on Mongolian music.) These melodies are not wholly diatonic, since the natural harmonic series begins with an octave and a fifth but soon reaches into higher, "pure" intervals, which do not have an equivalent in our well-tempered scale. According to a note in the Harmonic Choir's program, further refinements are also used: the singer may hold a high harmonic steady and vary the fundamental note beneath it or he may vary both notes.

The musical effect of these procedures is more varied than the trancelike stillness-in-motion of Tibetan sacred chant. In Mr. Hykes' composition "Hearing Solar Winds," for example, there were eight sections, each of which was introduced by a clash of tiny bells. In the first, a soloist focussed his chant around one fundamental note. In the second, his colleagues expanded outward from that note in wider and wider circles. The third part finished with a gliding descent to the depths, and the fourth explored those low regions. The fifth grew from a fundamental note; bright, high upper partials were superimposed on it. In the sixth, a sort of chant was formed from the mingling harmonics. In the seventh, there was a gentle ascent over a sustained dissonance formed from the clashing of two fundamentals. The serene climax of the eighth, in which the bell sounded over continuous music, made the music fan out and then fade away. The textures are much more dense than in Eastern chants, because Mr. Hykes' singers transpose some of the harmonics down into the middle range, filling in the gap between low and high notes. And occasionally the denseness makes the harmonic movement muddy. Mr. Hykes directs unobtrusively, at times leaning over to urge a singer to bring out a note or a line. The whole experience, rich and unusual, is an exercise in listening: for the singers themselves, who have to tune their notes precisely with each other, and for the audience, which has to tune itself to accept the unexpected. The music seems to aim, like the music of a previous age, to tune the skies in harmony.

THE small Chapel of St. James, in the Cathedral, also serves as a venue for musical events. Sunday-afternoon Bach cantatas have been heard there in the past, and the Ensemble for Early Music, resident at the Cathedral, now promotes a series called "Gothic Concerts." The last concert of this season was given by the Dutch violinist Jaap Schröder and three colleagues. The warm, resonant acoustics of the chapel served well Mr. Schröder's account of Biber's Passacaglia for solo violin: the simple four-note ground bass seemed to echo about us without the player's help as he wove figurations around it. The acoustics were less helpful to the harpsichord playing of Elaine Thornburgh; a small organ is a better continuo instrument in the chapel. In two trio sonatas, by Marco Uccellini and by Handel, Mr. Schröder was joined by the violinist Nelva TeBrake, who played nicely, though with a spiky style that didn't quite match Mr. Schröder's gentle poise. Uccellini's marvellously inventive effects, including echoes and resounding trumpet-and-drum calls, and Handel's superbly assured counterpoint made this a satisfying intimate concert. —NICHOLAS KENYON

•

The answer to the earlier question is now clear: among borrowers willing to pay the prevailing high interest rates, consumer borrowers are prominent because they are able to avoid a substantial fraction of thedebt that is renew consumer borrowing replaces prior consumer debt that is repaid, nsumer borrowing replaces prior consumer debt that is repaid, a shri borrowing replaces prior consumer debt that is repaid, a shrinking of the total amount of debt would a pprt is repaid, a shrinking of the total amount of debt would appreciablrepaid, a shrinking of the total amount of debt would appreciably east the pressure of credit demand on aggregate credit supply.—*Topeka Capital-Journal.*

Any other questions?

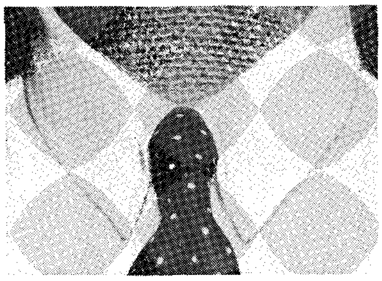
•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From Gourmet*]

The atmosphere is very informal—some waiters in white jackets, some in shirt-sleeves, paper tablecloths and napkins—but the service is, considering the size of the operation, surprisingly efficient, if at times offhand.

Cable Car Clothiers
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939



British-Style Tab Collar
All Pima Cotton Shirt $35

Uniquely handsome and exceptionally comfortable—our classic British-style tab collar dress shirt tailored in soft, pure pima cotton. Fully cut, with long sleeves, button cuffs, back box pleat. A distinctive addition to any man's wardrobe. White or blue. Sizes 14½-32 to 17½-36. ☐ Please send catalogue.

Phone Orders: (415) 397-7733

Mail Orders: Cable Car/Robt.Kirk, Ltd. A1H022
No. 150, Post St., S.F. Ca 94108 (415) 397-7733
Shirt (41031A): Size____Colour____Qty:____
☐ Check ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA ☐ Amer. Ex.
Card #____________Expir.______
Add $2 ship., hdlg.; Cal. delivery add sales tax
Name________________
Address________________
________________Zip______

One of Bermuda's finest cottage colonies on 18 acres of gardens in glorious settings. Privacy, seclusion and fun of life are combined with comfort, luxury and sophistication. 1800' ocean front contains two private beaches with natural pink sand. Breakfast prepared in your deluxe cottage; gourmet dinner in our Club House with its superb seascape; luncheon at the Pool Terrace. Tennis and entertainment.

PINK BEACH
CLUB AND COTTAGES
TUCKER'S TOWN
BERMUDA

See your travel agent or David B. Mitchell.
200 Madison Ave. N.Y.C.10016. 212-371-1323.

Washington's Capital Hilton...
the exquisite new hotel
at the grand old address.

And Elson's, of course,
is in on the ground floor.

The most elegant hotels in America have something in common...an Elson's shop, just off the lobby.

Elson's

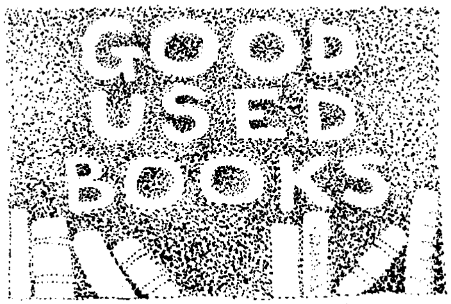
BOOKS

India Going On

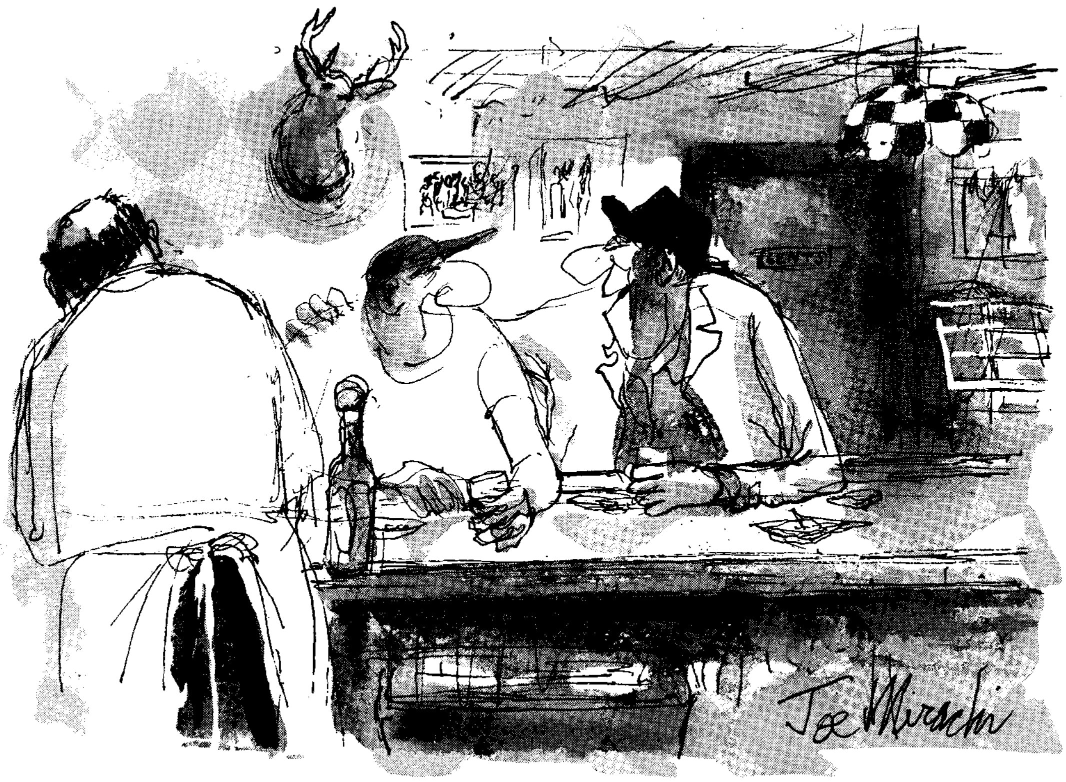
V. S. Naipaul, in his sombre diagnosis of his ancestral land, "India: A Wounded Civilization" (1977), devotes a number of thoughtful and heartfelt pages to the foremost Indian writer of fiction in English, R. K. Narayan. He grants Narayan great talent, as "such a natural writer, so true to his experience and emotions," that even the weaker of his novels serve as keys to his society. He grants him furthermore a special personal relevance: "Narayan's India, with its colonial apparatus, was oddly like the Trinidad of my childhood. His oblique perception of that apparatus, and the rulers, matched my own; and in the Indian life of his novels I found echoes of the life of my own Indian community on the other side of the world." What were those echoes? "[We] were colonials, subject people who had learned to live with the idea of subjection. We lived within our lesser world; and we could even pretend it was whole because we had forgotten that it had been shattered. Disturbance, instability, development lay elsewhere; we, who had lost our wars and were removed from great events, were at peace." In Narayan's early novels, Naipaul observes, "the British themselves are far away, their presence hinted at only in their institutions: the bank, the mission school. The writer contemplates the lesser life that goes on below: small men, small schemes, big talk, limited means: a life so circumscribed that it appears whole and unviolated, its smallness never a subject for wonder, though India itself is felt to be vast." With some adjustments, the same words could describe Naipaul's own early, Trinidadian novels, from "The Mystic Masseur" (1957) through "A House for Mr. Biswas" (1961). But Naipaul did not stay in Trinidad; he left at the age of seventeen, for Oxford and London, and now roves the world as a kind of dark-skinned Englishman, whose reports, journalistic and novelistic both, from the continents and subcontinents of the Third World have an intimacy, assurance, and angry honesty no paler traveller could achieve. In his firm and even harsh rejection of all mystiques of underdevelopment, in his willingness to indict the former colonized nations for what he sees as their own stubborn delusions and laziness, he speaks more bluntly than any native-born European could on behalf of European civilization. He represents the opposite pole of possibility, for intellectuals born into the Third World, from Narayan, whose every page exudes a fatalistic calm, and who, meeting the younger writer in London in 1961, told Naipaul simply, "India will go on." When, the next year, Naipaul visited India for the first time, he found that "Narayan's novels did not prepare me for the distress of India":

> As a writer he had succeeded almost too well. His comedies were of the sort that requires a restricted social setting with well-defined rules . . . But the reality was cruel and overwhelming. In the books his India had seemed accessible; in India it remained hidden. To get down to Narayan's world, to perceive the order and continuity he saw in the dereliction and smallness of India, to enter into his ironic acceptance and relish his comedy, was to ignore too much of what could be seen, to shed too much of myself: my sense of history, and even the simplest ideas of human possibility. I did not lose my admiration for Narayan; but I felt that his comedy and irony were not quite what they had appeared to be, were part of a Hindu response to the world, a response I could no longer share.

Narayan's most recent book, a collection of short stories called "Malgudi Days" (Viking; $14.95), tends to illustrate this "Hindu response to the world." Indeed, the endpapers, printed at the author's request, are based upon a schematic map devised for an academic paper entitled "The City of Malgudi as an Expression of the Ordered Hindu Cosmos." The Author's Introduction not only voices a sanguine acceptance of present-day India ("It is stimulating to live in a society that is not standardized or mechanized, and is free from monotony. Under such conditions the writer has only to look out of the window to pick up a character") but extends a smile of blessing to New York City's West Twenty-third Street, where Narayan has lived "for months at a time off and on since 1959." He surprisingly says, "I can detect Malgudi characters even in New York . . . with its landmarks and humanity remaining unchanged—the drunk lolling on the steps of the synagogue, the shop sign announcing in blazing letters *Everything in this store must go within a week*. . . . All are there as they were, with an air of unshaken permanence and familiarity." Hinduism is not infrequently bound into the substance of his short stories: in one, "Iswaran," a student so thoroughly immerses himself in the visions of "a Tamil film with all the known gods in it" that he allows an imaginary horse to carry him into a river and drown; in another, "The Snake-Song," a man plays the flute with such inspiration that the god Naga Raja, a great black cobra, appears and compels him to play the same song all night long. Astrologers and exorcists are among the professional types animating Malgudi's teeming streets; and a number of heroes are mired in contemplative sloth, without incurring the author's disapproval. A certain benign indifference presides above these tales, causing them to flicker out inconclusively. ("Raman realized that this was the end of a dream, sought the exit and the road back to his home on the sands of Sarayu.") The older stories, especially—selected from the previous collections "An Astrologer's Day" (1947) and "Lawley Road" (1956)—have the brevity and flimsiness of fables, mixed with a certain slickness imitated, perhaps, from the fiction of those English magazines, like the *Strand* and *Mercury*, which, Narayan has told us in his memoir "My Days," entranced his youth and led to his first attempts to write.



Yet it cannot be fairly said that the distress of India is absent from the pages of "Malgudi Days," or that the author averts his gaze from poverty. Many of the stories deal with people to whom a few rupees—even as little as one rupee (ten cents, approximately)—a day mean the difference between starvation and survival. “Naga” describes the plight of a boy somewhat more than ten years old whose father, a snake charmer, has abandoned him, leaving him eighty paise (eight cents) in small change and a snake too enfeebled by age to impress the street crowds. “No one is afraid of you,” the boy tells the snake, “and do you know what that means? I starve, that is all.” “The Martyr’s Corner” describes the economic fall of a baker whose cherished corner for peddling his wares is destroyed when a riot and then a political monument take over the spot. The heroine of “A Willing Slave” is a bullied nursemaid whose wages are “two meals a day, fifteen rupees a month and three saris a year;” the hero of “The Blind Dog” is a blind beggar who captures and abuses a stray dog that, itself a poor creature, returns to servitude after being maliciously freed by onlookers—an especially cruel tale, this one. “Forty-five a Month” tells of a clerk who is so overworked he hardly ever sees his young daughter and is frustrated from taking her, as promised, to the cinema; his protest—“I think it would be far better for me and my family to die of starvation than slave for this petty forty rupees on which you have kept me for years and years”—is swept away by the concession of a trifling raise. “Cat Within,” though comically, sketches the horrors of tenement housing; “The Axe” portrays a gardener tied for his entire lifetime to a rotting mansion and its grounds and in the end brusquely ousted by a company planning “to build small houses by the score without leaving space even for a blade of grass.” In “The Edge” an itinerant knife-sharpener and in “Trail of the Green Blazer” a pickpocket are sympathetically portrayed, as providers; the pickpocket, after taking a purse, “took the cash in it, flung it far away and went home with the satisfaction that he had done his day’s job well. . . . He bought sweets, books and slates for his children, and occasionally a jacket-piece for his wife, too.” Even among the relatively well-off, financial pressures are keenly felt, especially when a marriage must be arranged. In a landscape so flattened by impoverishment, possession of anything looms as a kind of burden. Twice, Narayan constructs comedies around a problem of cumbersome ownership: in “Engine Trouble” the narrator wins a “road engine” (a steamroller) at a travelling fair and needs nothing less than an earthquake to rid him of it, and in “Lawley Road” the protagonist takes possession of an immensely solid but politically inconvenient statue of a British administrator which stands in the center of Malgudi. The one exceedingly rich figure in these stories, the popular singer Selvi, ends by renouncing her career when her mother dies and returning to live in her old rooms in the Malgudi slums: “My mother was my guru; here she taught me music, lived and died. . . . I’ll also live and die here; what was good for her is good for me too.”



“Do you know what our basic problem is? We are pub crawlers in a one-pub town.”

Poverty is seen but not abhorred in these stories; “dereliction and smallness” are indulged by the author, even relished, as Naipaul charges. “Malgudi Days” is so innocent of protest we are put in mind of Naipaul’s remark, later in his searing portrait of India, that “social inquiry is outside the Indian tradition; journalism in India has always been considered a gracious form of clerkship.” If anything is abhorred by the gracious clerkship of these stories, it is the new, the modern and reforming. Just as Narayan’s last novel, “The Painter of Signs,” mocked population planning with a sexual comedy that develops between its promulgators, his story “The Edge” presents the sterilization program entirely in terms of its inhumanly sharp knives, which the hero, an elderly father of seven, flees in panic. In “God and the Cobbler,” a lowly street cobbler takes satisfaction in the reduction of a foreigner, an American who has flown bombing missions in Vietnam, to the mendicant condition of a hippie. The cobbler thinks the hippie might be a god; the hippie gazes around him and gratefully marvels that “no one seemed to mind anything—the dust, the noise and the perils of chaotic traffic.” “The hippie was struck by the total acceptance here of life as it came.” In “Second Opinion,” a young man, who has been somewhat liberated by his idler’s

Photo: Tony Rollo

Berton Roueché

visits "The Spinach Capital of the World." It's just one stop on an itinerary that takes him from Hermann, Missouri, where German is a quasi-official language, to Welch, West Virginia, where most automobile accidents involve one car and a precipice, to Stapleton, Nebraska, where the high school band parades the full length of Main Street every weekday morning.

"Few other towns can have been as accurately or affectionately defined as these....In the literature of place, they are immortal."
—from the introduction by William Shawn

Special Places
In Search of Small Town America

LITTLE, BROWN $12.95

All the material appeared originally in *The New Yorker.*

Dromoland Castle

IRELAND'S FINEST
And Dromoland's charming Clare Inn offer very attractive packages with unmatched comfort and luxury.
Both of these hotels are situated in the heart of
SHANNONSIDE,
just 8 miles from Shannon Airport.

BROCHURES AND RESERVATIONS
Mc Donough Hotels, Newmarket-on-Fergus, County Clare. Phone (061) 71144. Telex: 26854.
U.S. RESERVATIONS Mc Donough Hotels,
P.O. Box 1825, Parkersburg, WV 26101.
Telex: 86-9412, TOLL FREE 800 624-1921.

Once-In-A-Lifetime Island Vacation
40-50% DISCOUNTS THRU DEC. 15th
Spend a week, month or the season in a fine home or condominium, some with boat dockage, on the loveliest islands on Florida's Gulf Coast — Sanibel and Captiva. Ask about our new Captiva Island Gulf and Bayfront vacation villas. For free brochure, availabilities, and rates; write or call:
Island Accommodations
Priscilla Murphy
REALTY, INCORPORATED
P.O. Box 57 - Dept. N Sanibel Island, FL 33957 Call toll free (800) 237-6008 In Florida (813) 472-4113

life and surreptitious reading of Western philosophers in his father's library (and who has heard of a book calling India "A Wounded Civilization"), ends by accepting filial duty and an arranged marriage. And these are all late stories, too—hitherto unpublished in book form, and longer and subtler than the earlier tales. The Hindu in Narayan is unreconstructed. The last story in the book, and one of the finest, "Emden," shows an immensely old, once-powerful man senilely wandering forth from his home with a gift of *jilebi* (a sweet) for a mistress of fifty years ago whom he has just remembered. He gets confused; the streets have changed; he pokes his staff into a brown mongrel lying curled in the brown dust and when the dog yelps drops the *jilebi*. The dog picks up the sweet in his mouth and trots away. Emden consoles himself with the thought that perhaps his long-lost mistress has been reincarnated as the dog.

Such is life, at least as seen by R. K. Narayan in the Malgudi of his creation. His charm and compassion, which no one disputes, deliver not a reality that is "cruel and overwhelming" but one that is, usually, believable. Small lives seek their own solutions within an insoluble mass that leads visiting reporters to despair. There might be a Tolstoy or Cervantes who could render India more fully, without the touch of complacence and insubstantiality that Narayan's Hindu sensibility bestows. Nevertheless, in these simple stories of poverty and failure accepted lies the implicit social protest that we feel in such classics of the short story as Chekhov's "Grief" and O. Henry's "Gift of the Magi" and Flannery O'Connor's "Artificial Nigger": to portray poverty is to cry out against it. The very poor are something of an embarrassment to the novel; not enough happens to them, their struggles are too one-sided and hopeless. But a short story, like the flare of a match, brings human faces out of darkness, and reveals depths beyond statistics. All people are complex, surprising, and deserving of a break: this seems to me Narayan's moral, and one hard to improve upon. His social range and his successful attempt to convey, in sum, an entire population shame most American authors, who also, it might be charged, "ignore too much of what could be seen." American fiction deals in the main with the amorous and spiritual difficulties of young upper-middle-class adults; a visitor arriving in New York after studying the short stories of, say, Ann Beattie and Donald Barthelme as intently as Naipaul had read Narayan would be ill prepared for the industrial sprawl of Queens and the black slums of Brooklyn, for the squalid carnival of the avenues and the sneaking dread of the side streets after dark. Perhaps some disproportionate tilt toward the genteel and the comic is intrinsic to prose fiction, which rose with the bourgeoisie and still depends upon bourgeois purchasing power; authors seeking to rectify the balance could do worse than emulate Narayan's Hindu acceptance and vital, benign fellow-feeling.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

FLIGHT OF CRANES, by Christine Brückner, translated from the German by Ruth Hein (Fromm International; $14.95). In the fall of 1945, Maximiliane Quint, expelled from Pomerania with her four young children (and pregnant, by a Russian soldier), finds the fact that she is the daughter of an emigrant to America (her mother remarried and moved to California), the widow (not very grief-stricken) of a high-ranking Nazi, and a baroness to be irrelevant. (Later, these connections will qualify her for CARE packages, a pension, and several valuable pieces of property.) It is common sense and good luck that get her and the children, by way of trucks, trains, and refugee camps, to her family's ancestral castle in southern Germany, where a lot of other Quints have taken refuge. As an exile from a place that no longer exists (at the Potsdam Conference, in 1945, most of Pomerania was incorporated into Poland, and its entire German-speaking population was sent to Germany), she is not only uprooted but rootless, so she and her children travel; their most ambitious trip, in the mid-nineteen-fifties, is by car across America. Four of her five children, who remember little of the war and nothing of Pomerania, grow older but not wiser (one son dies in his teens); the most foolish of the lot is a girl who dabbles in most of the nineteen-sixties trends and then becomes a psychologist for a West German plastics company. After a family reunion at the castle, Maximiliane pays a visit to the manor she had to leave almost thirty years before, and, searching through the underbrush, finds just the stumps of a few pillars; the rest of the stonework was used to rebuild Warsaw or Danzig. A thoughtful, moving novel, beautifully translated, and presented in an unusually large and attractive typeface.

CUBAN PASSAGE, by Norman Lewis (Pantheon; $13.50). A senior diplomat at the British Embassy in Cuba, sitting in a Havana café with the new junior man on the staff in 1958, pooh-poohs the notion that "a couple of hundred crack-brained university dropouts and middle-class unemployables led by a bearded and bespectacled lawyer" could topple the Batista regime. Instead, he points out a trio who could give the Embassy a big headache: a beautiful British woman whose husband has gone to Hong Kong on business (but also to give her a chance to think about divorce); their spoiled, troubled teen-age son; and a handsome ("only the Hathaway patch was missing") thug, hypnotist, drug dealer, and voodoo practitioner who drives a black Cadillac and mutilates sharks for sport. For these people, the next weeks are twice as complicated and dangerous as any of them (especially the senior diplomat, whose instincts were only half wrong) ever expected. The boy plots to kill the thug (who seems to be turning his mother into an automaton as well as into his mistress); then the diplomats find that, in the shifting political storm, their standard rites of bribes and bargains are no longer honored. By the end, the fates of the island and the family have become entwined, but the boy suspects that something more powerful and more patient than lawyers or guerrillas is stalking him, and he is right. This is an unusually trim and plausible thriller.

GENERAL

ME AGAIN: UNCOLLECTED WRITINGS OF STEVIE SMITH, ILLUSTRATED BY HERSELF, edited by Jack Barbera and William McBrien, with a preface by James MacGibbon (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $15.95). "Writings" is almost broad enough for this collection of stories full of talkers, essays full of poems, reviews full of quotations, poems full of music, letters full of stories, dramatic dialogue full of songs, and almost

SUBSCRIBER SERVICE

1. NEW ORDER OR RENEWAL:

To start a subscription to The New Yorker, or to extend your current subscription, enter your name and address below, and check the subscription term you prefer.

Your Name
Address Apt.
City State Zip
☐ One year: $28 ☐ New subscriber
☐ Two years: $46 ☐ Renewal (attach mailing label)
Additional Postage: Canada $6.00 per year; other foreign $12.00 per year.
☐ My check for $ _______ is enclosed.
Please bill my: ☐ Master Card ☐ American Express ☐ Visa
Account # ____________________
Signature ____________________
4312

2. TO GIVE A GIFT:

Enter your name and address above and your recipient's name and address below.
☐ One year: $28 ☐ Two years: $46
To ____________________
Address Apt.
City State Zip
Gift card to read "From ____________________"

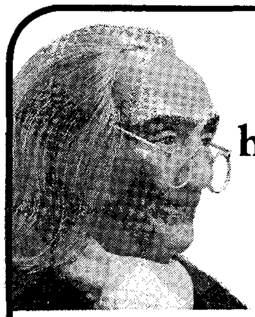
3. CHANGE OF ADDRESS:

Please give us 4 weeks' notice. **Attach your magazine label here;** print your **new** address above in section 1. (If you have a question about your subscription, be sure to send us your label with your letter.)

Return this coupon to:

THE NEW YORKER

Subscription Department, 25 W. 43rd Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10036
Or, phone toll-free 800-223-0200 (in N.Y. State 212-840-3800)



Ben and his friends want to live with you.

"A true and exciting landmark. It raises doll making to an art level beyond portraiture and sculpture, bringing a particular vitality to the person, as though he is really alive."
John Noble, Curator
Museum of the City of New York

The Living Image™ Dolls portray the Great Americans in a remarkable lifelike style. Each doll is created to scale (2" = 1 foot) from a master original sculpture by Raymond Lamb. Head and hands are hand-painted fine bisque porcelain. All clothing and accessories are authenticated by research historians and museums. This is American craftsmanship at its finest. The first limited edition presents Benjamin Franklin, George Washington, Abigail Adams and Thomas Jefferson. They want to live with you and your heirs.

For free color brochure call 800-446-7968, or write: Living Image Dolls™
United States Historical Society, Dept. NY
First and Main Streets • Richmond, VA 23219

The Mallard Shirt
Stay cool --
Be refreshed
Flying high
above all the rest.
100% longlasting cotton — Men's Mallard in yellow, green, white, maroon, navy and red. Sizes: S, M, L, XL, XXL. Women's Mallard in yellow, pink, white, navy and light blue. Sizes: S, M, L.
For priority service (charge cards) call 1-800-647-2386.
Or send $24 ppd per shirt (MS residents add 5% sales tax).
☐ Check ☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA ☐ Amer. Ex.
Card #________ Exp.________
☐ Send NEW Fall/Winter Catalog
Mail order to: DELTA ARMS sporting goods
P. O. Drawer B
Indianola, MS 38751

ESTERO ISLAND, FLORIDA. Beachfront apartment in lush tropical setting on Gulf of Mexico. Fully furnished. All resort amenities, including pool, spas, tennis. Available by the week. Call Seawatch-Fort Myers Beach at (813) 463-4469.

1776
The Griswold Inn
ESSEX, CONNECTICUT 06426
203·767·1812
FINE FOOD • SPIRITS

Thurber-like drawings (full of women and cats). This is an unusual collection in that it should not be browsed in. Stevie Smith took pleasure in illustrating her writings with her own writings, and so the reader will enjoy the "Poems" section, say, all the more for having just read some of her poems in the essays, and will then greet them as old friends when they reappear in the radio play that concludes the book. In his preface, Mr. MacGibbon, the poet's literary executor, takes issue with the editors' emphasis (in their introduction) on her affection for death and her worry about libel ("moods of the moment," he says). Their talk of "entombment and womb return" does seem somewhat pretentious. But their selections are good, and their annotations do not interfere with her words, which describe someone who loved living in a world that put up with its poets. "Truth is far and flat, and fancy is fiery; and truth is cold, and people feel the cold, and they may wrap themselves against it in fancies that are fiery, but they should not call them facts; and, generally, poets do not," she wrote, in 1958, in an essay about T. S. Eliot. "They are shrewd, they feel the cold, too, but they know a hawk from a handsaw, a fact from a fancy, as none knows better."

EARL WARREN: A PUBLIC LIFE, by G. Edward White (Oxford; $25). As Chief Justice, from 1953 to 1969, Earl Warren led the Supreme Court in a series of judicial interpretations that, starting with the school-desegregation decision of May, 1954, reshaped American life. Warren's—and the Court's—decisions elicited criticism both from those who disliked the results and from those (mainly legal scholars) who disapproved of his intellectual methods. Many Republicans, including President Eisenhower, who appointed Warren, thought that he had broken with his own past policies, demonstrated during his service as governor of California and, earlier, as that state's attorney general and as district attorney of Alameda County. Mr. White, who was a clerk to Warren, sees continuity in his positions, from his beginnings as an admirer of the Progressive politician Hiram Johnson; he suggests that Warren is a "representative figure in the history of twentieth-century reformist thought." He by no means approves of everything Warren did, however, and explains drawbacks to his legal methods. Mr. White is very good at showing how Warren's personality shaped his decisions and massed the Court behind them.

MABEL, by Betty Harper Fussell (Ticknor & Fields; $15.95). Mabel Normand, who came to Hollywood from her native Staten Island at twenty as a leading performer with Mack Sennett's Keystone Studio, was by all accounts, and on the evidence of her few surviving films, beautiful, brainy, and impish. She was a talented athlete, who did her own slapstick stunts; she broke all the rules of the fledgling art of the film and invented new ones (she even taught Charlie Chaplin a thing or two about his craft—something he forgot to acknowledge later on); and by 1918 she was at the top. She was also afflicted with the peculiar urge to self-destruct—in her case, through drugs and alcohol—that marks, and often ends, the careers of so many Americans who achieve early success in the arts. When she was caught up, innocently, in two scandals, the Moral Majority of the time moved in on her and her producers, her pictures were banned, and she was through. The author has written a well-researched life, but she devotes a good bit of space to a spooky sort of "search for Mabel Normand"—involving a grandnephew of the star, an old trunk full of mementos, and an aged nurse who served Miss Normand as companion in her last years—very much at odds with the saucy, down-to-earth tomboy of the Keystone comedies. Photographs.

DICTATORSHIPS AND DOUBLE STANDARDS: RATIONALISM AND REASON IN POLITICS, by Jeane J. Kirkpatrick (Simon & Schuster; $14.95). This collection of essays, by our Ambassador to the United Nations, is learned and assertive. It stresses the fallibility of pure reason and the dangers of utopianism, and criticizes some liberal or progressive policies that the author believes have been costly or destructive failures, such as the reforms within the Democratic Party after 1968. Mrs. Kirkpatrick is a shrewd analyst of the New Right as well as of the New Left, and her assault on the concepts that persuaded us to turn against the Shah of Iran and the dictator of Nicaragua takes account

CHOICE MAGAZINE LISTENING

This **FREE** service—for anyone deprived of the joy of reading by loss of sight—provides 8 hours of recording every other month with unabridged selections from publications such as **The New Yorker, Smithsonian, Atlantic and Country Journal.** The special record player is provided free, on permanent loan, by the Library of Congress. For information, write:

CML, DEPT. NY
85 Channel Drive,
Port Washington, N.Y. 11050,
or call (516) 883-8280.

CHOICE
MAGAZINE LISTENING

A TALKING MAGAZINE

"AIR POLLUTION ATTACKS US ALL"

AMERICAN LUNG ASSOCIATION®
The "Christmas Seal" People
GPO Box 596, NY, NY 10001

Going out of print: A. B. C. Whipple's
VINTAGE NANTUCKET
A "colorful account of Nantucket's past"
—B.O.M.C. *News*
Limited number of autographed copies: $12 ppd.
P.O. Box 379, Old Greenwich, CT 06870
Conn. residents add 7½% sales tax

NUMBER SIXTEEN
An unique, luxury "pension". Central, private and informal. It's for those who prefer not to pay "Grand Hotel" prices.
16 SUMNER PLACE LONDON SW7 3EG ENGLAND
Telephone 01-589-5232

of Americans' antipathy to traditional tyrannies. Still, most of this book translates into "I told you so."

MISS MANNERS' GUIDE TO EXCRUCIATINGLY CORRECT BEHAVIOR, by Judith Martin (Atheneum; $19.95). Like Emily Post's, Miss Manners' guide has a cast of more or less odious characters whose gaffes serve to demystify matters of protocol—especially those (stationery and trousseaux, to name two) which begin with marriages that were not made in heaven. Its form—eleven chapters, in which three grades of "Civilization" ("Basic," "Intermediate," and "Advanced") are slipped, like engraved calling cards, among such inevitable occasions as "Birth," "Work," and "Death"—is only somewhat unconventional, but each of the questions that Miss Manners answers (submitted by a "Gentle Reader" of her syndicated column) describes a world that would go haywire without this fierce and funny mentor. She has sensible answers for even the silliest questions ("What do I call my husband?"), while her general remarks on hiccups (one of three "Noises You Can Make" considered among other "Disgusting Habits") make one want a minor case of them, just to try out her advice. Perhaps the only improper word that the author has ever uttered (publicly, at least) is in her book's title; each of the seven hundred-plus pages that follow proves that correct behavior provides instant relief for excruciation.

NOTE: Berton Roueché's "Special Places: In Search of Small Town America" has been published by Little, Brown ($12.95). All the pieces in this collection originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

•

6:00 P.M.
(7) CBS NEWS
William Devane. An Italian woman on her way to a wedding attempts to go through customs with a large sausage. (2 hrs.)—*TV listing in the Roanoke (Va.) Times & World-News.*

They'll try anything to make us forget Cronkite.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT
[*From The Pennsylvania Lawyer*]

He'd be resting his head against the side of his multi-colored beach chair, sunglasses shielding the hot sun sliding down his Noxema-clad nose.

Richard Katrovas

"Here's a poet who's doing what I want to do...
creating poems in which there is no seam between personal and political, lyrical and engaged. And she's doing it magnificently, with intelligence and musicality, with passion and precision." —*Denise Levertov*

"Blunt, unremitting, candid...a poet of uncommon vigor and assurance."
—*Joyce Carol Oates, New York Times Book Review*

"THE COUNTRY BETWEEN US has already won the Lamont Prize, and will win others....Once again...the poet serves as our conscience."
—*Carolyn Kizer, Washington Post Book World*

THE COUNTRY BETWEEN US
Carolyn Forché
In cloth and paperback
Harper & Row

Classic Charm
Basin Harbor is a resort you simply cannot find anywhere else. Enjoy golf, tennis, sailing, swimming. Cottages and main lodge offer unique country charm. Basin Harbor, Box 8A, Vergennes, Vermont 05491 or call 802-475-2311.
BASIN HARBOR
A classic resort
on Lake Champlain
Vermont

ORIENT EXPRESS / Paris-Venice
Ballooning in Burgundy
Gourmet food & first-class accommodation in chateaux, castles & chalets.
SEPTEMBER 20 - OCTOBER 2
Browne-Ladd, Inc.
Telephone (516) 673-1080
342 Woodbury Road, Huntington, N.Y. 11743

BLUE STRAWBERRY
Dining by reservations only. 603-431-6420
Restored 1797 ship's chandlery overlooking the harbor
Liquors and Wines Portsmouth, N.H.

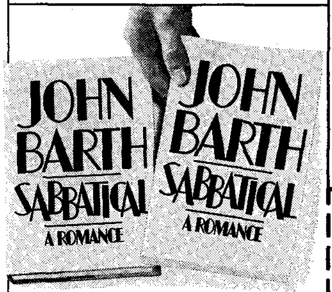
HOW TO BEAT TODAY'S HARDCOVER PRICES

You don't judge a book by its cover, so why pay for the cover?

QPB books are softcover editions in hardcover sizes, durably bound and printed on fine paper. But they cost up to 65% less than their hardcover counterparts.

Now you know how to beat today's prices: Join QPB.

Compare



JOHN BARTH SABBATICAL A ROMANCE
JOHN BARTH SABBATICAL A ROMANCE

Hardcover:	**QPB Softcover:**
$14.95	**$7.95**

152. Sabbatical: A Romance. John Barth
Hardcover: $14.95 **QPB Ed: $7.95**

659. The Film Encyclopedia Ephraim Katz
Hardcover: $29.95 **QPB: $11.95**

392. The Nine Nations of North America. Joel Garreau
Hardcover: $14.95 **QPB: $6.50**

414. The Life and Times of Joe McCarthy. Thomas C. Reeves
Hardcover: $19.95 **QPB Ed: $9.95**

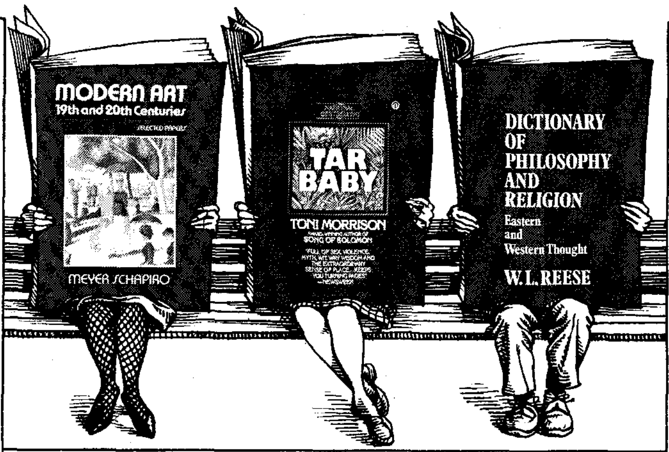
517. Hunger of Memory: The Education of Richard Rodriguez. Richard Rodriguez
Hardcover: $13.95 **QPB Ed: $7.95**

421. Life on Earth: A Natural History. David Attenborough
Hardcover: $22.50 **QPB Ed: $9.95**

427. Other Worlds: A Portrait of Nature in Rebellion; Space, Superspace and the Quantum Universe. Paul Davies
Hardcover: $11.95 **QPB: $4.25**

419. The Grand Tour: A Traveler's Guide to the Solar System. Ron Miller and William K. Hartmann
Hardcover: $19.95 **QPB: $8.95**

592. The New York Times Everyday Dictionary Edited by Thomas M. Paikeday
Hardcover: $11.50 **QPB: $6.50**



MODERN ART 19th and 20th Centuries
MEYER SCHAPIRO
TAR BABY
TONI MORRISON
DICTIONARY OF PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION
Eastern and Western Thought
W.L. REESE

519. Modern Art: 19th and 20th Centuries. Meyer Schapiro
Hardcover: $20 **QPB: $9.95**

309. Tar Baby. Toni Morrison
Hardcover: $11.95 **QPB: $5.95**

353. Lucy: The Beginnings of Humankind. Donald C. Johanson and Maitland A. Edey
Hardcover: $17.95 **QPB: $7.95**

439. Woody Allen Set: *Side Effects, Without Feathers, Getting Even* (3 Vols., Boxed) Woody Allen
Hardcover: $26.85 **QPB Ed: $10.95**

124. A Field Guide to American Architecture. Carole Rifkind
Hardcover: $19.95 **QPB: $7.95**

444. Dictionary of Philosophy and Religion: Eastern and Western Thought. William L. Reese
Hardcover: $27.95 **QPB: $10.95**

662. Places Rated Almanac Richard Boyer and David Savageau
QPB: $9.95

602. Common Security: A Blueprint for Survival. The Independent Commission on Disarmament and Security Issues
Hardcover: $10.95 **QPB: $4.95**

663. Native Tongues. Charles Berlitz
Hardcover: $14.95 **QPB Ed: $7.50**

267. The Timetables of History Bernard Grun
Hardcover: $29.95 **QPB: $11.95**

Let's try each other for 6 months.

Quality Paperback Book Club, Inc., Middletown, Pa. 17057. Please enroll me in QPB and send the 3 choices I've listed below. Bill me $3, plus shipping and handling charges. I understand that I am not required to buy another book. You will send me *QPB Review* (if my account is in good standing) for 6 months. If I have not bought and paid for at least 1 book in every six-month period, you may cancel my membership. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment. QB116-8

Indicate by number the 3 books or sets you want ☐ ☐ ☐

Name________________ 2-16
(Please print clearly)

Address________________ **Apt.**______

City__________ **State**______ **Zip**______

How membership works.
1. You receive **QPB Review** 15 times each year (about every 3½ weeks). Each issue reviews a new **Selection,** plus scores of Alternates.
2. If you want the **Selection** do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more Alternate books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the Reply Form always enclosed and return it by the date specified.
3. **Bonus books for Bonus Points.** For each QPB book or set you take (except for the books in this offer), you earn Bonus Points which entitle you to choose any of our softcover books. You pay only shipping and handling charges.
4. **Return privilege.** If *QPB Review* is delayed and you receive the **Selection** without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit at our expense.
5. **Cancellations.** You may cancel membership at any time by notifying QPB. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy and pay for at least one book in every six-month period.

Prices generally higher in Canada.

478. Every Night at Five: Susan Stamberg's 'All Things Considered' Book. With a Foreword by Charles Kuralt. **QPB: $7.95**

555. Great Comic Cats. Bill Blackbeard and Malcolm Whyte Foreword by Jim (Garfield) Davis. **QPB: $11.95**

461. All That Is Solid Melts Into Air: The Experience of Modernity. Marshall Berman
Hardcover: $14.95 **QPB Ed: $7.50**

647. How You Can Make $25,000 a Year with Your Camera (No Matter Where You Live). Larry Cribb
Hardcover: $14.95 **QPB: $7.95**

607. A Child Is Born (Revised Edition). Photographs by Lennart Nilsson. Text by Mirjam Furuhjelm, M.D., Axel Ingelman-Sundberg, M.D., and Claes Wirsén, M.D.
Hardcover: $16.95 **QPB Ed: $7.95**

Join now. Pick any 3 books or sets for $1 each–with no obligation to buy another book.

115. Becoming a Writer Dorothea Brande. **QPB: $4.95**

134. Crowds and Power Elias Canetti
Hardcover: $17.50 **QPB: $7.95**

182. Ah, But Your Land Is Beautiful Alan Paton
Hardcover: $12.95 **QPB Ed: $6.95**

221. The Selective Guide to Colleges. Edward B. Fiske, Education Editor of *The New York Times*
QPB: $7.95

222. The Mismeasure of Man and **The Panda's Thumb** (2 Vols., Boxed) Stephen Jay Gould
Hardcover: $27.90 **QPB Ed: $11.95**

261. The Hurried Child David Elkind
Hardcover: $11.95 **QPB: $5.95**

286. A Book of Five Rings Miyamoto Musashi
Translated by Victor Harris
Hardcover: $12.95 **QPB: $4.95**

308. Economics Explained. Robert L. Heilbroner and Lester C. Thurow
Hardcover: $12.95 **QPB Ed: $6.95**

401. The Mapmakers. John Noble Wilford. Hardcover: $20 **QPB: $7.95**

518. Japanese Classics: *Seven Japanese Tales,* Junichiro Tanizaki; *The Sailor Who Fell From Grace with the Sea,* Yukio Mishima; *Thousand Cranes,* Yasunari Kawabata. (3 Vols.)
QPB: $12.95

410. Everyday Cooking with Jacques Pépin
Hardcover: $19.95 **QPB: $8.95**

613. Collected Poems Wallace Stevens
Hardcover: $19.50 **QPB: $6.95**

QPB

The first book club for smart people who aren't rich.

PURE WOOL. PURE PENDLETON.®
PURE VIRGIN WOOL ®

KNOCKABOUTS®

Country looks for the gentry life. Fully coordinated in the richly harmonizing colors, patterns and textures of our exclusive pure virgin wools. Cotton corduroy pants by Country Sophisticates.® At fine stores. Pendleton Woolen Mills, Portland, OR 97207. Welcome to our world.

WOLFSCHMIDT
GENUINE
VODKA
SINCE 1847
DISTILLED BY
WOLFSCHMIDT
GENUINE
VODKA
100
PROOF

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka The spirit of the Czar

From the icy currents of the Black Sea to the snow-tipped heights of the Urals, thousands followed him. His leadership became legendary. He gained the adulation of crowds, the admiration of people around him. Every step he took loomed larger than life.

His intimate moments had their special grandeur, too. Only the finest artisans could fashion the ornate gifts he ordered for those he chose to love. Paintings by Repin in gilded frames. Necklaces and brooches by Fabergé, intricately woven of seed pearls, emeralds, diamonds. Creations never to be equalled.

And his drink? The toast of St. Petersburg. Genuine Vodka. Today, Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka is made here to the same supreme standards which elevated it to special appointment to his Majesty the Czar and the Imperial Romanov Court. Wolfschmidt Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka

100 PROOF

80 PROOF

Product of U.S.A. Distilled from grain • Wolfschmidt, Baltimore, MD.

LIBRARY